

THE ^{3 Ki}
Miscellaneous Works

OF
Tim Bobbin, Esq;

Containing his VIEW of the
Lancashire Dialect;

With large Additions and Improvements.

Also his POEM of the

FLYING DRAGON

And the

MAN of HEATON.

*Together with other his Whimsical Amusements
in Prose and Verse.*

Some of which never before Published.

(by John Collier)
The whole Embellished with Eleven Copper Plates.

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Mr. Haslingden,
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And Sold by the following Booksellers in London;
*W. Goldsmith, Pater-Noster-Row, L. Davis, and
W. Cater, Holborn; T. Payne, next the Mews
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and J. Pridden, Fleet-Street; S. Leacroft, Cha-
ring-Cross; W. Otridge, in the Strand; and J.
Robson, New-Bond-Street.*

W. Ausgrave.



†§† This BOOK is entered in
STATIONER'S-HALL, as the
ACT directs.



The following Observations may be useful to those
who are Strangers to the Lancashire Pro-
nunciation.

IN some Places in Lancashire we found a
instead of o, and o instead of a. For ex-
ample we say *far*, instead of *for*; *shart* in-
stead of *short*; and again we say *hort*, in-
stead of *heart*; and *port*, instead of *part*;
hamt, instead of *hand*, &c.

Al and *All* are generally sounded broad,
as *aw* (or *o*) for *all*; *Haw* (or *Ho*) for *Hall*;
Awmeely, for *Almighty*; *awlus*, for *always*, &c.

In some places we found *k*, instead of *g*;
as *think*, instead of *thing*; *wooink* for *woo-*
ing, &c.

The Letter *d* at the End of Words, and
the Termination *ed*, are often chang'd
into *t*; as *behint*, for *behind*; *wynt*, for
wind; *awkert*, for *awkward*; *awtert*, for
altered, &c.

In some Parts it is common to sound
ou, and *ow* as *a*; as *tha'*, for *thou*; *Ka* (or
Ca) for *Cow*. In other Places we found the
ou and *ow* as *eu*; as *theaw*; for *thou*; *Keaw*,
for *Cow*; *Heawse*, for *House*; *Meawse*, for
Mouse.

The Saxon Termination *en* is generally
retained

retain'd but mute ; as *has'n, lov'n, desir'n, think'n, bought'n, &c.*

In general we speak quick and short ; and cut of a great many Letters, and even Words by Apostrophies ; and sometimes sound two, three or more Words as one. For Instance, we say *I'll got'* (or *I'll gut'*) for *I'll go to* ; *runt'*, for *run to* ; *hoost*, for *she shall* ; *intle* (or *int'll*) for *If thou will* ; *I wou'didd'n.* for *I wish you wou'd*, &c.

But as Trade in a general Way has now flourish'd for near a Century, the Inhabitants not only Travel, but encourage all Sorts of useful Learning ; so that among Hills, and Places formerly unfrequented by Strangers, the People begin within the few years of the Authors Observations to speak much better English. If it can properly be called so.



READER.



READER.

Hear a Spon-new *Cank* between th'
Eawther and his *Buk*.

TIM BOBBIN enters by his sell,
beawt Wig; Grinning on scratting his nob.

Tim. **G**OOD lorjus deys, whot woso Times ar' theese!
Pot-baws ar scant, an dear is Seawl an Choese!
Eawr Gotum Guides hus seely Sheep dun rob;
Oytch Publick Trust is choeyng'd into a Job;
Leys, Taxes, Customs, meyn our plucks to throb!
Yet I'm war thrutch'd, between two arran Rogues,
For bigger Skeawndrills never treed o' Brogues,
Than Finch an Stuart--Strawgers to aw raet,
They rob poor Timmy, e'en 'ith oppon leet?
This meys me neaw, to cross theese Ra'scots eends.
To send agen to my owd trusty Friends:
For Truth is Truth, tho't favours like a Pun,
I'm poer God-wot--

Buk. Heaw so?

Tim. My Crap's aw done!

Buk. Whoo-who whoo-who whoo!

Whot pleagu't withth' owd Company?
 Rime an Poverty agen! Neaw een the Dule
 Scrat o'---I thowt idd'n go bank' for yoar
 Sib to thoofe Gotum tikes otteth complen'n
 se, on ar nee'r satisfy'd,

Tim. Whooas tat tee owd Friend? I
 thowt teawd bin jaunting it like hey-go-
 mad, weh thoofe Foster Feathers o'thine,
Stuart, Finch, an Schofield. o' Mlddlewich

Buk. Ne beleady naw I; I'd scornt'
 ouch fitch Powfments with Tungs.

Tim. Whau, boh has ta naw heard ot
 tat Creawfetike *Stuart*, and Clummerheads
Finch, an Schofield, han donn'd oytch on
 uma Bantling eh three o' the kest-off Jumps,
 and think'nt put *Yorshar* o' fok? It's fitch
 wark os 'tis ot meys met' scrat where eh
 dunnaw Itch, hears to me?

Buk. Yigh yigh; I've heard on't; boh
 the Dule ride humpstridd'n o begging, o'
 thoofe ot connaw tell a Bitter-bump fro a
 Gill hooter, sey I.

Tim. E, lack o' dey! Belike theaw does
 naw know ot thoofe ott'n Steyl win lye:
 an ot teyn mey no bawks o telling fok, ot
 teres ist reet breed o' Bandyhewits; an to
 clench it, they'n shew ther Whelps e' the
 owd Petch-wark-jump---an hew then?

Buk. Ney this is a Cutter too-too! a
 woso.

woso. Bleffin indeed ! Boh isler no wey o cumming meet with um ? s'flesh I'd Rime on um, or summot---Yoar us't e cudd'n a Rim't.

Tim. Odds fish ; they're partly like Karron Crows, mon ; they're naw worth me Shot.

Buk. But hark o', tell me one think ; dunneh aim at sending me cawt agen on another tramp ?

Tim. Wuns eigh ; theawrt likt' strowll ogen, as shure os a Tup's a Sheep.

Buk. Oddzo then, whetherth' Hullets ar worth Shot or naw, I'd hav' o pash at Piggin if e pede for Garthing ; do yo' clap some pleagy Rimes, oth' Neb o me Cap, eh' plene Print hond, ot oytch body mey see um, chez where eh cum.

Tim. I did Berm up some Rimes o top on Sign pow, before *Stuart's Shop e Wiggin* ; boh they're sitch rackless dozing Gawbies ; ot I think o sharp Red-whot Whotyel wou'd naw prick a Priate's Conscience ; for theyn nother Feeling, Scheme, nor Grease !

Buk. Do as I bid o' for wonst ; let't laet heaw't will.

Tim. Whau, weh aw my Heart---boh
howd ;

howd ; le me see its none so good t' begin
o Riming, — or I see on---hum---neaw for t.

Robbing's a Trade that's practis'd by the Great,
Our ruling Men are only Th—es of State.

Buk. Howd howd howd the Dickons,
tak o'---! I see whot's topmost ; yoan be
hong'd or some Mischief---on then aw'll
be whooup with o' efeath !

Tim. Not e Goddil belike !---duft think
fo---? 'llid boh I hete honging---do thee
fet ogete then.

Buk. Whau, I'll begin o this'n.

E Whiff-waff *Stuart*—! sniftering *Finch*! yoknown,
Virtue has laft o'—Truth is fro o' flown!
Pirate's a Name—

Tim. Whot te Dule art' woode---
Whot il't doo weh this Whiffo whaffo
Stuff? duff think Rime mun owlus tawk
stump Loncashire?

Buk. Eigh, why naw : let um speyk
greadly os we done e Godsnum.

Tim. Ne ne ; ittle naw doo ; to mitch
of owt's good for nowt ; heawe'er in't
wou'd hav unt' meen some heaw o that'n,
theyd'n bettert' be o this'n

Ah, doughty *Stuart*! worthy *Finch*! you know
Virtue's a Bubble—Honesty a Shew!
Pirate's a Name, you're not asham'd to own
Tho' this and Foot-pad unto Tim's all one.

Such

Such Men as these for gaining of Groat
If screen'd by Law—wou'd—

Neaw byth' maskins if I be naw fast!

Buk. Then y^oar fast with a little escaith;
for I con lose o' e that point.

Tim. Le me see---ho, neaw I height,
it's be,

Slash ther Neighbour's Coat.

Buk. Ne byth' Lord Harry shall it naw;
if I mun rule; for it's be,

Cut ther Neighbour's Throat.

Tim. Whau whau, with aw my heart;
boh let *Stuart*, *Finch*, and *Schofield*, thoofe
Bellweathers, an *Hitch*, and *Haws*; ther
sheepish Followers ley ther Sows together,
an tey which they lik'n best.

Buk. Well well its cleverly Rim't o Tim
heawe'er, let't be whether it will: whot
an awf wur I t'pretend Rime weh yo!

Tim. Well boh we'n had enough o this
foisty matter; lets tawk o' summot
elze; on furst tell me heaw tha' went on
ch the last jaunt?

Buk. Gooa on! beleady, I cou'd ha
gon on weantly, on bin o whoam ogen
with Crape meh Slop in a snift; if id
naw met at oytch nook, thoofe bastertly
Whelps sent cawt be *Stuart*, *Finch*, an
Schofield.

Tim.

Tim. Pooh--I dun naw meen heaw
fok harbort'n't or cutter'n't o'er thee;
boh whot thoofe fawfe Lunnoners led n
abeawt te Jump of s new Over-bodyt?

Buk. Ho ha---neaw I height; yo mee-
on'n thoofe lung feetit fok ot glooar'n
secont time a tBuks; an whooa I'r feel'd
woud rent me Jump to Chatters.*

Tim. Reet mon reet---that's hit---

Buk. Why then to tell o'true I'r breed
with a Gorse wagging; for they took'n me
juh' rectleet too a hure.

Tim. Heaw's tate Godsnun?

Buk. Why ot yoad'n don'd me a
this'n like a Meawntebanks soo, for th
wonst, to meyth' Rabblement fun.

Tim. E, law! on did'n the awvth shap,
an the Pecklt jump pan, sed'n the?

Buk. Eigh eigh primely efeath---! for
the glooar'n't foobarat me; turn't me reawnt
like a Tealier, whene meafers fok; chuck't
me under th' Chin; ga me a honey-butter-
cake, on sed opp'nly, they ne'er saigh an
awkert look, a queer shap, an a pecklt
jump, gee better en ther live t

Tim. Neaw ee'n fair-faw um sey I---
theese

* The Reviewers

† For understanding this Sentence, vid. *Monthly
Review*, for Dec. 1750, pa. 156.

theese wur'n th' boggarts ot flayd'n thee!
but I'd awlus a notion at tear'n no Gon-
norheecods:

Buk. Gonnerheecods! now now not te
marry; boh I cannt me sell meety meeverly
tooto, an did as o bidd'n meh.

Tim. Then theaw tow'd um th' tele, an
fed th' Rimes, an aw, did to?

Buk. Th' Tale an th' Rimes! 'sflersh I
believe e did, boh I know no moor on
um neaw, than a seawking-pig.

Tim. Od rottle the; whot feys to! has
to foryeat'n th' Tealier finding th' Urchon;
an th' Rimes!

Buk. Quite, quite; as e hope to chieve!

Tim. Neaw ee'n the Dule steawnd te
sey I! whot a fuss mun. I hav' to teytch
um the ogen!

Buk. Come come, dunnaw fly up in a
frap; o body connaw carry oytch mander
o think e ther Nob.

Tim. Whau, boh mind neaw, theaw
gawmbling tike, otto con tell th tele, and
seyth' Rimes be rot, titely.

Buk. Fear me naw, fed Doton; begin.

Tim. A Tealier e Crummil's time wur
thrunk pooing Turmits in his Pingot, on
fund, en Urchon ith' Had-loont-reean;
he glendurt at t lung boh cou'd mey nowt
on't

on't. He whoavt his Whisket oe'rt, runs
 Whoam, an tells his Neighbours he thowt
 in his Guts ot he'd fund a think at God
 newer mede cawt ; for it, had nother heead
 nor tele ; Hont nor Hough ; midst nor
 eend ! Loath t' believe this, hoave a Duzz'n
 on um wou'd geawtlee if they cou'd'n mey
 shift t' gawm it, boh is capt um aw ; for
 they newer o won on um ee'r saigh th' like
 afore. Then theyd'n a Keawnfil, anth' eend
 ont wur, ot teyd'n fotch a lawm, sawse,
 owd Felly ; het on Elder, ot cou'd tell
 oytch think ; for they look'nt on him as
 th' Hammil-Scoance, an thowt he'r fuller
 o Leetthin a Glow-worm's A---se. When
 they'dn towd him th' kese, he stroakt his
 Beeart ; Sowght ; an ordert' th' Wheel-
 barrow with Spon-new Trindle t' be focht.
 'Twur dan, and the beawlt'nt him away
 toth' Urchon in a Crack. He glooart att
 a good while ; droyd his Beeart deawn,
 an wawtit it o'er with his Crutch. Wheel
 meh obeawt ogen, oth' tother Side sed he,
 for it sturs, an be that it shou'd be whick.
 Then he dons his Spectacles, steart at't
 agen, on Sowghing sed ; Breether, its
 summot : Boh Feather *Adam* nother did
 nor cou'd Kersun it --- Wheel me Whoam
 ogen

Buk.

Buk. I remember it neaw weel enough, bo if theese Viewers cou'd gawm it, oytch Body cou'd naw ; for I find neaw ot yo com pare'n me too an Urchon, ot has noather Heead nor Tele ; 'Sflesh is not it like running me deawn, an a bit to Bobberfome ?

Tim. Now now naw it, for o meeny o fok wou'd gawm th' Rimes, but very lite wou'd understond th' Tealier an his Urchon.

Buk. 'Th Rimes---hum---le me see---Sblid, I foryeat'n thoofe too, I deawt !

Tim. Whoo-who who whoo ! whot a 'dozening Jobberknow at teaw !

Buk. Good lorjus o'me, a body connaw doo moor thin the con ; con the ! Boh if in teytch um me agen, an I foryeat um agen, een raddle meh Hoyd titely, fey I.

Tim. Mind te hits then.

Some write to shew their Wit and Parts.
Some shew you *Whig*, some *Tory* Hearts.
Some flatter *Knaves*, some *Fops*, some *Fools*,
And some are *M---ß---l* Tools.

Buk. Eigh marry, oytchbody feys so---an Gonnorheeds they are forther Labbor.

Tim. Some few in Virtue's Cause do write,
But these, alas ! get little by't.

Buk. Indeed I con believe o'----Wheel rim't heawe'er----gooa on.

B

Tim. Some

Tim. Some turn out *Maggots* from their Head,
Which die, before their *Author's* dead

Buk. Zuns! Aw *Englandshire*'ll think
at yoar glenting at toose Fratching, Byzen,
Craddinly Taykes, as writ'n sich Papers
osth' *Test!* and sich Cawf-teles as *Cornish*
Peter, ot fund a New Ward, Snying weh
Glums and Gawries.

Tim. Some write such Sense in *Prose* and *Rhime*,
Their works will *wrestle hard*, with Time.

Buk. That will be prime wrosthling
eseath,---for I've heard um sey. Time con-
quers aw Things.

Tim. Some few print *Truth*, but many *Lies*,
On *Spirits*---down to *Butterflies*.

Buk. Reet abeawt Boggarts---on th'
tother Ward---on Mon ith' Moon, an
sitch like Geer:-----Get Eendwey; its
prime Rime eseath.

Tim. Some write to *please*, some do't for *Spite*,
But want of *Money* makes me write.

Buk. By th' Miss th'owd story ogen,
boh I think e meh Guts at it's true---ittle
doo--yo need'n Rime no more, for it is
better in lickly--Whewt on Tummus on
Meary.

Enter



Bib. imp. et del.

* * * * *

Enter TUMMUS and MEARY.

TUM. Odds me Meary! whooa the Dickons wou'd o' thowt o' leeting o' thee here so soyne this Morning? Where has to bin? Theaw'rt aw on a Swat, I think; for theaw looks primely.

Mea. Beleemy Tummus, I welly lost my wynt; for I've had fitch o'traunce this Morning as eh neer had e'meh live: For I went to Jone's o' Harry's o'lung Jone's, for't borrow their Thible, to stur th' Furmetry weh, an his Wife had lent it to Bet o'my Gronny's: So I skeawrt eend-wey, an' when eh coom there hoo'd lent it Kester o'Dick's, an the Dule steawnd 'im for a Brindl'tCur, he'd mede it int' Shoon Pegs! Neaw wou'd naw fitch o' Moonshine traunce Potter any body's Plucks?

T. Mark whot e tell the Meary; for I think lunger ot fok liv'n an'th' moor mischoances they han.

M. Not awlus o' Goddil.---But whot meys o't'sowgh on seem so dane-kest? For I con tell o' I'm fene see o'wick an hearty.

T. Whick an hearty too! Oddzo, but I con tell the whot, its moor in bargain

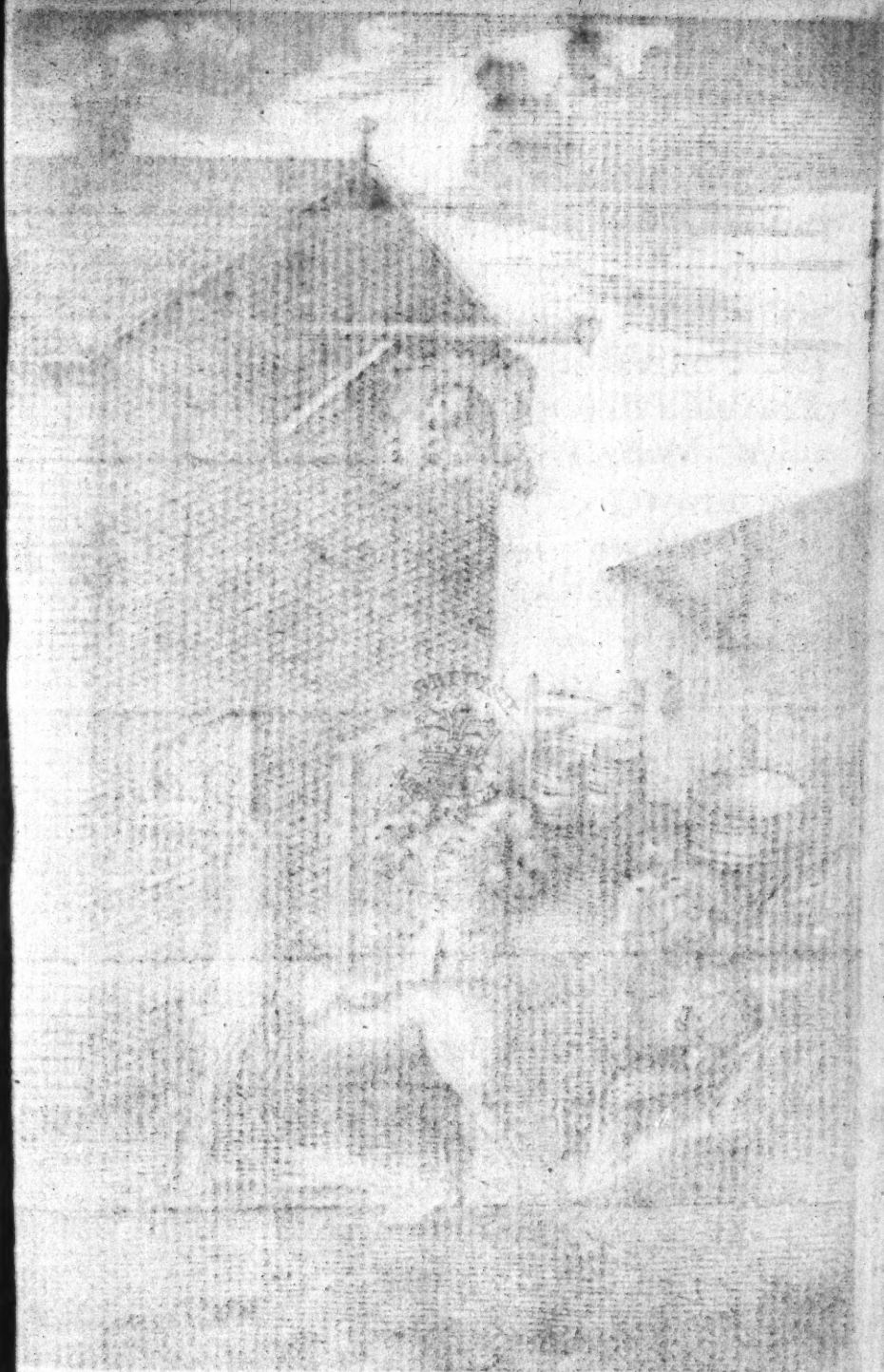
o't im oather wick or hearty, for 'twur Seign Peawnd t'a tuppunny Jannock, I'd bin os deed os o Dur Nele be this awer ; for th' last oandurth boh one me Measter had lik't o killt meh : on just neaw, os shure os thee and me ar stonning here, I'm actilly running meh Country.

M. Why, whot's bin th' matter, hanney fawn cawt withur Measter ?

T. Whot ! there's bin moort' do in a Gonniort muck, I'll uphowd tey !---For whot dust think' ? bo'th' tother Day boh Yusterday, huz Lads moot'n ha' o bit on o Hallidey, (becose it wur th' Circumcision onner Ledey I believe) yet we munt do some Odds-on-eends ; on I munt oather breed Mowdywarp-holes or gut' Ratchdaw weh o Keaw on o Why-kawve---Neaw, loothy Meary, I'r lither ; on had o mind on o Jawnt : so I donn'd meh Sunday Jump, o top o meh Singlet, on wou'd goa with Keaw on th' Kawve ; and the Dule tey aw bad Luck far me, far eawer Bitch Nip went wimmey, on that mede ill wurr.

M. I connaw gawm heaw that coud mey ill Luck Tummus.

T. Now, nor no Mon elze till they known ; boh here's a fine droy canking Pleck under this Thurn, let's keawer us deawn



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deawn oth Yeoarth o bit, on I'll tell the aw heaw't wur.

M. Weh aw meh Heart, for meh Deme's gon fro Whoam, on hoo'll naw cum ogen till Bagging-time.

T. Whau, os I'r telling the, I'd gut' Ratchdaw : So I geet up be skrike o Dey, on feet cawt ; on went ogreath tilly welly coom within a Mile oth Teawn ; when os the Dule woud height, o Tit wur stonning ot an Eleheawse Dur ; on me Kawve (the Dule bore cawt it Een for meh) took th' Tit for it Mother, on would need seawk her : On I believe th' foolish Tooad of a Tit took th' Kawve far hur Cowt, hoo whinnit so when hoo saigh it ; boh wen hoo feld it seawke, hoo up with'ur Hough on kilt meh Kawve os deed os o Nit !

M. E Lord ;---whot o Trick wur that !

T. Trick ! Odds flesh, sitch o Trick wur newer plede eh Englondfhiar.

M. Why hark ye Tummus, whot cudney doo weet ? Yoad'n be quite brok'n !

T. Doo ! what cou'd eh do ? 'flesh in't had bin kilt greadly, twou'd ha bin os good Veeol os e'er deed on a Thwittle ; for me Measter moot ha had seignteen

B 3

Shillings.

Shillings on fufepence for't th' yeandurth
ofore.

M. On didney leeof it ith' Lone ?

T. Ne Meary ; I'r naw fitch o Gawby
os tat coom too noather : For as luck
wou'd height, o Butcher wur ith' Ele-
heawfe, on he coom eawt when he heard
meh Kawve bawh. Boh eftid o being
foary, when he faigh it sprawling oth
Yeorth, th' fly'ring Karron feet up o
Gurd o Leawghing, on cou'd for fhawm
tell meh he'd berry it meh for a Pint of
Ele.

M. Whau, that wur pratty cheap ;
for Dicky o Will's o Jone's o Sam's, tow'd
me, at he berrit o Chilt tother Dey ot
Ratchdaw, on he pede *Jo. Green* o Groat
for a Greave no bigger in o phippunny
Trunk.

T. Whau, that moot be : but I'd naw
geet im : For I borrot a Shoo on wou'd
berrit meh feln ; I'r thrunk shoaving it
in when a Thowt coom int' meh Noddle,
ot th' Hoyde cou'd be no War ; so I'd flee
it ; but the Dule o Thwittle wurt' be leet
on bo'th' Buther's, on the spoytfoo Tike,
wou'd naw leeond it me : Neaw Meary,
what cou'd onny Mon doo ?

M. Doo ! I'ft o gon stark Woode.

T. I be-

T. I believe ot wou'd, or onny Mon
elze; boh that wou'd doo nowt eh my
kefe: So I bargint with th' Rascot; he'ur
to tyth' Hoyde grooing toth' Carcufs, on
geh meh throtteen Pence: So I geet th'
Brass, on went endway with Keaw.

M. Neaw meh Mind misgives meh ot
yoar'n gooing a sleeveless Arnt; on at
felly wou'd naw tak'th Kah bateth' Kawve.

T. Uddzo, Meary! theaw geawfes
within two tumbles of a Leawse; for it
wur lung, on lurger, ofore eh wou'd:
Boh when I towd him heawt wur knock
oth Sow, with a Tit Coak'n os he coom,
on that he moot order weh meh
Measter obeawt it, he took her ot lung-
length: Then I went on bowt two Peawnd.
o Sawt, on on Eawnce of black Pepper
for cawr Fok, on went toart Whoam ogen.

M. With o fearfoo heyvy Heart I'll
uphowd'o.

T. Eigh, eigh; that's true--boh whottle
to sey when ot eh tell the he ne'er berrit
Kawve; boh fowd it et *Owdum* that Oan-
durth, for two pence haw penny o
Peawnd!

M. Sey! why be meh Troth it wur
fere cheecoting: but it's meet like their
rascotly Tricks; for there's not an honest

Booan

Booan ith Hoyde o newer o greafy Tyke on um aw.

T. Indeed Meary, I'm eh thy Mind ; for it wur reet Rank : Boh I think eh meh Guts ot Rascots ith' Ward, ar os thick, as Wasps in o Hummabee-neest.

M. Its not tell, buh I'll marvil straunge-ly an yo leet on o wur Kneave in this.

T. Alack o dey theaw knows boh little oth matter,-----Boh theawst hear-----i'd naw gett'n forrud, back ogen, oboon a Mile or so, ofore eh saigh o Parcel o Lads on Hobbletyhoys, as thrunk as Thrap-Wife : When ot eh geet too um, I cou'd naw gawm what learn obeawt ; for two on um carrit o Steeigh o ther Schilders, onother had o Riddle in his Hont, on *Hal o' Nab's* ith' *Midge lane* had his Knockus lapt in his Barmskin : Awth' rest on um had Hoyts, or lung Kibhoes, like swing-ing Sticks or Raddlings.

M. I th' neme o Katty, whot wur'n the for ?

T. Nowt ots owt theaw mey be sure, if that hawmpoing tyke Hal wuz weh um : Neaw theaw mun know, ot one neet last Shearing-time, when *Jone's* o *Harry's* geete thear Churn ; this seme Scap-gallows wur tean eh thear Pleawmtre ; on wur en
fitch

fitch o flunter eh getting deawn o gen, ot he fell, on broke th' Collar-boan on his Leg.

M. O wrang joyrt hong im : I know him weel enough, for th' last great Snow he'ur for honging o Hare e some hure Gillers ; on-throttle eaw'r poor Teawzer in o Clewkin-grin.

T. The varra seme--- So I asht him what tearn far ? Why sed he, ween meet neaw seen on Ewl fly thro' yon Leawp hoyle into th' Leath, on we'er gooing tey hur : Come Tum (sed he) Egad, ifle geaw with us, theawst see fitch gam os tha newer faigh eh the live : Beside theawst howd the Riddle ; ---sed I, I know naw whot to mecons be howding th' Riddle, boh I'll geaw we aw meh heart intle teytch meh ; I con show the in a crack sed he : So owey we went, on begun o cromming oth Leawp-hoyles, on th' Slifters ith Leath Woughs full o Awts ; then we recart th' Steeigh sawfly ogen th' Wough under th' Eawl hoyle. Neaw Lads---(sed Hal) mind yer hits : I'll lap meh honds eh meh Barmskin ot hoo cannaw scrat meh when ot eh tak' ur ith' hoyle : Tum o'William's mun clime th' Steeigh, thrutch th' Streyeawt oth' Leawp hoyle, on howd the Riddle cloyse on't.
Awth*

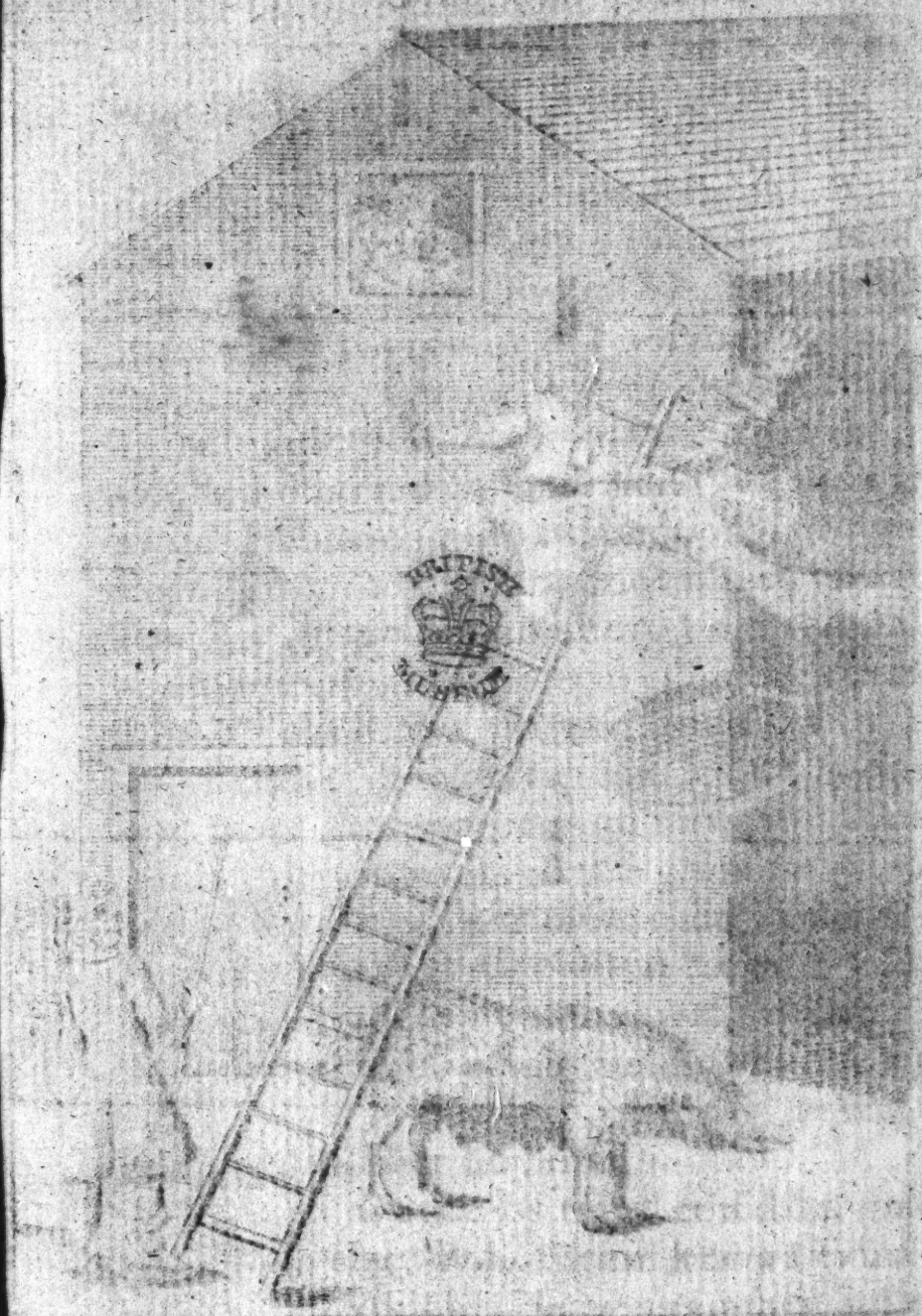
Awth' rest mun be Powlerers, on flay hur
into't---So owey they seete into th' Leath,
on toynt dur; on I---

M. Why neaw, I'll be far, if i'd naw
rether ha seent in o Puppy-Show.

T. Good Lorjus, Meary! theawrt so
heasty; so I clum th' Steeigh in o snift,
Shoavt th' Awtsawt, on smackt me Rid-
dle oth' hoyle: I'd no soyner done sooa;
but I heard one on um sey; see o, see o,
hoos teear!---Shu sed one; Shu, sed a-
nother.---Then they aw begun o hallow-
ing on whooping like hey gomad. I thowt
it wer rear'ft spooart ot ewer mortal Mon-
saigh: So I gran, on I thrutcht, till meh
Arms wartcht ogen; still they kept Shu-
ing, on Powlering iuh Leath; on then I
thowt I felt summot nudge th' Steeigh---I
lookt deawn, on there were an owd Soo
bizzy scratting hur A---se o one o'th' strines.
---Sflesh, thinks It' meh seln hool ha me
deawn cend neaw:---Just then I thowt I
heard th' Eawl come into the hoyle; on
presently summot come with a greyt flusk
thro' th' Riddle.

M. Odds mine on didney let hur gooa
or yo took'n hur?

T. Took'n hur! Ney Meary; on Eawl's
naw so sooyne tean---boh I con hardly
tell





tell the I'm---so waughish---for I'm readyt
cowk'n with th' thowts ont; there wur
non tey Meary.

M. Whot no Eawl?

T. Now, now,--not tear---it was
nowt oth' World o God boh arron owd
Lant ot teyd'n mede war weh loafing ther
Breeches in't: on that Hodge-Podge
coom eh me fease weh fitch o ber, ot o
fumheaw it made meh meazy, on I feel
off th' Steeigh: Boh moor be choance thin
onny good luck, I leet disactly oth' Soo
wey fitch o Soltch; ot I think eh meh
guts ot hoor booath wur flay'd on hurt
in I wur.

M. Elord! whot o wofoo saw had'n yo?

T. Eigh, saw eigh; for I thowt id
'brok'n th' Crupper-booan o meh A-se,
boh it wur better in lickly; for I'd no
hurt boh th' tone Theawm stunnisht, on
th' skin bruzz'd off th' whirlbooan o meh
knee, ot mede meh t'hawmpo o bit.

M. Awt upon um, whot unmannerly
powsements! I stobin stark-giddy at um,
on ha raddlt ther booans.

T. I'r os woode os teaw cou'd be, or
onny Mon elze, boh theaw knows ev'ry
Mon's not a Witch: Heaweer I hawmpo't
cawnd th' Leath fort' snap some oth' bul-
locking

locking basturts ; Boh none cou'd eh leet on, for they for they'rnaw cropp'n intoth' Leath ; on th' Durs os fefe os *Beeft'n* Castle : Boh they mead'n me't hear um efeath ; far thear'n aw Wherrying on Leawghing, Whooping on Sheawting, like Maddlocks ot ther new tean Eawl os teh cawd'n meh : Wuns, Meary ! in id had foyar i ft o set th' how Leath on o Halliblash in id deed for't ; boh then th' Soo kept sitch o skrike-ing Reeking din, os if hur back wur eteaw ch two spots, ot I durst fley no longer for fear o sumbody comming, on meying me necessary too hur deeoth : so I scamspoot ovey as hard os eh cou'd Pinn : On ran o Mileeh that Pickle ofore eh ga one glent behund meh : Then I leep o'er o Ryz'n-hedge, on os o Rindle o Wetur wur wheem, I washt aw meh clooas, till it coom to meh hure : On aw little enough too ; for I think eh meh guts I'ft stink like a Foomurt while me neme's *Tum*.

M. Neaw een be meh troath ! I thowt ye favor't'n fearfoo strung on o Yarb : Boh when aw's done *Tummus*, this Killing o'th Kawve, on Eawl-catching, wur non awlung o Nip.

T. Odds heart howd teh tung *Meary* ; far I oather angurt some He Witch, or
the

the Dule threw his Club oe'r meh that Morning when eh geete up : Far Misfar-tins coom on me os thick os Leet.

M. Uddzlud, non thro' Nip o Goddil !

T. Thro' Nip; yigh thro' Nip : On I wud hur Neek had bin brock'n eh neen Spots, when hoo'r Whelpt far mee (God fargi' meh ; th' deawmp Cretur does no hurt, noather) far I'd naw greadly washt, on fettl't meh ! on lipp'n into th' lone ogen, boh I met a fattish dowing Felly in o blackish Wigg ; on he stoode on glooart ot Nip : Ko he onnest Mon wilt sell the Dog ? Sed I, meh Dog's o Bitch, on so's ne'er o Dogith' Teawn : forbemeh troath Meary I'r os cros os o f--t.

M. Odd, boh yoarn bobbersome, on awnsurt him awvishly too-to.

T. Well, boh Dog or Bitch sed t' Felley, if I'd known on hur three Deys sin. I'd o gen the Twenty Shilling far hur, for I see hoos o rect stawnch *Bandyhewit* ; on there's o Gentlemon ot wooans abeawt three Mile off, ot wants one meet neaw. -----Neaw Meary, to tell the true, I'd o mind i' cheeot (God fargi' meh) on sell im meh *Sheep-Cur* for o *Bandyhewit* ; tho, I no moor knew, in th' Mon ith Moon whot a *Bandyhewit* wur. Whaw sed I, hoofe

C

primely

primely bred ; for hur Moother-coom fro
Lunnun, tho' hoor Whelpt ot meh Master's ;
 on tho' hoos os good os onny eh *England-*
shiar, I'll sell hur if meh Price come.

M. Well done *Tummus* ! Whot sed eh
 then ?

T. Wau, kə he, whot dust ax for
 hur ? Hoos worth a Ginny on o hawve
 o Gowd, fed I ; boh o Ginny I'll ha far
 hur : Ko he, I gen o Ginny far mine
 on I'd rether ha thine be o Creawn, boh
 iftle gooa to Justice---Justice hum---le me
 fee---But I freat'n heaw he het (boh o
 greyte Matter on im, far I think he's
 Piece on o Rascot, as weel oft rest) he'll be
 fene o'th' Bargin.

M. That wur clever, too-to ; wur it naw ?

T. Yigh' meeterly.---Then I asht im
 whot Wey he munt gooa ? On he towd
 meh : On o wey I seete, weh meh Heart
 as leet os o bit on o Flaight ; on carrit
 Nip under meh Arm ; for neaw theaw
 mun understond I'r fear o loysing hur ;
 ne'er deawting I cou'd be roytch enough,
 t' pay meh Master for th' Kawve, an ha
 summot t' spere.

M. Odds-fish ! boh that wur breve,
 yoarn eh no ill kele neaw *Tummus*.

T. Whau

T Whau, boh theawst hear : it wur
 o dree Wey too-to ; heawe'er I geete there
 by three o'Clock ; on ofore eh opp'nt Dur,
 I covert Nip with th' Cleawt, ot eh droy
 me Nese weh, t' let him see heaw I stoart
 hur.---Then I opp'nt Dur ; on who te
 Dule dust think, boh three little tyney
Bandyhewits: os I thowt then coom Weaw-
 ghing os if th' little Rott'ns wou'd ha
 worrit meh, on after that swollut meh
 whick. Then there coom o fine freshcul-
 lert Wummon ot keckt as still as if hood
 swallut a Poker, on I took hur for o hoo
 Justice, hoor so meety fine :---For I heard
Rotchot o' Jack's, o'Yem's tell meh Measter,
 that th' hoo Juslices awlus did moeast o'th'
 Wark.--Heawe'er, I axthur if Mr. Justice
 wur o Whoam ; hoo cou'd naw opp'n hur
 Meawth t' sey eigh, or now ; boh simpurt
 on sed ifs, (the Dickons ifs'ur on him too)
 sed I, I wudidn tell him I'd fene speyk
 too 'im.

M. Odd, boh year'n bowd ; i'ft o bin
 timmerfome :---But let's know heaw ye
 went'n on.

T. Whau, weell enough, for theaw mey
 Nip, on Checot os ill os one other Clarks
 on they'n naw meddle with the ; boh theaw

mun naw frump, nor tees um, for they
hate to be vexed.

M. Boh heaw went'n yeon?----Wurth'
Justice o Whoam?

T. Eigh, on coom snap, on axt meh
whot he wantut? Whau, fed I, i've o
varra fine *Bandyhewit* t' fell, on I hear yo
want'n one Sur :----Humph----fed he----a
Bandyhewit----prethee let's look at.----Yigh
said I ; on I pood th' Cleawt fro off on
hur, stroakt hur deawn th' Back, on fed ;
hoos os fine o *Bandyhewit* os ewer run ofore
o Tele.

M. Well done *Tummus* ! yo cud'n naw
mend tat, in eh had'n it t' doo ogen : Boh
yo're fit t' gooa eawt efeath.

T. Hoos a fine on indeed fed th' Justice ;
on its o theawson Pities boh I'd known on
hur Yusterdey : For o Felly coom, on I
bowt one naw so good os this by hoave o
Ginny ; on i'll uphowdtey theaw'll tey o
Ginny for this. On that i'll hav' in eh
cou'd leet on a Chapmon, fed I. Hoos
roytchly worth it, fed he, on I think, I con
tell thee whear theaw mey part with hur,
if he be not fittut awready.

M. Odds-like, boh that wur o good
neatert Justice, wur he naw ?

T. E. Meary

T. E, Meary ; theaw tawks like o seely Ninnyhommer : For tey mey wort fort, nowt ot's owt con come on't, when o Mon deeols weh rascotly fok : Boh as i'r telling thee, he neamt a Felley ot wooant obeawt two Mile off on him (boh the Dule forget him os I done) so I munt gooa back ogen thro' *Rachdaw*. So I geet *Nip* under meh Arm ogen, mede o scroap weh meh hough, on bid th' justice good neet, weh o heyvy heart thew meh be shure : On boh os eh, thowt he cou'd ahhelt sell hur eh this tother Pleck, it wou'd fartinly ha brock'n.

M. Lord blefs us ! it wur lik't trouble o meetily !

T. Boh theawst hear. I'd naw gon o'er oboon a Feelt or two, boh I coom to o greyt Bruck, weh o seaw narrow Sappling Brig o'er it. As it had reint th' Neet afore, os th' Welkin wou'd ha opp'nt, th' Wetur wur Bonkful ; tho' it wur feggur o decol i'th Mourning ; on o someheaw, when I'r obeawt hoave o'er meh Shough slipt, on deawn coom I, Arsyversy, weh Nip eh me Arm i'th Wetur, Nip I leet fend for hur sell'n, on flaskert int'eh geete how'd on o Sawgh, on so charr'd meh sell'n ; or elze nother theaw, nor no Mon elze had newer

see *Tum* ogen : For be meh troth I'r well'y
werk'nt.

M. Good Lørjus. Deys ! th' like wur
never ! this had lik't to shad awth'tother !
on yet yo coom'n farrantly off marry, for
it wur a greyt Marcy ye wur'n naw
Dreawnt.

T. I know naw whether't wur or naw,
noather : Boh theaw meh be shure I'r
primely boyrnt, on os Weet os ewer eh
could sye : Beside i'd no Com to keem
meh Hure, so ot I lookt licker o Dreawnt
Mease in e Mon.

M. Beside, yoad'n be as cowl os Iccles.

T. Eigh theaw mey geawse i'r non
Mough'n : Boh theawst hear. I'd naw
gone oboon o Stone's thrut ; efore eh
wundurt whot teh Pleague wur th' matter
wimmey, for I begun t' smart os if five
hundurt Pissmotes wur eh me Breechus :
I loast um deawnt boh cou'd see nowt ot
wur whick : on yet I lookt as rey os o
flead Meawse ; (for were seln beawt th'
scrat at my Measter's) 'Sflesh, i'r ready t'
gooa woode on knew new whot eh calt :
-----On then I unbethowt meh o me Sawt.

M. Ewea's me ! i'd freeat'n that too ! I
deawt it wou'd quite mar o'?

T. Now, now, Meary, i'r naw quite
marr'd.

marr'd: Its true, I went Wigglety-Wag-
glety, for an Eawer or so, ofore i'r ogreath-
ogen : On when he geet reet, on coom t'
groap eh meh Singlet Pocket for meh sawt,
the Dule o bit a sawt wurthur, for it wur
aw run owey---On new it jump't into meh
Mindot I saigh two rott'n Pynot (Hongum):
ot tis seme Brig os eh coom.

M. Did ever ! that wur o sign o bad
Fartin : Far I heard my Gronny sey,
hoode os leef o seen two owd Harries os
two Pynots.

T. Eigh, so seys meh Noant *Margit*, on-
o meeny o Fok : On I know Pynots ar
os cunning Eawls os wawk'n oth' Yeorth..
Boh as I'r telling the Meary, whot with
smart, on one think on onother, i're so
stract Woode, ot I cou'd ha fund eh meh
Heart ta puncht th' Bitches Guts eawt : On
then I thowt ogen Nip's eh no Fawt : For
be meh troth I'r welly off at side.

M. Indeed *Tumms* I believe o ; boh o
lack o dey purring th' Bitch, wou'd ha
bin reet rank..

T. That's true, boh theaw knows one
cun boh doo whot tey cun doo.

M. Reet ; boh heaw didney doo with'r
weet Clooas ; wur'ney naw whelly pa-
nist?

T. Yigh be me troth ; I dithert ot meh
Teeth hackteh meh heeod ogen : Boh that
wur naw aw ; it begun t' be dark, on I'r
beawt Scoance in a Strawnge Country, five
or fufe Mile fro Whoam : So that I maun-
dert ith' Fields oboon two Eawers, on cou'd
naw gawm where eh wur ; for I moot os
weel o bin in o Noon : On in id howd'n
up meh Hont I cou'd no moor ha seen't
in he con see o Fleigh o thee neaw ; on
here it wur I geet into a Gete : For I thowt,
I heard summot coming, an if Truth mun
be spok'n, I'r so feerfully breed, at meh
Hure stood on eend, for theaw knows I
noather knew whooa, nor whot it moot be.

M. True *Tummus*, no marvil ot o wur
so flay'd ; it wur so fearfoo dark !

T. Heawe'er, I resolv't meyth' best on't
an up speek I---Whooas tat ; A Lad's
Voice answert in a crying Din, elaw,
dunnaw tey meh, dunnaw tey meh ; now,
fed I, I'll naw tey the, Beleady : Whooas
Lad art to ? ---Whau, fed he, i'm Jone's
o'Lall's o'Simmy's, o'Marriom's o'Dick's
o'Nethons, o'Lall's o'Simmy's ith' Hooms,
an i'm gooink Whoam. Odd, thinks i't
meh fell, theaw's a dree-er Neme in me :
An here *Meary* I cou'd naw boh think
whot lung Nemes, sum on us han ; for
thine

thine and mine ar meeterly; boh this Lad's wur so mitch dree-er, ot I thowt it dockt mine tone Hawve.

M. Preo na, tell meh ha theefe lung Nemes leet'n?

T. Um---m---mn, le meh see--I connaw tell the greadly, boh I think its to tell fok by.

M. Well, an ha didneh gooa on with him.

T. Then (as I thowt he tawkt so awkert-ly) i'd asht him for th' wonst whot Un-coth's he heard sturrink. I here none, but ot Jack o'Ned's stowd meh, ot Sam's o'Jacks o Yeds Marker, has wed Mall o'Nan's o' Sall's o'Pegs, ot gus obeawt o beggink Churn-milk with Pitcher, with Lid on. Then I asht him where Jack o'Ned's wooant? seys he, he's 'Prentice weh Isaac o' Tim's o'Nick's oth' Hough-lone; on he'd bin ot Jammy's o'George's o'Peter's ith' Dingles for hooave a Peawnd o Treacle t' seaws'n a Beest-puddink weh on his Feather and Moother wooan at *Rossendow*, boh his Gronney's alive an wooans weh his Noant Margery a Grinfilt, at Pleck where his nown Mother coom fro. Good Lad, fed I, boh heew far's tis *Littlebrough* off; For I aimt' see it to Neet if he con hit.

hit. Seys t' Lad, it's obeawt a Mile, on
 yo mun keep streight forrud o yer Lift
 Hont, on yoan happ'n do. So a thifs'n
 we partit.; but I mawkint, an lost me
 Gete ogen snap. So I powlert o'er Yetes
 on Steels, Hedges on Doytches, til eh
 coom to this *Littlebrough*; on there I'r ill
 breed ogen, for Lthowt i'd seen a Boggart;
 boh it prooft o Mon weh o Piece-woo,
 resting im on o Stoop ith' Lone. As soon
 os eh cou'd speyk for wnackering, I asht
 him where ther wur on Eleheawse? On
 he shoad meh : I went in on fund tn two
 fat troddy Fok wun'nt teer : On theyd'n
 some oth' warst fratchingst Cumpany, or
 e'er e saigh, for theyr'n warrying, ban-
 ning, on cawing on onother leawfy
 Eawls, os thick osleet: Heawe'er I pood
 o Cricket, on keawrt meh deawn ith'
 Nook, o side oth' Hob: i'd no soyner done
 so, boh o feaw feawr lookt Felley, with
 o Wythen Kibbo he had in his Hont,
 slapt o Sort of o wither Meazzilt seas't
 Mon, fitch o thwang oth' Scawp, ot aw
 varra reecht ogen with; on deawn he
 coom oth' Harstone, on his Heed ith
 Efshole: His scrunt Wig feel off, on o
 hontle o whot corks feel into't, on brunt,
 on frizzlt it so, ot when he oft don it, on
 unlucky

unlucky karron gen it o poo, on it slipt
 o'er his Sow, on leelike o hawmbark on his
 shilders. I glendurt like a stikt Tup, for
 fear on o dust meh feln: On crope fur
 into th' Chimney. Oytch body thowt ot
 Mezzil fease wou'd mey a Flittink on't,
 on dee in a crack; so sum on um cryd'n
 cawt a Doctor a Doctor, while others
 mead'n th' Landlort go Saddle th' Tit to
 fotch one. While this wur e dooink,
 some on um had leet on a kin on a Doctor
 ot wooant o bit off, an shew'd'im th Mon
 oth' Harstone. He leyd how'd on his
 Arm to feel his Pulse I geawse, an pood,
 os if he'd sin death pooink at th' tother
 Arm; an wur resolv't o'er-poo him:
 After looking dawkinly-wise a bit, he
 geete fro his Whirly booans, and sed to
 um aw; while his Heart becots an his
 Blood sarclates there's Hopes, boh when
 that stops its whooup with him eseath.
 Mezzil fease hearink summon o' whooup,
 startit to his Feet, fote none, boh gran
 like a Foomurt-Dog; on seete ot black
 swarffy Tyke, weh booath Neaves, on
 wawtit him o'er into th Gal keer, ful o
 new Drink wortching: He begun o poss-
 ing, on peyling him int' so, ot aw wur
 blendit t'gether snap. "Sflesh Meary!
 theaw'd

threw'd o bepis't teh, 'ta' seen heaw'th
 Gobbin wur awtert, when ot tey pood'n
 him eawt; and whot o Hobthrust eh lookt
 weh aw that Berm obeawt im: He kept
 droying his Een. Boh he moot as weel ha
 fowtum in his A----e, tinth' Lonledy had
 mede an Eaw'rs labbor on'im ot Pump:
 When he coom in ogen, he glooart aw-
 wishly ot Mezzil feafe; on Mezzil feafe
 glendurt os wrythenly ot him ogen; boh
 noather warrit, nor thrapt: So they seete
 um deawn, on then th' Londledy coom
 in, on wou'd mey um't pey farth lumber
 ot teyd'n done ur. Meh Drink's war be
 o Creawn, sed hoo; beside, there's two
 Tumblers, three Quisting Pots, on four
 Pipes masht, on o how Papper o Bacca
 shed: This mede'umt glendor ot tone to-
 ther ogen; but black Tyke's Passion wur
 coolt at't Pump, on th' Wythen Kibbo
 had quietnt tohter; foot teh camm'd little
 or none; boh agreed t'pey aw meeon,
 then seet'n um deawn, on wur Friends
 ogen in o Sniff.

M. This wur mad gawmling wark;
 on welly os ill os th' teying th' Eawl.

T. Ney, naw quite, noather Mearey;
 for Berm's o howsome Smell: Heawe'er,
 when aw wur satil't, I croke narth' Foyar
 ogen;

ogen; for I wantot o whawm fearfully
for I'r booath cawd on weet, os well as
hongry on droy.

M. Beleemy Tummus yomootn weell;
boh yearn in o good Kele too to, ot idd'n
Money eh yer Pocket.

T. Eigh, I thowt I'd Money enough;
but theowst hear moor o that een na. So I
I cawd for summot t'eat, on o Pint o Ele;
on hoo browt me some Hog-mutt'n on
spécial Turmits; on as prime Veeol on
Pestil os ned be toucht: I creemt Nip
neaw on then o Lunshun, boh Tum took
Care oth' tother, steawp on reawp; for
I eet like o *Yorshar-Mon*, en clecart th'
Stoo.

M. Well done Tumms! yoad'n sure
need no Ree supper; for yo shadd'n Wry-
not, on slanst th' Charges frowt I hear.

T. True: So I seete on restut meh, on
drank me Pint o Ele; boh as I'r naw
greably fleckt, I cawd for another, on
bezzilt tat too; for I'r, os droy as Soot:
On as't wur t' lete t' gooa anny whither
weh meh Bitch, I asked th' Londeley in
eh cou'd stay aw Neet; Hoo tow'd meh I
moot in eh wou'd: Sed I, I'll geaw neaw,
innin geaw wimmey? I geaw with the
ko hoo? Whot ar to fecard o Boggarts,

or theaw'rt naw weynt yet on connaw
 sleep beawt o Pap? 'Sflesh, sed I, whot
 ar ye tawking on? I want gut' Bed! Ho,
 ho; if that be aw sed hoo Margit s't shew
 the: So Margit leet o Condle, on shewd
 meh o wistey Reawm, on o Bed weh
 Curtnurs forfuth: Ithowt Margit pottert on
 settlt lung i'th Choamber ofore ho last it;
 on I mistrust it ot hoor 'meawlt for o bit o
 tufsling on teawing; boh o someheaw I'r
 so toyart on healo, ot I'r eh no settle for
 Catterweawing: So I sed nowt too 'ur:
 Boh I forthowt Sin, for hoor no Daggle-
 tele I'll uphowdtey, boh os snug o Lofs
 os Seroh o'Rutchots eary bit.

M. Marry kem eawt, like enough, why
 not: Is Seroh o'Rutchots so honsome?

T. Eigh, hoos meeterly. Heawe'er,
 when hoor gon, I doft meh donk Shoon
 on Hoyle, on me doage Glooas, on geet
 in, on eh Truth Meary I newer lee eh
 fitch Bed sin eh wur Kerfunt!

M. E dear Tummus, I cou'd ha lik't
 o bin with o; I warrant yoad'n Sleep
 seawndly?

T. Ney, I connaw sey ot he did; for
 I'r meetily troublt abeawt me Kawve---
 Beside, I'r feard o eawer Fok seeching
 meh, on meh Measter beasting meh when
 he

he geet Whooam : Its true meh Carkufs
wur pratty yeasy, boh meh Mind moot
os weel o line on a Pissmotehoyle, or in a
Rook o Hollins or Gorfes ; for it wur one
o'Clock ofore eh cou'd toyn me Een.

M. Well, on heaw went'n ye on ith'
Mourning when eh wack'nt ?

T. Whau, as I'r donning meh thwo-
oanish Clooas, I thowt I'll know heaw
meh shot stons ofore I'll wear moor o meh
brafs o meh brekfust : So I cawd, on th' lond-
ledey coom, on kest it up to Throtteen-
pence : So ; thowt It' meh seln, o weawnded
Deeol ! Whot strushon hav I mede here !
I cou'd ha fund me seln o how Wick weh-
hus for that Money. Ist naw hav one
Boadle t' sphere o meh ohyde Silver : On
neaw I'r in os ill o Kele os meetshad !
Wur eh naw !

M. Now marry naw yo : In idd'n
mede strushion, on Bezzilt owey moor
Bras inney hadd'n, yo met'n ha tawkt.

T. I find teaw con tell true to o Hure,
into will Meary ; for byth' Mifs, when
ot eh coom't grope eh meh Slop t' pey 'ur,
I'r weawnedly glopp'nt, for the Dule o
hawpunny had eh ! On whether eh lost
it ith' Bruck, or weh scrawming o'er th'
Doytch-backs ; I no moor know in th'

Mon ith' Moon : But gon it wur ! I
 heart like o Wil-cat, on wur welly gawm-
 less : On ot last I tow'd hur I'd lost meh
 Money. Sed hoo, whot dunneh meeon
 Mon : Yoast naw put *Yorshar* o me ; that
 Tele winnaw fit meh ; for year like't pey
 o sumheaw. Sed I, boh its true, on yo
 mey grope eh meh Breeches in he win
 Theaw'rt some mismanert Jackonapes I'll
 uphowd tey sed hoo ; Ney, ney, I'll naw
 grope eh the Breeches not I. Whau, sed
 I year lik't ha nowt, beawt yeau tey meh
 Woollen Mittins, and meh Sawt Cleawt :
 Thoos'n naw doo, sed hoo, they're naw
 booath worth oboon two Groats.---I
 nowt elze, sed I, beawt yeau ha meh
 Sneeze hurn, on I'm loath t' part weet ;
 becole Seroh o'Rutchots gaight me th' last
 Kerstmus. Let's see um, sed hoo, for
 theow'rt some arron Rascot I'll uphowd
 teh, So I genum hur ; on still this brodd-
 ling Fussock lookt feaw os Tunor when
 id done.

M. Good-Lorjus-o-me ! I think idd'n
 th' warst Luck ot ewer Kerfun Soul had !

T. Theaw'll sey so eend neaw : Well,
 I'r toyart o that pleck ; on crope owey,
 witheawt bit or sope, or Cup o Sneeze ;
 for I gawmb'l't on leet tat gooa too. I

soyn

foyn sperr'd this Gentlemon's Hoah eawt ;
 on when eh geete tear, I gan o glent into
 th' Shipp'n, on seed o Mon stonning ith'
 Groop. Sed I, is yer Measter o Whoam
 prey o' ? Eigh, sed he ; I wou'd idd'n
 tell him I'd fene speyk at him, sed I ; Yigh,
 sed he, that I'll doo. So he'r no soyner
 gooan, boh a fine, fatuish, throbbey Gen-
 tleman, coom in a Trice, on axt meh
 whot he wantut. ? Sed I, I understond
 yo want'n o good *Bandyhewit*, Sur, on I've
 a pure on t' sell here : Let's see th' shap
 on hur, sed he : So I stroakt hur deawn
 th' Back, on crobb'd hur oth Greawnd.
 Hoos th' fin'st ot ew'ry saigh sed he ; boh
 I deawt things'n leet unluckily for the ;
 for I geete two this last week, on they
 mey'dn up meh Keawnt.----New Meary,
 i'r ready t' cruttle deawn, for theaw moot
 o knockt meh o'er with a pey. Boh whor's
 teh Price sed he ? I connaw thwooal hur
 t' meh nown Broother under o Ginny,
 sed I. Hoos cheeop o that sed he ; on
 no deawt boh theaw mey sell hur.

M. Odds like ! Yoarn lung eh finding
 a Chapmon ; eytchbody'r awlus fittut so.

T. Eigh, fittut Eigh ; far they ned'n
 none no moor in I need. Wetur eh meh
 Shoon, not tey ; But theaw'st hear. Then

sed he, there's on owd Cratchenly Gentlemon, ot wooans ot yon Heawse, omung yon trees, meet anent us ; ot I believe 'll gi thee the Price : If not Justice fitch o one's o likely Chap, ifle gooa thither. Sed I, I'r there last Oandurth, on he'd leet o oneth Yeandurth ofore. That leet feawly for the, sed he : ---Eigh, sed I, so it e'en did. ; for I mede o peaw'r o Labber o-beawt it I'm shure. Well boh this owd Gentlemon's lik'ly ft of onny I know. So I mede 'im meh Manners, on seete cawt for this tother Pleck.

M. I hope in ha' better Luck, Egodsnum.

T. Whau, I thowt eh cou'd too : For neaw it popt int' Mind, ot Nip did naw howd hur Tele heeigh enough, on ot Fok wou'd naw buy her becofe o' that. On int' has naw freat'n, I bowt two Eawnce o' Pepper, when id meh Sawt ; on tho' twur os thodd'n os o. Thar-Cake, i'd rub her A----fe weet : For I'd seen Oamfrey o' Matho's pley that tutch be his Creawparst-Mare ; that dey ot Yem oth' Redbonk coom't buy hur. So meet ofore eh geet tear, I took Nip, on rubb'd hur primely efeath ; een till o' yeawlt ogen. I'r ot Heawse in o crack, on leet oth' owd Month Fowd, ofling t' geet o Tit-back. Sed

L

Is too him, is yoarn Neme Mr. *Scar*? Sed he, theaw'r oather greeof, or greeof-by; but I gex I'm him ot to mecons: Whot wants to wimmey? I'm infarmed, Sed I, ot yo want'n o *Bandyhewit*, on I've o tip-top on eh meh Arms here os onny's eh *Englandshiar*. That's a greyt breecod, Sed he; but pre the let's hondle hur o bit, for in eh tutch hur, I con tell whether hoo's reet bred or naw.

M. Odd, but that wur o meety fawse owd Felly, too-to.

T. 'Sflesh, Meary! I think eh meh guts ot he'r th' bigg'ft Rascot on um aw: Boh I leet im hondle'r, on he'r so feely, on his Hond's whackert so despratly, ot eh cou'd naw flick too hur, on hoo leep deawn. Neaw fort thowt I: Nip; cock the Tele on show the sell: Boh estid ot that, hoo feet up o yeawll, clapt th' Tele between hur Legs, on crope into o hoyle ith Horse-stone!

M. Fye onn'r, i'ft ha bin os mad attur os o Pottert Wasp.

T. Whau, i'r os mad os teaw cou'd be, ot hoode shawmt hur sell so wofully; heaw'eer I fed to th'owd Mon, munneh tak' ur ogen for yoan find hoofe no Foo-goad on o Bitch? Now, now, sed he; I feel hoofe os fat os o Snig, on os smoot

os o Mowdewarp : On I find os plene
 os o Pike-staff, be hur lennock Yecars, or
 hoofe reet bread : On I'd a had'ur if
 hoode cost meh o Moider, but ot o Eriend
 has sent meh one cawt o *Yorshar*, on I need
 no moor : Boh i'll swop with the into
 will. Now sed I, i'll swop none : for i'll
 oather have a Ginny for hur, or hoost
 newer gooa while meh Heed stons o meh
 Shilders. Then I con chaffer none with
 the, said he ; boh haft' bin ot yon fine
 Bigging anent us ! Eigh sed I, boh he's
 onoo on um. Well but they're os scant
 neaw os ewer the wur eh this Ward, sed
 he ; on there's one *Muslin*, eh *Rachdaw*,
 ot's o meety lover on 'um. Whau, sed I,
 I'll go see.--- On neaw Meary, I begun t'
 mistrust ot tear'n meying o Foo on meh.
 M. The firrups tak' um, boh tey ne'er
 wur be aw o like.

T. Whau, boh howd tey Tung o bit,
 on teawst hear ; for I thought i'd try this
 tother Felley, on if he'r gett'n fittut too,
 I'd try no moor : For then it wou'd be os
 plene os *Blackstonchedge* ot tearn meying
 oh arron Gawby on meh. So I went
 t' *Rachdaw*, on sperr'd 'tis Mon cawt. I
 found im o back oth' Shopboort, wch o
 little Dog ot side on im ; Thowt I r' meh
 seln.





fel'n I would teaw'a choak't this Felley 'll
be fittut too, I deawt. Well, sed he on-
nist Mon, whot done yo pleeost' hav? I
want nowt ot he han, said I for i'm come'n
t' sell ye o *Bandyhewit*. Neaw, Meary,
this Rascot os weel oft' rest, roost meh
Bitch to the varra Welkin; but ot tat
Time he did naw want one.

M. E wea's me Tummus! I deawt tearn
meying o parsit Neatril on o!

T O Neatril! Eigh, th' big'st ot ewer wur
medefin kene kilt ebil; on neaw I'r so strackt
woode I'r ar' only moydert on cou'd ha fund
eh meh Heart'ta jowd aw ther sows to-
gether. I'r no soyner areawt, boh o threave
o Rabblement wur watching on meh at
t' Dur. One on um sed, this is im; on o-
ther, he's here; on one Basturtly-gullion
asht mey if i'd fowd meh *Bandyhewit*? By
th' Miss Meary, I'r so angurt ot tat, ot I
up weh meh gripp'n Neave, on hit im o
good wherrit oth' Yecar, on then weh meh
Hough, puncht him into th' Riggot; on
ill grim'd, on deet th' Lad wur for shure:
Then they aw seete ogen, meh, on ofore
id gen o Rood, in th' Lad's Moother coom,
on crope sawfly behunt meh, on geete
meh by th' hewer, on deawn coom Nip,
on me ith' Rindle, on th' Hoor ot top
on

on meh ; While th' tuffle lastit, hur Last
(on the basturts ot took his Part) kept grim-
ing, on deeting meh weh Sink-durt, ot I
thowt meh Een would newer ha done good
ogen ; for I moot os weel ha bin o'er th'
Heed in o Middingspuce, or ot teying
ot two Eawls.

M. E walla-dey, whot obunnanze o
Misfartins yo had'n.

T. Eigh, for if *Owd-Nick* ow't me o Spite
he pede me Whoam weh Use : For while
the Skirmidge lastit, awth' Teawn wur
cluttert obeawt us ; I sheamt os if id stown
summut, on Skampurt owey weh o Fleigh
eh meh Yecar, on up th' Broo intoth'
Church Yort : There I'd o mind t' see if
onney body sollut meh. I turn'd meh, on
who te Dule dust think, boh I'd lost Nip.

M. What fenneh !

T. It's true Meary ; so I cawd, on E
whewtit, boh no Nip wur t' be fund. hee
nor low : On far aw I knew, meh Meas-
ter seete sitch Stoar on hur, becase o fotch-
ink th' Beaofs on Sheep ; I durst os tite
o tean o Bear by th' Tooth o'sta ost seech
hur ith Teawn. So I took eendwey, for
it wur welly neet ; on I'd had noather Bit
nor Sope ? nor Cup o Sneeze of aw that

Dey

ME

M. Why, yoad'n be os gaunt os Grewnt;
on welly sammilt.

T. I tell the Meary I'r welly moydart:
Then I thowt meh Heart wou'd ha sunk
int' meh Shoon; for it feld os heavy os
o Mustert-boah, on I stanck so, it mede meh
os waughish os owt, on I'd two or thee
Wetur-tawms: Beside aw this, meh Bally
warcht; on eh this fettle I munt daddle
Whoam, on fease meh Measter!

M. E dear! Whot o kin of o beawt
had'n ye weh him?

T. Whau, I st tell the moor o that eend
neaw: B'o furst theaw mun know, that
os I'r geoinck toart Whom os denawn-
heartit on mallancholy os a Methodist, ot
thinks he's In-pig of Owd Harry, o mon
o'ertook meh riding o Tit-back on leeding
onother: thinfst I t' meh sell; this is some
Yorskar Horse-Jockey; I wou'd he'd le
meh ride; for theaw mun know I'r
wofoo weak on Waughish. This thought
had hardly glentit thro' meh nob before
ot Felly sed; come honesty; theaw looks
os if to wur ill toyard; theawst ride o bit,
into will. That's whot eh want sed I, in
ye pleas'n for I'm welly done. So loothe
Meary I geet on; on I thought eh neer
rid yeasier ~~for~~ eh cou'd geet o humpstridd'n
o Tit-back.

M.

M. A good deed *Tummas* that wur no ill Felly; yoad'n ha no ill luck ot tis beawt e goddil.

T. E, Meary, theaws een gext rank monny, on monny o time, on neaw theaw p---fles by the Bowogen; for I wou'd i'd ridden eawr Billy's Hobby-horse a howdey t'gether estid o getting o this Tit: for hark the meh; we'd naw ridd'n oboon five Rood but felly alht meh heaw far Ir' gooink that wey? Seys I, obeawt a mile on o hoave. That's reet, seys he; there's on Eleheawse just there obeawt; I'll ride ofore, on theaw mun come sawfly after on I'll fley for the there. So he feet off like hey go-mad; boh I kept o foot's pese: for me Tit swat on semm'd as toyart os I wur. Neaw loothe Meary, after this I'd naw ridden mitch oboon hawse o mile boh I heard some sock cummink after meh o gallop, o gallop os if the Deel had bad hallidey. Theyd'n hardly o'er ta'en meh boh one on um sweer by th' Mafs, this is my Tit, on I'll heyt too, if owd Nick ston not ith' Gap. With that o lusty wither Tyke pood eawt o think like o piece on o Bassoon on flappingmeh oth Shilders weet sed, friend I'm o Cunstable, an yore my Prisner.

That

The Deel tey yer friendship, on Constableship too, sed I ; whot dunneh mecon mon ? Whot mun I be prisner for ? Yoan stown that Tit sed he, on yoast good back wimmy before o Justice- I stown nont onr sed I, for I boh meet neaw gett'n ont, on o Mon ots Gallopt ofore on whooa I took for th' owner ga'meh leeof ; so whot bisness han oather yo or th' Justice weh me ! Stuff Stuff, meer balderdash sed th' Cunstable. Wi' that I leep off th' Tit in a greyt hig, on sed, int be yoars tak't o, to the Deel o ; for I know nowt ont, nor yo noather, not I.

M. Weel actit Tummus ; that wur monfully sed, on done too ; think I.

T. Boh husht Meary, on theawst hear fur : Cum cum, sed th' Cunstable, that whisso whaffo stuff winnow doo for me : for gooa yo boeath mun on shan, oather be hook or crook. On wi' that he pood eawt some Ir'n trinkums, ot rick t'-like o parfil o Cheeons. Weawns thinks I t' me sell, whot artheese ? In the bin Shack-ils, I'm in o rere scroap indeed ; I'm wur off neaw in eer eh wur : I'll be hong'd, or some devilment ot tis very time. For be meh troth, Meary, I heated th' jingling of his thingumbobs os ill, os if theaw,

or ony mon elze had bin ringing my passing Bell.

M. Good lorjus deys ! its not to tell heaw camm'd things con happ'n !

T. Heawee'r I mustert up my curridge on sed, hark o', yo Cunstable, put up thoofe things ot rick'n so ; on innch mun gooa, I will gooa ; on quietly too : for theaw knows ot force is med'n for o Mad-Dog.

M. Whoo-who, whoo-who whoo ! Why Tummus ! Its meet neaw buzz'd into meh hecod, ot tis seme Horse-Jockey, had stown th' Tit, on for fear o being o'ertene geet yo t' ride t' seve his own Beak'n. on so put yor shiar on ye o thils'n.

T. Why, I think theaw guexes too o hure ; for he slippt th' Rope fro obeawt his own neck on don'd it o mine, that's fartin. Heawee'r it mede pittifoo wark indeed ; to be guardit be two Men on o Cunstable back ogen thro' Rachdaw where Id so letely lost meh Bitch, on bin so very mawkinly rowlt ith Riggot ! Heaweer theese Cunstable-fok wur meety meeveryly on modest too-to, on as mute os Mowdy-warps for we geet thro' th' Teawn weh very little glooaring on less pumping, on wur ot Justices in a crack

M. E deer, Tummus, did naw a Haw-ter run strawngely eh yer hecod ; for sum-
mot runs eh mine os int wur full o Ropes
on Pully-beawls.

T. Why loothe Meary I thought so
pleaguy hard, ot I cou'd think o nothing
at aw : for se the meh, I'r freetn't aw
macks o weys. Still, I'd one cumfort
awlus popt up it hecod ; for thinks I't
meh sell I stown no Horse, not I : on
theaw knows ot Truth on Honesty goo-
ink hont eh hont howd'n one onother's
backs primely, on ston os stiff os o Gab-
lock.

M. True Tummus, theyre prime props
at o pinch, that's fartin. Boh I yammer
r' hear heaw things turn'd cawt ot eend
of aw.

T. Theaws no peshunce Meary. boh
howd te tung on theawst hear in o snift :
for theaw mun know, ot tis some Cunst-
ble wur os preawd ot id tean poor Tum-
priser, or if theaw'd tean o Hare on had
hur eh the Appern meet neaw : but th'
Gobbin ne'er considert o' honging wou'd
naw be cawd good spooart be ony body
eh ther senses, on wur enough for't edge o
finer mon's teeth in mine. Heawe'er he
knockt os bowdly ot Justices Dur, os if

id ha dung it deawn. This fotcht o
 preaw'd gruff felly eawt, whooa put us
 int' a pleck we as monney Books an Pap-
 pers os a Cart wou'd howd. To this mon
 (whooa I soon perceivt wur th' Clark) th'
 Custable tow'd meh wofoo kefe; an eh
 truth Meary I'r os gawmless os o Goose
 on began o whackering os if id stown o
 how draight o Horses. Then this felly
 went eawt o bit, on with im coom th'
 Justice; whooa I glendurt at sooar, an
 thowt he favort owd Jone o Dobs whooa
 theaw knows awlus wears a breawnish
 White-wig, ot hong on his Shilders like
 Keaw-teals. Well Mr. Cunstable, sed
 Justice, Whot han ye brought me new?
 Why, plecos yer Worship, ween meet
 neww tean o Horse-steyleyler whooa wur
 meying off with Tit os hard os he cou'd.
 Od, thought I't meh seln neww, or never
 Tum, speyke for the sell; or theawrt
 throttl't ot tis very beawt, so I speek up,
 an sed; that's naw true, Mr. Justice;
 for I'r boh gooin'k o foot's pefe. Umph
 sed th' Juice there's naw mitch difference,
 as to that point. Heawe'er howd teaw
 the tung yung mon; an speyk when ther't
 spokk'n too. Well theaw mon ith breawn
 Cooat, theaw, sed th' Justice, whot has
 theaw

theaw to sey ogen this felly here? Is this Tit thy Tit, seys to? It is Sur. Here Clark, bring's that Book on lets swear him. Here th' Justice fed o nominy to 'im, on tow'd 'im he munt tey kere o whot eh fed, or he moot as helt be forsworn, or hong that yeawth there. Well, on theaw seys ot tis Tit's thy Tit, is it? It is, pleeos yer Worship. On where had teaw him. seys to? I bred im Sur. E whot Country? Cown-Edge Sur. On when wur he stown seys to? Last dey boh yusterday abeawt three o Clock ith Oan-durth: for eawr Yem saigh 'im obeawt two, on we mist im obeawt four o'Clock. On fro Cown-edge theaw seys? Yus Sur. Then th' Justice turn'd im to me, on fed. Is aw this true ot tis man seys, hears to meh? It is fed I; part on't; on part on't is naw: for I did naw steyl this Tit. nor ist oboon two eawrs sin-furst time ot eh brad meh e'en on im. Heaw coom theaw't beriding owey wi' im then, if theaw did naw steyl im? Why, o good deed Sur, os I'r goink toart whom to dey, o felly weh o little reawnd Hat, on o ferunt Wig, cullur o yoars, welly, boh shorter, o'er took meh; hewur riding o one Tit on lad another. Neaw this mon

seeink I'r toyart, becofe I went wigglety-wagglety ith' lone, he offer't meh his lad Tit t' ride on. I'r fene oth proffe'r be-leemy, on geet on : boh he rid off, Whip on Spur tho he cou'd hardly mey th' Tit keawnter, on wou'd fley on meh ot on Ele-heawfeith road. Naw Measter Justice I'd naw gon three quarters on o Mile boh theefe fok o'ertean meh ; tow'd meh I'd frown th' Tit on neaw han brought meh hither, os in I'r o Yorshar Horse-fleyler. On this is aw true Master Justice, or mey I ne'er gut on ill pleck when eh dee.

M. Primely spok'n efceath *Tummus!* yo, meet shad'n Wrynot eh tellink this tele, think I ; boh whot sed th' Justice then ?

T. Whau, he sed ; Hears to me ogen, theaw Yungster ; tell meh where theaw wur t' tother dey boh yusterday, especially ith Oandurth, will to Whau, sed I, I feet cawt fro Whom soon ith' yoandnrth wi' o Keaw on a Kawve for Ratchdaw ; meh Kawve wur kilt ith' lone, with o Tit Coak'n os eh coom ; on ith' Oandurth I'r aw up on deawn eh this Neighbourhood ; dooink meh best t' sell meh Bitch ot fok caw'dn o *Bandyhewit* t' see if th cou'd mey th' Kawve money up for me Measter ; but waes me e'ery-body

WUE

wur gett'n fittut with um. So I'r keff into
th' dark, on forc'e t fley ot *Littlebrough* aw
neet. On where wur to yusterday, fed
Justice? Wheau, fed I, I maundert up
on deawn hereobeawt ogen, oth' seme
leeveless arat, on wur forc't harbour
awth' last neet in o Barnw here Boggarts
fswarm'n (Lord blefs us) on breed'n, I be-
lieve; for oytych body feys its never beawt
um; on to dey os I'r gooink whom I leet
o this felly ot I took for a Horse-Jockey,
on so wurtean up be theefe fok for a Tit-
fleyler. Boh hark the meh, theaw Pri-
ner, fed th' Justice, wur naw theaw here
tother dey boh yusterdey wi' the Dog,
prethee? I wur Sur; boh yoad'n naw
buy hur, for yoarn fittit too. Whot time
oth' dey moot it bee, thinks to? Between
three an four o'Clock, fed I. Beleemy
mon, I think theaw'rt oather greeave or
greeave-by, fed he. Here, yo, Master
Custable follow me. Neaw, *Meary*, whot
dust think? boh while theefe two wur
cawt o bit, this Teastril; this Tyke of o
Clark caw'd me aside an proffert bring
meh clear off for have o Ginney. Seys
I, mon, If I knew a Hawter munt mey
meh Neck os lung os o Gonner neck to
morn, I cou'd naw rease heave a Ginney.

seeink I'r toyard, becofe I went wigglety-wagglety ith' lone, he offer't meh his lad Tit t' ride on. I'r fene oth proffe'r be-leemy, on geet on : boh he rid off, Whip on Spur tho he cou'd hardly mey th' Tit keawnter, on wou'd ftey on meh ot on Ele-heawfeith road. Naw Meafter Justice I'd naw gon three quarters on o Mile boh theefe fok o'ertean meh ; tow'd meh I'd flown th' Tit on neaw han brought meh hither, os in I'r o Yorshar Horfe-fteyler. On this is aw true Master Justice, or mey I ne'er gut on ill pleck when eh dee.

M. Primely fpok'n efceath *Tummu*! yo, meet fhad'n Wrynot eh tellink this tele, think I ; boh whot fed th' Justice then ?

T. Whau, he fed ; Hears to meogen, theaw Yungfter ; tell meh where theaw wur t' tother dey boh yusterday, efpeci-ally ith Oandurth, will to Whau, fed I, I feet cawt fro Whom soon ith' yoandnrth wi' o Keaw on a Kawve for Ratch-daw ; meh Kawve wur kilt ith' lone, with o Tit Coak n os eh coom ; on ith' Oandurth I'r aw up on deawn eh this Neighbourhood ; dooink meh beft t' sell meh Bitch ot fok caw'dn o *Bandyhewit* t' fee if th cou'd mey th' Kawve-money up for me Meafter ; but waes me e'ery-body

WUR

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 um; on to dey os I'r gooink whom I leet
 o this felly ot I took for a Horse-Jockey,
 on fo wur tean up be theefe fok for a Tit-
 fleyler. Boh hark the meh, theaw Pri-
 ner, fed th' Justice, wur naw theaw here
 tother dey boh yusterday wi' the Dog,
 prethee? I wur Sur; boh yoad'n naw
 buy hur, for yoarn fittit too. Whot time
 oth' dey moot it bee, thinks to? Between
 three an four o'Clock, fed I. Beleemy
 mon, I think theaw'rt oather greeave or
 greeave-by, fed he. Here, yo, Master
 Gufstable follow me. Neaw, *Meary*, whot
 duft think? boh while theefe two wur
 eawt o bit, this Teaftril; this Tyke of o
 Clark caw'd me afide an proffert bring
 meh clear off for have o Ginney. Seys
 I, mon, If I knew a Hawter munt mey
 meh Neck os lung os o Gonner neck to-
 morn, I cou'd naw reafe heave a Ginney:-

for hong'd or naw hong'd I ha' naw one
hawp'ney t' seve meh neck wi'. Boh
says he, wilt gi' the Note for t' ? Ill gi' no
Notes not I; for I'd os good t' be hong'd
for this job, oft steyl on be hong'd for
that; on I no other wey t' rease it boh
Steyling ot I know on.

M. Good Lord o marcy! moor Rogues
on moor! neaw awt upo' aw sich teastrils.
for ever on o dey lunge, sey I.

T. Hustt hustt, *Meary*; for neaw th'
Justice an th' Cunstable coom in.

M. E Law I'll be hong'd meh seln if
eh dunnaw dither for fear: boh go for-
rud *Tummus*.

T. Why, th' Justice after rubbing his
broo on droying his sease deawn, sed;
Here, yo Mester Cunstable, on yo, fellow
ot owns this Tit; I mun tell ye, that
yore booath ith rang Box: an han gett'n
th' rang Soo by th' Yeer. For this young-
ster here cou'd naw steyl this Tit th' last
Oandurth boh one: for between three an
four o'Clock that dey I seed him here me
fell: on yo sen this Tit wur stown fro'
Cown-edge obeawt that time. Neaw he
cou'd naw bee eh two plecks ot one time,
yo known. So heors to meh yung mon.
I mun,

I mun quit thee as to this job; so go the way whom; on be honest. I will, fed I, on thonks Measter Justice: for yean pood Truth cawt on a durty pleck ot lung-length. So I mede im o low bow, on a greyt Scroap weh meh Shoough ou coom meh wey.

M. Brevely cumn off *Tum!* eigh, on merrily too, I'll uphowd o'. Neaw een God blefs aw honest Justices, sey I.

T. Eigh eigh; on so sey I too: for I'd good luck ot heel of aw, or *Tum* had naw bin here t'a tow'd teh this Tele. Boh yet *Meary*, I think eh meh guts ot tears Meawfeneezes omung lone on um, os weel os omung other fok; or why shou'd tis seme Clark o his, when he perceiv't I'r innocent, proffert bring meh off for hawve o Ginney? Had naw this o strung favor of fere cheeoting; ne deawn-reetnipping o poor fok. On does teaw think ot tees Justices do naw know, when these Tykes plene o hundurt wur tricks thin this in o yeer? Beside, *Meary*, I hard that sawse felly *Dick* o *Fems* o owd *Harry's* fey, ot he kneaw some on um ot went snips wi theese Catterpillars their Clarks: on if so, shou'd they naw be hugg'd oth' seme back, on scutcht with' seme Rod wi'ther Clarks. hears to me?

M

M. Now now, not tey marry: for if
 fitch things munt be done greadly on os
 teh aught to bee, th' bigger Rascot shou'd
 ha' th bigger snacks, on moor on um,
 yo known, *Tumms*. Boh greyt fok oft
 dun who te win wi' littleons reet or rank;
 whot kere'n they. So let's leeof fitch to
 mend when the con hit on't; on neaw
 tell meh heaw ye went'n on wither
 Measter.

T. Eigh byth' Miss Maary I'd freeot'n
 thar. Why then theaw mun know, eh
 fitch o kefe os tat I'd no skuse to mey, for
 I tow'd im heawth' Kawve wur kilt ith
 Lone; on ot I'd sow'd the Hoyde for
 throtteen-pence. On then I cou'd tell
 im no moor; for he nipt up the Deashon,
 et floode oth' Harstone, on whirl'd it at
 meh: Boh estid o hitting me, it hit th'
 Reeam-Mug ot floode oth' Hob; on
 Keyvt awth Reeam into th' Foyar: Then
 th' Battril coom, on whether it lawmt th'
 Barn ot ot wur ith' Keather I know naw,
 for I last it roaring on belling; so as I'r
 scamp'ring away, eaw'r Seroh asht meh
 where e wou'd gooa? I tow'd'r ot Nicko
 oth Farmer's greyt Leath wur next, an
 I'd go thither.

M. Of awth' Spots ith Ward, there
 I'd go o'wou'd

wou'd not I ha com'n for a Yepsittle a Ginneys.

T. I geawse theaw mecons becofe fok fen Boggarts awlus hawntit it : Boh theaw knows I'r wickitly knockt up, and force is Meds'n for a mad Dog, os I tow'd te afore.

M. It matters naw; it wou'd never ha sunk'n into me ta harbort there.

T. Well, but I went; an just as I'r gett'n to th' Leath Dur, whooa thou'd e meet boh Yed o' Jeremy's their New Mon.

M. That lect weel; for Yed's as greedly o' Lad as needs t' knepoth' Hem of a keke.

T. True: So I tow'd im meh Kefe e short, an soary he lookt too-to: I wish e durst let te lye we me fed he; but as I boh coom to win here this Dey Sennit, I dare naw venter. But I'll shew thee a prime Mough o' Hey an theaw mey do meeterly frowt I know. Thattle doo, fed I, shew it me, for I'm stark an ill done. So while he'ur shewing it me with Scoance, he fed; I summat tell the Tum, but I'm loath. Theaw mecons o' beawt boggarts fed I, but I'm lik' t' venter. Theaws meet hit it fed he: An I con tell the, I cou'd like meh pleck primely but for that: Heawe'er as th' Tits mun cawt very yarly, I mun Pro-
von

vonum o beawt one o'Clock, an I'll caw
 see heaw tha goes on: 'Sblid sed I, if
 theaw mun eawt so yarly, I'll fodder an
 Provon the Tits for the, an theaw mey
 sleep intle ley th' Proven ready. Then
 he shew'd me heawth' Mough wur cut
 with a Hey knife, hawve wey deawn like
 a great Step, on that I moot come off
 yeasly o that Side: So we bid tone to-
 ther good Neet. I'r boh meet sattlt when
 eh heard fummot ith Leath. Good-Lor-
 jus Meary! meh Flesh crept o meh Boo-
 ans, on meh Yeears crackt ogen weh
 hark'ning. Presently I heard somebody
 caw sawfly, Tummus, Tummus. I knew
 th' Voice, an sed, whooas tat tee Seroh?
 Eigh sed hoo; an I stown a lyte Wetur-
 podditch, an some Thrutchings, and a
 Treacle-butter-keke if eh con eyght um.
 Fear me not, sed I, for I'm as hongry as
 a Rott'n. Whau mitch-go-deet o with
 um sed hoo; an yo mey come on begin
 for they need'n no keeling. Neaw I're
 fitch a flunter egetting to th' Wark ot I'd
 freeat'n th' Spot ot Yed tow'd me on, so I
 seell deawn offth' heest Side oth' Mough,
 an fitch a Floose o Hey sollut me, ot it driv
 meh shiar deawn, an Seroh, with meyt
 inner hont o top o me; an quite hill'd
 us boath.

M.

M. Cots ffish, this wur a nice Trick oth' bookth on't, wur it naw?

T. Eigh, fot' wur; boh it leet weell atth' Podditch wur naw Scawding: For when we'd'n mede Shift to heyvean creep fro underth' Hey, some oth Podditch I fund had dawbt' up tone o meh neen. Thrutchings wur'n shed oth Weastbant o meh Breeches, an th' Treacle-butter-keke slikt to Seroh's Brat. Heaweer, weh serawming abeawt ith Dark we geete up whot we cou'd, an I eet it Snap, for beleemy Meary I'r so keen bitt'n I mede no bawks at o Heyseed. So while I'r busy cadging mey Wem, hoo tow'd me hoo lipp'nt hur feather wur turn'd Strackling, an if I went whom agen I'll be edawnger o being Breant: That me deme wou'd ha met'run for I shou'd be lose ot Feersuns een on it matter't naw mitch. I thowt this wur good keawnfil, so I geet Seroh t' fotch me meh tother Sark: hoo did so, an I thank't 'ur, bid Farewell, an so we partit. I soon tattlt meh sell ith mough under a floose o Hey, an slept so weel ot when e wack'nt I'r feerd ot id o'er slept me sell on cou'd naw Provon th' Tits e' Time.

M. It wur weel for yo ot e cou'd n-
 f Sleep

Sleep at aw, for I'll ne'er ha lede meh cen
t'gether I'm shure.

T. Whau, but I startit up to go to th'
Tits and flurr'd deawn to th' lower Part
oth Mough; and by the Maskins-Lord
whot dust to think, boh I leet hump stridd'n
up o' summot ot feld meety Hewry, an it
startit up weh me on on its Back, deawn
th' lower Part oth' Heymugh it jump't;
Croft t'leath; cawt oth dur wimmy it
took; an intoth' Watering-poo as if the
Deel o Hell had driv'n it; and there it
threw me in, or I feel off, I connaw tell
whether for th' life on meh.

M Whoo-who, . whoo-who, whoo!
whot ith' Name o God winneh sey!

T. Sey,---why I sey true as t'Gospil;
an I'r so freetn't I wur warr set to get
cawt (if possible) in e wur when Nip an
me feel off th Bridge.

M I never heard fitch teles fin meh
Nemewur Mall, nor no mon elze, think I'

T. Teles---! Udds bud, tak um awt
gether an theyd'n welly mey a Mont ston
oth' wrang cend.

M. Well but wur it owd Nick, think'n
eh or it wur naw!

T. I hete to tawk on't. wilt howd
te tung, but if it wur naw owd Nick, he
wur th' orderer on't to be shure. *M.*

M. Why Tummus pre'o' whot wur it!

T. Bless meh Meary ! theawrt fo yearnstful ot teaw'll naw let meh tell meh tele. Why, I did naw know me sell whot it wur of an cawr.---If eh know yet.

M. Well, boh heaw went'n yo on then ?

T. Whau, weh mitch powlering I geete cawt oth' Poo ; an be meh troth, lieve meh as to list, I cou'd naw tell whether I'r in a Sleawm or wak'n, till eh groapt at meh Neen : An us I'r resolv'd to come no moor ith' Leath, I crope under a Wough, and stooode like a Gawmblyng, or a perfect Neatril till welly Dey ; an just then Ned coom.

M. That wur passing weel considering th' kesc or year'n in.

T. True, Lafs ; for I think I'r never feaner t' see no-body fin ir' kerfunt.

M. Whot sed Yed !

T. Why he heeve up his Honds, an he blest, and he prey'd, an mede sitch Marlocks that if I'd naw bin eh that woso Pickle I st a bross'n weh Leawghing. Then he asht meh heaw I coom t' be so weet ? And why e stooode teer ? An sitch like, I tow'd him I could gi no okeawnt o meh

fell; boh that I'r carrit cawt oth' Leath
be owd Nick as I thowt.

M. I'd awlus a Notion whot it wou'd
prove ith heel of aw.

T. Pre'the howdte Tung a bit,---theaw
puts me cawt. I tow'd im I thowt it wur
owd Nick; for it wur vast strung; very
hewry; and meety swift.

M. E, what a greyt marcy it is yore
where ye ar Tummus!

T. Eigh Meary so't is; for its moor in I
expectit. Boh theawst hear. Yed wur
so flay'd weh that bit at I'd tow'd im ot he
geete meh by th' Hont an sed, come Tum-
mus, let's flit fro this Pleck; for my part
I'll naw fley one Minnit lenger. Sed I,
istle fotch me Sark cawt oth' Leath I'll
geaw with the. Ney sed he, that I'll ne-
ver do while my Nemes Yed. Whau, sed
I, then I'm lik't goa beawt it. Dunnaw
trouble the nob abeawt tat: Itwoowhoam,
an I'll gi' theeth' tone, come let's get off sed
he. So were'n marching away; but be-
fore wed'n gon five Rood, I seed summut
an seete up a greyt Reeck (for I thowt I'd
seen owd Nick agen, Lord bless us): Seys
Yed, whot ar to breed we neaw Tummus?
I pointit th' Finger, an sed, is naw tat te
Dule? Which, sed he: That, under th'
Hedge,

Hedge, sed I Now, now, naw hit
 that's cawer yung Cowt ot lies reawt, sed
 Yed. The Dickons it is sed I! Boh I
 think e meh Guts ot that carrit me cawt
 oth Leath. Then Yed-axt meh, if th' dur
 wur opp'n? I towd im I thowt it wur.
 But I'm shure I toynt it sed Yed. That
 moot be sed I, for after theaw last me cawr
 Seroh browt me meh Supper; an hoo
 moot leeave it opp'n. By th' Mifs sed
 Yed, if so Tum, this very Cowt'll prove
 th' Boggart! lets into th' Leath, an see,
 for it's naw so Dark as't wur. With aw
 meh Heart sed I; boh lets stick toth' tone
 tother's Hond then. A this'n we went
 into th' Leath, and by meh truth Meary
 I know naw whot' think: There wur a
 Yepfintle a Cowt-toearts upoth' lower
 Part oth' Hey-mough, and th' Pleck
 where it had lyen as plene as a Pike Staff.
 But still, ift wur hit ot carrit meh, I mar
 vil heaw I cou'd stick on so lung, it wur
 eh fitch a hurry to get away!

M. Whot te Firrups! it signifies nowt,
 for whether ye stickt on, or feel off, I
 find that cawr owd Nick wur th' Cowt at
 lies reawt.

T. Whau, I connaw sey a deéolabeawt
 it, it looks likly, as teaw seys: But ift

this wur not a Boggart I think there never wur none, if teyd'n bin reetly sifted into.

M. Marry, I'm mitch eh yore mind,--- but hark ye, did neh leet o' yer Sark.

T. Eigh, cigh; I height eh meh Pocket fe the, for its boh meet neaw at eh took meh leave o' Yed, on neaw theaw sees I'm running meh Country.

M. On whot dunneh think t' doo?

T. I think t' be an Ostler; for I con mex'n, keem, on settle Tits, os weel os os onny one on um aw, tho' theaw mey think its gawstring.

M. Ney, I coo believe 'o-----E law, whot o cank han we had! I mennawcem t' fley onny lunger. God be with o; for I mun owey.

T. Howd:---Ney Meary: le meh ha one Smeawtch ot parting, for theaw'r't none fitch o feaw Whean nother.

M. Ney.----Neaw,----So Tummus; go teaw, on Slaver Seroh o Ratchot's in ye bin so kipper.

T. Why neaw, heaw spytsfoo theaw art? Whot in o Body doo like Seroh; there's no Body boh the lik'n somebody.

M. Eigh, true Tummus; boh then sometimes some-body likes some-body elze.

T. I geawfe whot to mecons: For theaw'r't glenting

glenting ot tat flopper-meawth't gob-flotch.
 Bill o' Owd-Katty's: Becose ot Fok sen
 Seroh hankers after im: I marvel what
 te Dule hoo con see in him: I'm mad at
 hur.

M. Like enough; for its o feaw life t'
 Luff thoofe ot Luff'n other Fok: Boh year
 o Ninyhommer t' heed 'ur; for there's
 none fitch farrantly tawk abeawt'r.

T. Why, whot done they say?

M. I mennaw tell:-----Beside yoan hap-
 ply tey't non so weel in o Body shou'd.

T. Whaw, I connaw be angust ot tee,
 chez whot to feys, os lung os to boh harms
 after other fok.

M. Why then, they sen, ot hoos o Maw-
 kinly, Dagg'd--a--ft, Wisk-tel't, Whean;
 on----on----

T. On Whot Meary? Speyk cawt.

M. Why to be plene with o; tey sen
 ot hur Moother took Billo owd Katy's on
 hur eh Bed t'gether, last Sunday Morning.

T. E---the Dev--- (good Lord blefs us)
 is tat true!

M. True! Heaw shou'd t' be other-
 ways for hur Moother wur crying, on
 foughing to me Deme last Munday yean-
 durth obeawt it.

T. 'Sflesh Meary! I'm fit crutle deawn
 intoth.

intoth' Yeoarth: I'd leefer o tean forty Eawls!

M. Why luckit neaw; I'm een sookay fort: God help it, will it topple o'er? Munneh howd it hecod while it Heart brasts o bit?

T. E. Meary; theaw little gawms heaw n thrutches meh Plucks! for if t' did, theaw'd naw mey fitch o Hobbil on meh.

M. Neaw eh meh good Troth, I con heardly howd meh unlaight, t' see heaw fast yore en Luff's Clutches! Boh I thowt I'd try o.

T. Meary, whot dus to mecon?

M. Why, I tow'd o Parcil o thumping, lies o purpose t' pump 'o.

T. The Dickons tey the Meary----- Whot on awkert Whean ar teaw! whot teh Pleague did t' flay meh o thifs'n far! theawrt o wheant Lafs--I'd leefer o gon the Arnt forty Mile.

M. Eigh o hundurt, ither thin o had it o bin true: But I thowt I'd try o.

T. Well; on if I dunnaw try thee, titter or latter, ittle be o marvel!

M. It's o gryet marcy yo connow doot: neaw for cruttling deawn.--Boh I mun o- way: For if meh Deme be cumn Whoam, there'll be ricking.--Well think on ot yoad n ither ha tene forty Eawls. T.

T. Is't think on ot teaw looks o bit
whisky ches whot Seroh o Rutchots is.

M. I heard um sey ot gexing's o kint'
lying, on ot proof oth Pudding's ith
Eyghting.--- So Fere weell Tummus.

T. Meary, fere the well heartily ; on
gi'meh Luff to Seroh, let't leet heawt will.

M. Winneh forgi' meh then ?

T. Byth' Mifs well eh Meary, froth
bothum o me Crop.

F I N I S







A

GLOSSARY

O F

Lancashire *Words and Phrases* :

Containing,

About 800 Words more than were in any
of the five former Impressions :

In which many of the uselefs corruptions are
omitted, and wherein the Reader may
observe,

That Words mark'd	{ A.S. Bel Br. Da. Du. Fr. Sw. Teu	 come from the	{ Anglo-Saxon. Belgic. British. Danish. Dutch. French. Swedish. Teutonic.

A

ACTILLY, *actually.*
Ackersprit, *a Potatoe*
with roots at both Ends.
Addle, *to get ; also unfruit*
ful. A. S.
Afterings, *the last of a*
Cow's Milk.

A

Agate, *on the Way.*
Agog, *set on, begun.*
Aighs, *an Ax.* A, S.
An } *if*
 } *and*
Ancliff, *Ancl.* A. S.
Ineat, *opposite.* A. S.
Appern,

A

Appern, *apron.*
 Appo, *an Apple.*
 Ar, *are.*
 Are, } *an Hour, also our.*
 Eawer, }
 Areawt, *out of doors.*
 Ark, *a large Chest.* A. S.
 Arnt, *Errand.*
 an Arr, *a Mark or Scarr*
 Arren, *arrant, downright.*
 Arsewood, *backward, un-*
willing. A. S.
 Arsey-versey, *Heels over*
Head. A. S.
 Ashelt, *likely, probable.*
 Ash, }
 Ax, } *ask.* A. S.
 Axen, }
 Ash'n, }
 Ashler, *large Free Stone, or*
Moor Stone.
 Asht, } *asked.*
 Axt, }
 Ashes, } *asks.*
 Axes, }
 Aker, *a Nute.*
 Astite, *as soon,* A. S.
 Awf, *an Elf, an earthly*
Demon. Bel.
 At't, *at it.*
 Awkert, *untoward; also*
comical. A. S.
 Awlung *all owing to, be-*
cause &c.
 Awlus, *always.*
 Awmeety, *Almighty,*
 Awntert, *answered.*
 Aw o'like, *q. all I love,*
an Interjection.

B

Awto'pont, *out upon it.*
 Awtert, *altered.*
 Awvish, *queer, comical.*
 B
 BACCO, *Tobacco.*
 Backurt, *backward.*
 Bakstone, *q. Bake-stone.*
 A. S.
 Bagging-time, *Baiting-*
time.
 Balderdash, *Hodge-podge*
 A. S.
 Ball, *the Body of a Tree.*
 Ballocks, *the Testicles.* A. S.
 Bakly, *Belly.*
 Ban, *curfing.* Bel.
 Bandyhewit, *a Name given*
to any Dog, when Per-
sons intend to make Sport
with his Master.
 Bang, *to beat.* Bel.
 Bankreawt, *broken credit-*
ed.
 Barklt., *Dirt &c. harden-*
ed on Hair, &c,
 Bant, *a String.*
 Bargin, *Bargain.*
 Barmskin, *a Leather Ap-*
ron.
 Barn, *a Child.* A. S.
 Barft, *burst.*
 Bastert, *Bastard.*
 Bastertly-gullion, *a Bas-*
tard's bastard.
 Bate, } *without, or except*
 Beawt, } *also about, or trial*
 Batter, *of which Pancakes*
are made.

Battrik,

- Batril, a Batting-Staff
us'd by Laundresses
 Bautert, vid: barklt.
 Bawk, a Piece of Timber
laid cross a House; also to
deceive. Bel.
 Bawks, discouragements;
also a Hay-loft. Bel,
 Be, by.
 Beasting, a beating.
 Beawls, bowls.
 Beawlt'nt, bowled.
 Beck'n, to call by the Fingers.
 A. S.
 Becose, because.
 Beear, a Beard.
 Been, nimble, clever.
 Becofs, Cows,
 Beest, undejected Milk,
that next after Calving,
 A. S.
 Beest'n-Castle. q. Beeston-
 Castle, 7 Miles from Ches-
 ter.
 Beet-need, a Help on par-
 ticular Occasions.
 Begant', } began to
 Begunt, }
 Behint, Behunt, Behund;
all signifying behind.
 Belead, by our Lady.
 Beleakins, a diminutive of
by our Lady, or an Inter-
jection,
 Bells, q. bellows, makes a
 Noise.
 Beleest, believed.
 Beleemy, believe me; from
 Belamy, my good Friend.
- Old Fr.
 Belive, by and by.
 Bellart, a Bull or Bear's
 Ward.
 Bell'n, } making a Noise.
 Belling, } A. S.
 Bench, a Seat.
 Ber. Force.
 Berm, Test. A. S.
 Beshite, to foul, to dirty.
 A. S.
 Beshote, dirtied. Teu.
 Bezzle, from embezzle, to
 waste.
 Bib, a Breast-Cloath.
 Bin, been.
 Bit, a small Part.
 Bitter-bump, the Bittern.
 Blackish, inclining to black.
 Blackstone-Edge, a Hill
between Lancashire, and
Yorkshire.
 Blain, a little Boil. A. S.
 Bleb, a Bubble. Bel.
 Bleffin, a Block or Wedge.
 Bleffin-head, a Blockhead.
 Blend, mix. A. S.
 Blendit, mixed. A. S.
 Blid, from Blood; an In-
 terjection.
 Blinkert, blind of one Eye.
 Blur, a Blot. Sp I
 Boadle, Half a Farthing.
 Bode, did abide; also fore-
 tell. A. S.
 Boggart, a Spirit an Appa-
 rition.
 Boggle, to be afraid. Du.
 Boh, but. N. B. This
 and

and some other Lancashire words ending with a, are pronounced with a very short Aspiration, as meh, for me, &c.

Boke, to point the Finger at Bel.

Bonkful, hankful,

Booan, a Bone,

Booart, a Board.

Bookth, Bulk, the Largeness of a Thing. A. S.

Boose, a Cow's Stall. A. S.

Bote, did bite.

Bo'th', but the.

Bought, { the bend, as the
Boot, { bought of the
 { Elbow, &c.

Bowd, bold.

Borrut, borrowed.

Boyrn, to rinse or wa-
A. S.

Boyrnt, wash'd. A. S.

Brabble,

Brangle,

Brabblement,

Branglement,

Braggot, new Ale spiced,
with Sugar, &c. br.

Brad, spread, opened.

Bras, Copper-Money, also
all Sorts of Coin.

Braft,

Braftit,

Brat, a Child; also a course
Apron. A. S.

Brawn, a Boar.

Breans, Brains.

Bree, Broth without Meal;

also to fear a Person.

Breechus, Breeches.

Breed, frightened.

Breether, Brothers.

Brekfust, Breakfast.

Breve, brave.

Breyd, a Board.

Brid, a Bird.

Brigg, a Bridge.

Briggs, Irons to set over the
Fire.

Brimming, a Sow is said
to be so, when she wants to
engender. A. S.

Brindlt, a Mixture of Co-
lours in Cows, Dogs, &c.

Britchel, apt to break.

Brok'n, broken.

Brog, a swampy Place; also
a bushy Place.

To brog, there are two
Ways of fishing for Eels,
call'd Brogging, one with
a long Pole, Line, and
Plummet, the other by put-
ting the Hook and Worm
on a small Stick, and
thrusting it into Holes
where the Eels lye. Du.

Broo, brow, forehead

Bruart, the rim, or brims
of a Hat.

Bruart, the Blades of Corn
just sprung up.

Bruck, Brook.

Brunt, burnt. Bel.

Bruit, a rumour, a report.

Bruited, reported.

Bruzz'd, broken, or dulled;
also

B

also to *bruz* the Skin off,
is to knock it off.
Buck, a Book.
Bullockt, *bullied*, *cheated*.
Bun-hedge, a Hedge made
of twisted Sticks.
Bunhorns, *Briers* bored for
to wind Yarn on, us'd by
Woollen Weavers.
Burley, thick, clumsy. *Teu*.
Bur, a very tenacious Flow-
er-bob, or Seed of the large
Water-Dock.
Buzz'd, whisper'd.
Byth' Miss, q. by the
Mass; an Interjection.
Byzen, blind.

C

CADGING, to stuff
the Belly; also to bind
or tie a Thing.
Cam, awry, Br.
Camm'd, crooked, gone
awry; also argued crossly,
ill naturedly.
Camp, } to talk of anything
Cank, }
Camperknows, Ale Pot-
tage, in which are put
Sugar Spices, &c.
Campo, } to prate saucily.
Cample, }
Cankard, rusty; also ill na-
tured.
Cant, healthful, chearful,
Bel.
Capable, able to do.
Caper-Cousins, great
Friends.

G 2

C

Capl, to be set fast, to over-
do a Person.
To Cark, to be careful and
diligent. A. S.
Carl, a Clown. A. S.
Carlings, Peace boiled on
Care-Sunday are so called
i. e. the Sunday besor,
Palm-Sunday.
Carrit, carried; also a carrat.
ACarry-Pleck, is a Boggy-
Place whose Water leaves
a red Sediment.
Carron, q. *Carrion*, a
Term of Reproach.
Catter, to heap up, to thrive
in the World. Fr.
wooing, or
rambling
in the
night, af-
ter the
manner of
cats, from
whence it
comes.
Catterwawing
Catterwalling
Cawd, } called.
Cawd'n, }
Cawn, they call.
Cawfe, a Calf.
Cawfe-tail, a Duncce.
Chaffo, to chew.
A Char, a small job of work
also to stop. A. S.
Charger, Platters, Dishes.
Chark, a crack.
Charn, a Churn.
Charn-curdle, a Churn-
staff,
Charo,

Chary, *careful, or painful.*
 Chat, *to talk; also a small*
Twig. Fr.
 Cheeons, *Chains.*
 Cheeot, *cheat.*
 Cheop, *cheap.*
 Chez, *from chuse.*
 Chieve, *to prosper.*
 Chill, *cold. A. S.*
 Chill-blains, *Swelling in*
the Fingers and Toes.
 Childer, *Children.*
 Chilt, *a Child.*
 Chimley, *a Chimney.*
 Chip, *an Egg is said to chip*
when the young cracks the
Shells.
 Choamber, *a Chamber.*
 Choance, *a Chance.*
 Chomp, *to chew; also to*
crush, or cut things small.
 Choynge, *change.*
 Churn-getting, *a Nightly*
Feast after the corn is cut.
 Clammer, *to climb; also a*
great Noise.
 Clammy, *Glaish, tough.*
A. S.
 Clatch, *a brood of chickens.*
 Clatter, *a sudden Noise.*
A. S.
 Cleeart, *cleared.*
 Cleawd, *a Cloud.*
 Cleawt, *a Clout.*
 Cleeke, *to catch at hastily.*
 Cleeon, *clean.*
 Cleeoning, *the After-birth*
of a Cow.
 Clemm'd, *famish'd; starv'd*

Clever, } *lusty, skilful; also*
 Cliver, } *very well.*
 Clewkin, *a Sort of strong*
Swine. A. S.
 A Clock, *a Beetle.*
 Clocking, *the Noise of broody*
Hens. A. S.
 Clooas, *Cloaths.*
 Cloyse, } *very near; also a*
 Clole, } *Croft or Feld.*
 Clotted, *sticking together.*
Bel.
 Clough, *a Wood; also a*
Valley. A. S.
 Clozzoms, *Tallons, vid.*
Clutches.
 Clum, *did climb.*
 Clumst, } *unbandy, un-*
 Clumfy, } *weildy. Du.*
 Clustumt, *swollen with*
Cold. Du.
 Clut, *to strike, a blow.*
 Clutches, *the Hands, the*
Talons of Birds; also in
Possession of.
 Clutters, *all on Heaps. Du.*
 Cluttert, *gather'd on heaps.*
Du.
 Coaken, *the sharp Part of*
a Horse-shoe; also to strain
in the Act of Vomiting.
 To Cob, *to throw.*
 Cobstones, *Stones that may*
be thrown; and also lar-
ger Stones. A. S.
 Cob-coals, *large Pit-*
Coals. A. S.
 Cock, *to stand up, as Cock*
thy Tail hold it high.
 Cocker,

- Cocker, to fondle; also an
old Hose without foot. Fr.
 Cockers, and Trashes, *old*
Stockings without Feet and
over-worn Shoes
 Cocket, pert. A. S.
 Cods, the Testicles. A. S.
 Cod-piece, the fore part of
 Breeches. A. S.
 Coil, a great stir; also a
 Lump on the Head, by a
 Blow.
 Collock, a large Pale.
 Com, } a Comb.
 Coomp, }
 Coom, came.
 Con, can; also to con a
 thing over, is to look it
 over.
 Condle, a Candle..
 Conny, brave fine..
 Cooth, a cold.
 Cops, Balls or Lumps of
 Yarn. A. S..
 Cop, }
 Copping, } a Fence, A. S.
 Copweb, Spiders Web, bel.
 Cokes, } Cinders..
 Corks, }
 Cosley, a Causeway.
 Cost'n, did cost.
 Costril, a little Barrel.
 Cotsfish, q. God's Flesh;
 } a Pin to hold the
 } Wheel on the
 } Axle tree, by
 } some called a
 } Lin-pin
 Cotter, }
 Gotterel, }
 Covert covered
 G 3

- Cowd, cold. Du.
 Cowken, a straining to vo-
 mit.
 Cown, Coln in Lancashire.
 Crackling, a thin Whea-
 ten cake.
 Craddins, to lead Craddins
 is play bold adventurous
 tricks.
 Craddinly, cowardly.
 Cragg, rocky rough Places.
 Br.
 Cram'd, crooked.
 Crap, Money.
 Crash, the Noise of any
 thing when it breaks.
 Cratch, a Rack for Hay,
 &c. A. S.
 Cratchinly, feeble, weak.
 Creawp-ars'd bog-breech'd
 Creawn, a Crown.
 Creeas, the Meazles.
 Creawse, very loving, lus-
 tiful.
 Crevis, a Hole, or Crack.
 Creemt, to give a thing pri-
 vately..
 Cretur, Creature.
 Crewet, a sort of glass vial
 to hold Vinegar.
 Crib, a Place to hold suck-
 ing Calves; also a Pin-
 fold, a Goal
 Cricks an howds pains and
 Srains.
 Cricket a small Stool; also
 a House Insect
 Crimble to go into small
 Crumbs
 Grimble

Crimble ith' Poke, is to
run back of a Bargain, to
be cowardly.

Crinkle, to bend under a
Weight; also to rumple a
Thing. Du.

Christins, Christians.

Crom, to stuff; also to put
a Thing in a Place.

Cromm'd, stuff'd.

Cronk, the Noise of a Ra-
ven; also to prate. bel.

Crony, a true Companion.

Croo, a Crib for a Calf.

Crope, crept.

Crop'n, crept into.

Crow, an Iron Gavelock.

Crummil, Cromwell.

Cun, } to cun thanks, is to

Con, } give thanks.

Crump, Cramp a Disease;
also to be out of humour.

A. S.

Crumple, to ruffle.

Cruttle, to stoop down, to
fall, vid. crinkle. Du.

Cubbort, cupboard.

Cud'n, could.

Cudneh, cou'd you.

Cullert, coloured.

Cumbert, cumbered. Du.

Cum, come, or came.

Cumpunny, Company.

Comt', come. to.

Cnn, can.

Cup o' Sneeze, a Pinch of
Snuff.

Curtains, Curains.

Cutter, to make much of, a

a Hen or Goose of their
young.

Cuzz'n, Cousin; also to
cheat.

D

DAB, a Blow; also be-
ing active at any
Thing.

Dacker, tickle, or unsettled
Weather. Teu.

Daddle, to reel, or waver
on the road, to go as ducks.

Daffock, a dirty Slatern.

Dagg'd-arfe } q. dewy arse.

Dagg'd-tele } q. dirty slut.
Bel.

Dane, down.

Dangus, the same with daf-
fock.

Darn, to draw up a Hole
with a Needle, A. S.

Dawnger, Danger.

Dawnt, to fear.

Dawntle, to fondle.

Deawk, to go over head in
Water.

Deawmp, dumb.

Deawt, } Doubt.

Date, }

Deeave, to stun with a
Noise. Du.

Deeavely, lonely.

Deeing, dying.

Deeod, dead.

Deeol, a deal, much.

Deeols, deals, trades with.

Deeoth, death.

Deet, daubed, besmear'd.

Deg.

Deg, to wet, to sprinkle
water on. Fr.

Deme, Dame.

Desunt, handsome.

Dey. Day.

Didney, } did you.

Didneh, }

Dick, a by Name for Rich-
ard.

Dickons, an Interjection.

Dicky, a diminutive of Ri-
chard.

Dicky o' Wills, vid. Tum-
mus o' Williams

Din, a Noise. A. S.

Ding, to knock, to strike.
Ten.

Dingle, a Valley. A. S.

Dilactly, exactly.

Dither. to tremble. A. S.

Dithert, quaked, trembled

Doage, wetish, a little

Dock, to cut off

Dofft, put off undressed.

Donk, a little wetish, Bel.

Donn'd, put on dress'd.

Dons, put on.

Doo, do

Dooal, Money, &c. given
at a Funeral, or other
Times. A. S.

Dolome, healthful.

Dowd, dead, flat, spirit-
less.

Doot not do, lingering, a
bad state of health.

Doing, or } healthful.

Dowing, }

Dowter, Daughter

Doytches, Ditches.

Doytch-backs, Fences

Dozening } Slumbering.

Dozing, } A. S.

Draff, grains A. S.

Draight, a Drought or
Team

Drape, a barren Cow, one
that is not with-calf. A. S.

Dreawps, Drops

Dreawnt, drowned

Dree. long, tedious. A. S.

Dreemt, dreamed

Drench, to draw or let in
water. A. S.

Drift, did drive.

Drizzle, to rain softly. bel.

Droy. to wipe, also thirsty

Droyve, q. drive, also to
put off

Dubbler, a large dish. Bel.

Dugn, knock'd

Dunnaw, do not

Dunneh do you

Dur, a Door.

Dur-cheeks. the Frame of
Wood to which Doors hang

Durn, that Piece of Wood
or Stone by which Yards,
or Gates hang.

Duzz'n, a Dozen, 12

E

E q. ah! an interjection,
also I; also in to
you.

Ealt, ailed

Eary, every

Easing, or } the Faves of a
House

Yeasing, }

Lawee

E

F

Bawer, or } our also an Cromwell's Justice of
Are, } Hour Peace. Bel.

Eawls, Owls

Eawnee, Ounce

Eawt, out

Eawtcumblin, out-cum-
bling, a Stranger

Eawther, Author

Ebil, Abel

Eebreen, } Eyebrows

Eebrees, }

Edder, an Adder. A. S.

Eddish, Grass after Mow-
ing. A. S.

Ee, an Eye; also, Ee, Ee,
is yes. yes.

Eem, I connow eem, i. e.
I have no time.

Een, } Eyes; also even; also
an interjection;
and likewise an
Eve, or Vigil

Eendless-annat, the
straight Gut

Endways, endways, for-
ward.

Endneaw, by and by

Eete, } did eat

Eeyght, }

Egad, a diminutive of the
Oath, by God

Egodsnun, q. in God's
Name

Eseakins, a diminutive of
in Faith

Eh, he; in; I, and you

Eigh, yes the same with Et

E-law, q. ah, Lord!

Elder, an Udder, also a.

Ele, Ale, also ail

Ere ever, before.

Eshin, a Pale

Elfin, a sort of a Awl. Teu.

Elt, to stir Dough sometime
after kneading

Efshole } the hole under the

Ashole } fire to hold ashes.

Eftid, instead

Eteaw, broken; in Pieces

Ettercrops, } Spiders. B.

Attercrops, }

Ett'n, eaten.

Ewer, ever

Ex'n, q. Oxen

F

FADGE, a Burden or
part of Horse's Load,

Fag, to tire

Fag-end, the Tail-end,

a Remnant. A. S.

Fair-faw, a Term of wish-

ing-well

Fammish'd, starv'd by Fa-
mine.

Fangs, the Tusks of a Dog

on Bear. A. S.

Far, for

Far-geh, forgive

Farrently, q. fair and like-

ly, handsome

Farrow, a Sow's bringing

forth young. A. S.

Farry, a litter of Pigs.

A. S.

Fartin, Fortune

Rab,

- Fast, the Tops of Turnips.
 &c.
 Fattle be ith' Foyar. all
 will be wrong
 Fattish, inclining to be fat
 Faw } fall
 Fo. }
 Fawn } fallen
 Foan, }
 Fawse Lunnners, the in-
 genious Author of the
 Monthly Review
 Fawt, Fault
 Fear, afraid
 Feaberry, Gooseberries
 To Felt, is to give an
 Estate for Life, &c.
 Feathering, } the finishing
 } or topping
 } of a hedge,
 } also laying
 } Hay on a
 } Cart. A. S.
 Feaw, foul, ugly
 Feawly, ugly, unfortunately
 Feaw whean, an ugly Wo-
 man.
 Fearso, fearful
 Feel, fell
 Feggur, fairer A. S.
 Feld, felt, perceived
 Felt, a Field
 Feersuns-een, Shrovetide.
 Felly, } a Man
 Fellow, }
 Fellicks, } the Rounds of a
 Fellies, } Wheel. Da.
 Felly'l, the Man will
 Fend, to endeavour, to pro-
 vide for
 Fare } fair, honest; a Fair,
 } also Fare, or cheer.
 Fest, } q. to fasten; to bind
 Fest'n, } Apprentice. A. S.
 Fethur, Father.
 Fettle, dress, case, condi-
 tion.
 Fewtrils, little things
 Fey, the Earth lying over
 Stone, Slate, &c.
 To Fey, is to remove such
 Earth
 Fib, a Lye
 Fin'st, best, bravest
 Firrups, a kind of Impre-
 cation
 Fittut, fitted, supply'd
 Flaight, a light Turf
 Flap, the Lap of a Coat.
 &c. A. S.
 Flasker, to dash or play in
 Water
 Flash, a Lake Bel.
 Flasket, a shallow Basket
 Flay, to fear, to frighten
 Flay'd, frightened
 Fleak, a Hurdle made of
 twisted Hazles; also a
 thing made to dry oattakes
 on.
 To Fleak, to bask in the
 Sun. Du.
 Fleckt, spotted
 Flee, Flay, to skin
 Fleed, skinn'd
 Fleigh, a Flea
 Flet, skimm'd Bel.
 Flet-

- Flet-Milk, *Milk with the Cream taken off.* Bel.
 Flick, a *Elitch of Bacon* A. S.
 Flit, to remove Da.
 Fliz, } a *Splinter* or
 Flizzing, } *Shiver* Da.
 Floose, q. *Fleeze of Wool,* Hay, &c.
 Flopper-meawth, blubber-lipp'd
 Flunter, in a great *Hurry*; out of *Flunter*, not well, sickly
 Flusk, to fly at, as two cocks
 Flyer, to laugh scornfully
 Flyte, to scold A. S.
 Fob, a *Pocket* A. S.
 Fog, *Grass after the Mow-ing*; also a *Mist* A. S.
 Foist, a *F---t*
 Foisty, stinking
 Fok, Folk
 Fok'll *Folk will*
 Follut, followed
 Foo, a *Fool*; also full
 Foo-goad, a play-thing
 Foomurt, the *Pole-Cat*, or *Wild-Cat* br
 Forfartin, } for certain;
 For shure, } certainly
 For't for it
 Forthowght, repented; also *Forefight*
 Forsuth, for sooth
 Forrud, forward
 Foryeat'n, forgotten
 Fotch, fetch
 Fowd, a *Fold*, or *Yard*
- Foyar, *Fire*
 Foyar-new, very new
 Foyar-potter, an *Iron Instrumens* to stir up the fire
 Framput, an *Iron ring* that runs on a *Stake* to which Cows are fastened
 Frap, to crack; also to fall into a *Passion*
 A Fratch, a *Quarrel*
 Fratching, quarrelsome
 Freeot'n, forgotten
 Frem, not a kin; also tender A. S.
 Fresh-cullert, rosy, wall-coloured
 Fridge to rub, to scrat
 Frim, tender A. S.
 Frist, trust A. S.
 Fro, from
 Fro off on her, off her
 Frough, tender, rather brittle
 Frowt, for ought
 Frump, a mock or jier
 Fun, found; also Sport
 Furst, } first
 Furster, }
 Fuls, a great *Stir*
 Fusslock, a term of reproach for fat idle Women.
- G
- GA, gave
 Gable-end, the wall at the end of a House, &c, bel,
 Gablock, } a strong Iron
 Gavelock, } Bar us'd for a lover A. S.
 Gad,

G

Gad, to run about, as cows
 in hot Weather A, S,
 Gaight, gave it
 Gainer, nearer
 Galkeer, atub to work drink
 in
 Gam, fine Sport, diversion;
 also Game
 Gan, give, did give
 Gar, to force
 Garth, a Hoop for Tubs,
 &c, A, S,
 Gash, a large Cut or wound
 Gate, away, gone forwards
 Gauat. lean, empty A. S,
 Gawby, a Dunce
 Gawm, understand or com-
 prehend; also to mind
 Gawmbt, play'd the fool
 Gawmless, stupid, senseless
 A, S,
 Gawpe, to stare with open
 Mouth
 Gawster, to boast
 Gawstring, bestoring, brag-
 ging
 Gawt, { a passage for
 or Gote, { water, a flood-
 gate A, S,
 Geaw, go
 Geawn, the gummy Matter
 issuing from tender Eyes
 br:
 Gee, to gee is to agree, to
 suit,
 Geer, Stuff of all sorts; also
 a Horse harness A, S,
 Geh, or } give
 Gi

G

Gerse, Grass
 Geete, did get
 Geet, give it
 Get'n, got
 Gex, }
 Geaux, } guess Du
 Geawfe, }
 Gezlings, q, Goslings, or
 young Geese A S
 Gibberidge, stammering,
 broken, or imperfect speech
 A S
 } a Machine used in
 dressing Cloth; al-
 so a Hole made in
 the Earth to dry
 Flax
 Gig, }
 To set oth' Gigg, is to set
 on to stir up
 Giggie, to laugh wantonly:
 bel:
 Giglet a wanton Girl bel:
 } are lengths of hair
 Gilders } twisted on which
 Gillers } Fishing - Lines
 are made
 Gilliver a Gilliflower; also
 a wanton woman
 Gill-hooter an Owl
 Gilt a female Pig; tho' it be
 cut
 An opp'n Gilt one ungelt
 or uncut
 Gimlet a Nail-piercer to
 bore Holes Fr:
 Ginnil a strait Street; a
 narrow passage
 Girn to grin

Gizzer,

G

Gizzern *the Stomach of a Fowl* Fr :

Glead *a Kile* A. S.

Glendurt, *stared* A. S.

Glent, *a Glance, or fly Look* A. S.

Glenting, *Glancing* A. S.

Gley, *to squint* A. S.

Glib, *smooth, slippery* A. S.

Glimmer, *to shine a little, Du.*

Glimmering, *shining a little, a Spark* Du.

Gliss'n, *to shine* A. S.

Glister, *to shine or sparkle* A. S.

Glitter, *to shine*

Gloor, *to stare* A. S.

Glooart, *stared* A. S.

Glopp'nt, *frightened*

Glossy, *shining* A. S.

Glur, *the softest of Fat*

Goads, *Customs; also Play-things*

Goart, *pierced that Blood appears* A. S.

Gob, *a large Piece of meat; a greedy clown-*

Gobbin, *nish person,*

Gobslotch, *a dunce*

Godsnum *in God's, name*

Goddil q. *God will*

Gog *to set a gog is to set on* Br:

Gonner, *a Gander*

Gonnerhead *a stupid person or Dunce*

Gooa go

G

Gooan *gone*

Gooddit *Shrovetide*

Goodlorjus deys q: *Good Lord Jesus what days?*

an Interjection

Goomk; *going*

Gooms Gums A. S.

Gore *Blood; also a triangular Piece of cloath put in a Shirt to widen it* A. S.

Gorfes, *Furze, a prickly Shrub* A. S.

Goshawk, *a Fowl; also a dunce Person* A. S.

Gote *a Water Passage*

Gowd, *Gold*

Gran *did grin!*

Grash *to eat greedily to break any thing*

Graunch *vid. Grash*

Greadly, *well, right, handsomely*

Grave *a Grave*

Greawnd *Ground the earth*

Greafe *Fat; also Grass*

Greawt *small Wort* A. S.

Greece *a little Brow; also Stairs* Fr.

Greeof or greeof *by right or very near so*

Grim'd *besmear'd bel.*

Grin *a Snare; also a sneering Look* A. S.

Gripp'n *clasped or clinched Hand* A. S.

Grip-yard

Grip-yont, } a seat of great
 Grip-yard, } clods or turf,
 } Supported
 } with twisted
 } boughs (bur-
 } die-wise) and
 } generally made
 } round shady
 } Trees A. S.

Grit, sandy A. S.
 Gritty, } sandy A. S.
 Gritley, }
 Groats, Oats hull'd, but
 unground

Gronny, a Grandmother
 Gronsur, a Grandfather
 Groon, grown

Groing, growing
 Groop, the Place where
 Cattle piss in a Snippen

Grope, to feel awkwardly,
 or in the dark A. S.

Groyn, a Swine's Snout
 A. S.

To Gry, is an easy Ague
 Fit, or the Ague hauging
 on a person

Gurd o Leawghing, a Fit
 of Laughter

Gutt', go to

Guzzet } a four square piece
 } of cloath to widen
 } the arm-pit of a
 } Shirt

H

H^A, }
 Hav, } have
 Han,

Hack, knock'd together;

H

also to cut bunglingly
 Had-loont-rean, the Gut-
 ter or space between the
 Head Lands and others

Had'n, had

Hag, }
 Haggus, } the Belly

Hast, or } the Handle of
 Hest, } a Knife; also

Hest, } Hest is a Life
 } A. S.

Haigs, the white Thorn-
 berry A. S.

Hai o' Nabs, q. Henry of
 Abraham's

Halliblash, a great Blaze

Hallidey, holiday

Halloo, to shout

Halloo'd, shouted

Hammeh, have me

Hammil, a Village A. S.

Hangum, } bang them

Hongum, }

Hanker, to desire, to cover

Hap, to cover; also to pat
 or encourage a Dog, &c.
 A. S.

Haply, perhaps

Harbor, to entertain A. S.

Harr, to snarle like an an-
 gry Dog.

Harms, after, to speak the
 same thng like an Echo.

Harry, q. harry to tease,

tired. Fr.

Harry's Henry's

Harston, } q. barth-stone

Harstone, }

Hask, dry, parched

Havel,

H

Haver, Oats. Du.
 Haver-bread, Oat-bread
 Haust, a cough, a cold, Du.
 Hawmpo, to halt
 Hawmpow't, did halt
 Hawpunny, Half-penny
 Hawms, two Pieces of crook-
 ed wood placed on the
 Collar of a Horse when
 he draws
 Hawm-bark' the Collar of
 a Horse
 Hawps, a tall duncely person
 Hawve, half
 Healo, bashful
 Hearo, heat you
 Heasty, hasty
 Heck, a half Door. A. S.
 Hee, a Male; also high
 Hed, did heed, minded
 He'er, he was
 Here, boar Frest, also a
 Mia
 Hee-witch, a Wizzard
 Hear'n, hear
 Heaw, how
 Heawse, House
 Heawt, how it
 Heeve, did heave or lift up
 Height, have it, also high
 Helder, more likely
 Helt, likely
 Hem, the Edge
 Heps, the Bryer's Fruit
 Herple, to halt or limp
 Het. q. hight, or named.
 A. S.
 Hetter, keen, eager as a
 Bull-Dog

H

Hew'r, Hair
 Hey-go-mad, like mad,
 shouting mad; also to do
 any thing after an exceed-
 ing Manuer
 Hey-mough, Hay-mow
 Heyt, have it
 Hig, a passion
 Heyry, heavy,
 Hill, to cover, A. S.
 A Bed-hilling, a Coverlet,
 a Rug
 Hight-nor-ree, nothing at
 all of
 Hippink, a Linnen Clout,
 to keep infants clean
 Hit, it; the thing
 Hitting, a lighting on;
 also striking. Da.
 Ho, or } a Hall
 Haw, }
 Hoave, half, also did heave
 Hob-nob, rashly, A. S.
 Hobs, are stones set up. or
 laid at either end of the
 Fire, a duncely Fellow is
 also call'd a Hob
 Hobbil, } a natural
 Hobgobbin } Blockhead
 or Fool.
 Hobble-te-hoy, a strippl-
 ing at full Age of paberty
 Hobgoblin, an Aparition,
 a Spirit
 Hobthrust, the same; this
 is suppos'd to haunt only
 Woods
 Hobbling, limping; also
 flammering
 Hog-

H

Hog-Mutt'n, Mutton of a
 Year-old Sheep
 Hondle, handle
 Hong, bang
 Hont, hand
 Hontle, handful
 Hongry, hungry
 Hongim, bang him
 Hoo, she. Br.
 Hooant, swell'd, hard in
 the Flesh
 Hook or crook, force
 Hoor, a Whore; also she
 was
 Hoose, she is
 Hooft, she shall
 Hopper, a Sort of a basket,
 A. S.
 Hoppet, a little basket
 A. S.
 Horse-ston, } Steps to
 Horse-stone } mount horses
 Horty, hearty
 Hose, Stockings. A. S.
 Hotching, to limp, to go
 by jumps, as toads
 Hotter, to stir up, to vex
 Hottering, mad, very mad
 or ill vexed
 Hough, a Foot sometimes
 the Leg
 How, whole
 Howd } bold
 Howt }
 Howd-te-tung, bold t by
 peate
 Howd'n, holden
 Howse, to stir up, to potter
 Howsome, wholesome

H

Hoyde, a Hyde a Skin
 also to hide
 Hoyse, Hese
 Hoyts, long Rods or Sticks
 Hubbon, } the Hip
 Huggon, }
 Huckster, a Seller of herbs
 Roots, &c. Du.
 Hud, hid covered
 Hugger-mugger, conceals
 Hunimobee, the larger round
 Bee
 Humpstridd'n, a Stride
 Hur, her
 Hurly-burly, a great stir,
 a Noise. A. S.
 Hure, Hair
 Hurn, a horn. A. S.
 Hurrying, drawing, or
 dragging; also being in
 haste.
 Husht, silence. Du.
 Hus, we
 Huzz, to hum. to make a
 Noise like Bees
 Hye, to make haste. A. S.

I

ICCLES, long Pieces of
 Ice at the Eaves of
 Houses, &c.
 Id, he had; also I had.
 I'd, I had; also I wou'd
 Idd'n, you had
 Ifidd'n, if you wou'd
 Ist, if thou
 Istle, if thou will
 Ill-favort, ugly
 Im, him
 Imp, to rob, to deprive of
 In,

I
In, that; also or if; also
than

Inkling, a hint. Ten.

Infarm, inform

Inneh, if I; also if you.

Innin, if you will

Int, if it

Iutle, if you will

Into, if thou

Ir, I was

Is, you are

Irning, the maaking of
Cheese; also the smoothing
of Linen

Itt, is it; also is the

Ist, I shall; also I shou'd

It'. I to

Ither, in their

Itle, it will

J
JACKANAPES, a term
of Derision

Jannack, a Loaf made of
Oat-meal leavened

Jawms, the sides of a Win-
dow; and also of the bot-
tom Part of a Chimney.

Fr.

Jawnt, a walking; or rid-
ing out a Journey.

Jingum-bobs, play things

Jim, or } spruce; very neat

Gim, }

Jobberknow, a Dunce, or

Dolt Du

Jone's John's

Josty, come to

Joyst, a Summer's Grass;

also a piece of Wood laid

J
cross a Floor. Fr.

Jump, a Coat; also to Le

K

K A, or } a Cow

Keaw, }

Kazzarley, subject to Cas-
ualties

Katty, a diminutive of ca-
tharine

Keather, a Cradle

Keawer } to sit or stoop down

Kare, }

He Keawls } he's cowardly

Keawlr, }

Keawnty, County

Keawnfil, Counsel, or
Council

Keawerfer, worse; also a
hunter with greyhounds

Keckle, unsteady; also the
Noise of a frighted Hen.

Du.

Keck, to go pertly. Du.

Kee, or } Cows. A. S.

Kye, }

Keegh, to cough; also a
Cold Du.

Keel, to cool. A. S.

Keem, or } to Comb

Kem, }

Keen-bitten, eager, sharp-
bit

Keep, catch A. S.

Keke, Cake

Kele, Time, Place, circum-
stance

Kene, a Cane, or Cain

Kere n' Gare

Kers'n,

K

L

Kers'n, <i>Christian</i> ; also to <i>Christen</i>	Knattert, <i>Gnawed</i>
Kersunt, <i>Christened</i>	Knattle, <i>cross-ill-natur'd</i>
Kersmus, <i>Christmas</i>	Knotchel, to cry a woman
Kese, <i>case</i>	<i>Knotchel is when a Man</i>
Kestling, a Calf calved be- fore the usual Time	<i>gives publick Notice he</i>
Kest, <i>cast</i>	<i>will pay none of her new-</i>
Kestit, reckon'd up; also to <i>vomit</i>	<i>contracted Debts</i>
Keyke, or } to <i>stander ooked</i>	Know, q, Knowl, a Brow
Kyke, }	<i>or small Hill</i>
Keyvt, <i>averturned</i>	Knurs, knots, warts on trees
Kibbo, a long stick	Teu.
Kibe, to draw the Mouth <i>awry</i> . A. S.	Ko, <i>qaath</i>
Kibe-heels, cracked or sore <i>Heels</i> ,	Kreawle, <i>vid. Creawse</i>
Kilt, <i>killed</i>	Kyb'n to flout, by raising the under Lip.
Kin, <i>kind Sort</i>	L
Kindly, a kindly Cow, &c. <i>is a handsome, healthy</i> <i>Cow</i>	LABBOR, <i>Labour</i>
Kink, to lose their Breath <i>with coughing, the Chin-</i> <i>Cough</i> . Da.	Lad, a Boy; also <i>did</i> <i>lead</i>
Kink-haust, a violent cold. <i>Du</i>	Last, <i>left</i>
Kipper, <i>amorous, lustful</i>	Lag, to stay behind. Sw
Kittl, <i>ticklish</i> ; also <i>unsta-</i> <i>ble</i>	Laith, a Barn; also to in- <i>vite</i> ; also <i>ease</i> , or <i>rest</i>
Kist, a chest. A. S.	Lamm, to beat
Knaggy, Knotty. A. S.	Lant, <i>Urine</i>
Knep, to bite easily	Langot, a shoe-latchet. Fr.
Knoad, <i>knew</i>	Lap, <i>wrap</i>
Knockus, <i>Knuckles</i>	Larius, } <i>mucos. a gift</i> Fr.
Knoblocks } <i>little lumps of</i>	Largefs }
Knoblings } <i>coals about the</i>	Lastut, <i>lasted</i>
Knaplings } <i>size of Eggs</i>	Lat, <i>slow</i> ; also <i>very late</i> ; <i>also a Lathe</i> . A. S.
H. 3.	Latching, <i>infesting, catch-</i> <i>ing</i>
	Lawm, <i>lame</i>
	Lattent, <i>hindered</i>
	Lawmt, <i>lamed</i>
	Le, <i>let</i>
	Leach, a Lake

- Lean, to keep, secret. A. S.
 Learock, a Lark
 Leawk, long, barren, or
 heathy Grass.
 Leawky, full of Leawke
 Leawpholes, q. Loopholes
 Leawse, a Louse
 Leck on, put on water; at-
 so when a Vessel will not
 hold Water, it is said to
 Leck. Fr.
 Lee, lay
 Ledy, Lady
 Leefer, rather. A. S.
 I'd os leef, I would as soon
 ot rather. A. S.
 Leeof, leave
 Leep, did leap
 Leeond, lend
 Leet, light of, on, or met
 with; also light and
 Lightning.
 Leett'n, to lighten
 Leetfom, lightsome
 Os thick os Leet, as quick
 at one Flash as Lightning
 follows anoether
 Leete; let go
 Leuger, longer
 Lennock, slender, pliable.
 Fr.
 Lether, to beat
 Lew-warin, Blood-warm
 Ley-land. rest, or until'd
 Land. A. S.
 Leyther, rather
 Lick, to beat
 Licker, more lickely
 Lickly, very likely
 Licklyest, most likely
 Lieve. believe
 Like, to love
 Lik'n, to galls; also to com-
 pare
 Lik't; likely to have; also
 did love.
 Lilt, } to do a thing cle-
 Liling } verly or quickly
 Limp, to halt
 Linch, a small step. A. S.
 Line, layn
 Lin-pin, a Cotter, or Pin
 that holds the Cart-Wheel
 on. A. S.
 Ling, long Heath
 Lipp'n; expect; also leaped
 Lipp'nt, expected
 Linc, a few.
 Lithe, calm; also to put oat-
 meal in Broth. A. S.
 Lither, idle. A. S.
 Littlebrough. a Country
 Village near Rochdale.
 Livert, vid. thodd'n
 Loath, unwilling. A. S.
 Loast, loosed; also lawest.
 Lob-cock, a great idle per-
 son.
 Lod, a Lar.
 Lood'n, loaden.
 Loft, a Chamber,
 Lonleydey, a Landlady.
 Lone, a Lane.
 Loont a Land, a But, or
 Division of plough'd land.
 Lopper'd-Milk, cruddled
 Milk. Sw.
 Loppering; boiling, Sw.
 Loppering-

Loppering-Breawis-brew-
is made at the killing of a
Swine, with broth of the
boiled Entrails, &c.

Lorjus o'me; (from Lord
Jesus have Mercy on me)
an Interjection.

Loothe, } look thee, behold.

Loothy }

Lost'n, did lose.

Lotch, to halt; also to jump
like a Frog.

Lothor, a Lather. A. S.

Lovers. the Chimney.

Loyse, to lose.

Loyte, a few.

Luckit, a nurses term; al-
so us'd by way of scoffing.

Luck'o, look you, see you.

Luff, Love.

Luff'n, do love.

Lug. to pull by the hair.
A. S.

Lumber, } Mischief, or
} hurt, also useles
Lumbert } household stuff.
} A. S.

Lung, long.

Lunjus, subtle, very surly.

Lunnon, London.

Lunnon-Boggarts, the au-
thors of the Monthly Re-
view.

Lunthon, a large Piece of
Meat.

Lurdin, q. Lord-Dane, an
idle lubberly Fellow.

M

MACK, fort.
Manchet, a kind
Bread.

Mander, Manner or Sort.

Mar, to spoil. A. S.

Marlocks, awkward ges-
tures; also Feet.

Marcy, Mercy; also the
River Mersey.

Mare } a large Lake. Br.
Meer }

Margit, Margaret.

Marr'd, quite spoiled. A. S.

Marry, a common interjec-
tion.

Marry-kem-eawt, a scorn-
ful interjection.

Marvil, Wonder, to won-
der also admirable.

Masht, broke to Pieces.

Maskins, } a Sort of Party

Mackins, } Oath.

Matho, Martha.

Matter, signify'd.

Mattock, a Tool in husban-
dry. A. S.

Maukin, } a bunch of rags,
} &c. i'd to a

or } pole to sweep an

Mawkin, } Oven; also a
} dirty woman.

Maunder, Murmuring; also
a wandring, or walking
stupidly. Fr.

Mawkinly, slutish, dirtily

Mawkish, fickle also dun-
cely. A. S.

Maw, the stomach, A. S.

May-guts,

- May-guts, *Magoots*.
 Mead'n, a *Maid*; also
made.
 Meary, *Mary*.
 Meary o' Dick's vid. *Tum-*
mus o' Williams.
 Measter, *Master*.
 Measy, *giddy, vertiginous*.
 Meawlt, *mouldy*.
 Meawntebank, a *Quack*.
 Meawse, a *Mouse*.
 Meawt, to *Moult*. Du.
 Meawth, a *Mouth*.
 Meawng'nt, did eat greedily
 Meazy, *low, giddy, or empty*
headed.
 Medl'n, *Medicine*.
 Mecon, *mean*; also to go
halves; also a thing bad
in its kind.
 Meawse-neeze, q. *Mouse*
nefs, Knavish actions.
 Meeny, a *family*; also very
many. Fr.
 Meeterly, *indifferent, mo-*
derate.
 Meet-neaw, *this moment*.
 Meet-shad, *exceeded*.
 Meety, *mighty*.
 Meevery, *modestly, hand-*
somely, gently.
 Meg-harry, a *robust Girl*
that plays with boys.
 Meh, *me*; also *my*.
 Mennaw, *cannot, may not*.
A. S.
 Mex'n, to *cleanse a Stubble*,
&c. A. S.
- Mey, or } *may*; also *make*.
 Make, }
 Meyt, *meat*.
 Mezzil-feas'd, *fiery-fac'd*.
full of red pimples. Du.
 Midge, a *Gnat*. A. S.
 Midding-puce, a *Sink or*
sewer. Br.
 Min, to *min on*, is to put in
mind.
 Misfartins, *misfortunes*.
 Misgives, *forbodes, tells*.
 Mismannert, *clownish*.
unmannerly.
 Mistrustit, *doubted, sus-*
pectsd.
 Mitch-go-deet'o, *much*.
good may it do you.
 Byth'Mits, a *common kind*.
of an oath from Mass.
 Miscaw, to call *nick-names*.
 Mishmash, a *hodge-podge*.
Fr.
 Mistene, *mistaken*.
 Mistol, a *Cowhouse*.
 Mitch, *mutch*.
 Mitten's, *Gloves without*
fingers, also a very strong
pair to hedge in. Fr.
 Mizzles, *Rain a little*. A. S.
 Mizzleth, a *raining softly*.
 Mizzy, a *Quagmire*.
 Mob, n *Women's close Cap*.
 Moider, to *puzzle*; also a
Moidore.
 Molart, a *Mop to clean O-*
vens vid. *Mawkin*.
 Mon, a *Man*.
 Monny, *many*.
 Moost,

Mboast, *most*
 Moods, *earib* Sw.
 Moor, a *hill*; also a *com-*
mon; also *more* A. S.
 Mooter, *Mill-toll*.
 Moother, *Mother*.
 Moot, *might* A. S.
 Moot point, *exact*; very
near
 Moot'n, } *might have done*
 Met'n, }
 Mough, a *Mork of Hay*,
&c. A. S.
 Mough'n, *being very hot*,
to sweat from Molted A. S.
 Mourning, *Morning*
 Mowdywarp, a *Mole* A. S.
 Moydert, *puzzl'd*; non-
puls'd.
 Mullock, *dirs*; *Rabbish*.
 Mun, or } *must*.
 Munt, }
 Munneh, *must I*.
 Muse'n, *to think or wonder*.
 Murth, *abundance*.
 Mustert-bo, q; *Mustard*
ball.
 Muyce, *Mice*.
 Muz, a *Nurses Term* for
Mouth.
 Muzzy *sleepy*; also a *little*
drunk.

N

NAB, } a *by Name* for
 Ab, } *Abraham*
 Nang-nele, a *Sort of corn*
A. S.
 Narle, *Fundament*; A. S.
 Naw, *not*

Nawitter, an *Officer*.
 Ne, or } *may*
 Ney, }
 Neeam, an *Aunt* A. S.
 Neamt, *named*.
 Neatril, a *Natural*, a *fool*.
 Neatril, a *Natural*, a *Fool*.
 Neaw, } *noun*
 Nah, }
 Neb, a *point*; the *fore part*
of a Cap, &c. A. S.
 Ned, } *these are us a pro-*
 and } *miscuously*, for
 Need'n } *need, and did not*
 } *need*; and go-
 } *vern'd by the*
 } *Word following*.
 Necessary, *mistaken for ac-*
cessary.
 Neeom, an *Uncle* A. S.
 Neen, *Eyes*, also *nine*.
 Neest, a *Nest*; also *night*
A. S.
 Neet, or } *Night*.
 Neeright }
 Neeze, *Coughing* by *being*
sickl'd in the Nose. A. S.
 Nele, a *Nail*.
 Neme, a *Name*
 Nese, the *Noise* A. S.
 Nesh, *Tender* A. S.
 Nestlecock, the *Darling*, a
last Child. A. S.
 Nettle, *to vex*.
 Newer, *never*
 Ney, *may*
 Neyve, a *Fist*
 Nice, *strange*; *comical*, also
heat.

Nifle,

Nisse, a nice bit of any thing;
also Trifling

Ninnyhomer, a vile
Dunce

Nip, the Name of a Dog;
also to pinch, bite, cheat,
or wrong

Noant, an Aunt

Nob, the Head

Noger, an Augur A. S.

Noggin, a small pale hold-
ing a Mess Bel,

Nominy, a speech

Nook, a Corner Bel,

Noon } an Oven

Oon, }
Noontcawp, the Labourers
resting time after dinner

Now, no

Nown, own

Nowt, nothing; also naught
or had

Nudge, to jog, or hit

Nuer, never

Nuzz-e-boz, q. Nose in
bosom

Nuzzle, to stick the Nose in
Bosome, A, S,

O

O', Sometimes us' a as a,
on, you, and of

Oamfry, Humfrey

Oandurth, Afternoon A, S,

Oather, either

Obeawt, about

Oboon, above.

Obunnunze, abundance

Od, a diminutive of God, an
Interjection; also strange,

Odder, very strange

Oddsfish, a diminutive of
God's flesh; an interjection

Odds-on-eends, odd tri-
fling things

Oe' rley, a Leatheren Sur-
cingle

O'ericutcht, done slightly

Oe'r't, over it

Off-at-fide, Mad, delirious

Ofore, before

Ogen, again; also against

Ogoddil, if God will

Ogreath, well, right

Ogreyt matter on im, no
great Matter on him, he's
not worth pitying

On, in, on, and, of, and upon

Onner, of your

Oany, any

Onoo, a sufficient Quantity

Onough, enough

On-o-wey, always

On's, ones

On ye been o mon, q. if
you be a Man

Oon, an Oven

Ols, to try

Os lee'f, I wou'd chuse A, S,

Offing, trying, offering

Oft, as the; also, as it;
also essay'd, try'd

Ot, at; also that

Othergets, q. otherguise,
atherfort, otherwise

Otherweys, otherwise

Ots, that is

Ottey, that I

Ottle, that thou will

Over

P

Over bodit, is when a new
upper part is put to the
Skirts of an old Garment
Oufel, a Black-bird A, S,
Owd, old,
Owd Harry } Names for
Owd Nick } the devil
Owdhum, a large Village
near Rochdale
Owey, away
Owie, an Ox Du
Owt, any thing ; also good
A, S,
Oytch, each, every

P

Paddock, a small en-
closure
To Pan, to joyn, to agree
Papper, Paper.
Parfit, perfect
Parisht, starv'd, or very
cold
Pars'n, Parson ; also a per-
son
Peawnd, o Pound
Peawr, abundance, also
might
Peawsweawse } the strong
Paxwax } white ten-
don in a
Neck of
Veal, &c,
Pede, paid
Pedidigree, for Pedigree
To Pee, is to squint queerly
Peel, did strike or beat
To Peigh, to cough
Penny-whip, very small
Beer

P

Peshunce, patience
Pestil, the shank of a Ham
of Bacon
Pet, to Pet: is to be surly
Pettish, apt to be surly.
Petch, a Patch
Petch-wark, Patch-work
Pews'nt, Poisoned
Pey, a Pea
Peyls, does beat
Peyling, striking or knock-
ing rudely
Phippunny, Fivepenny
Pickle, Case, condition Du.
Peice-wool, as much Wool
as makes a piece
Pitpit, Pulpit
Pingot, a small croft near
the house
Pinn, to do a thing in haste
or eagerly
Pissmote, Ants
Pleawmtree, Plumbtree,
Pleck, a Place. A, S,
Plees, please
Plucks, the Lungs
Poo, a Pool, or Pond
Poo'd, pull'd
Poogh, a slighting Inter-
jection
Poots, Young Hens, &c.
Fr
Pop, a short space ; to pop
in, to go in
Popt, dipt ; also put in
Possing, rn action between
thrusting and knocking
Pot-crate, a large open

basket

basket to carry earthenware in

Pote, To thrust with the feet Fr.

Pottert, disturb'd, vex'd

Pow, to cut Hair, also a

Pole

Powle, Lumber, Offal

Powlement, a term given to bad person

Proty, pretty

Prest, praised

Pre o } pray you

Prey o }

Prime, the best, or very good

Primely, very well

Pr oft, proved

Proven, provender

Pumping, asking of questions

Punch'd

Punft, } kicked

Purr'd

Pule, to cry; also a pew

Puppr, a fool; also a puppet

Pynots, Magpies

Q

Q Uagmire, a very baggy Place

Quandary, at a Loss, in a brown Study, Fr

Queyn } a whore; a term

Quean } of reproach A. S.

Quiet'nt, made still

Quiffing Pots, half Gills from Quaffing. A. S.

R

R Abblement, the crowd or Mob

Rack (of Mutton,) a rack of Mutton, also a frame to hold fodder for cattle.

Rack and reend, to go to

rack and reend, is to go to ruin

Raddlings, long Sticks

Raddle the boons, is to beat soundly

Rank, wrong.

Rap and reend } do all they

Rapan tear, } possibly

Rapscallion, an ill person

Rascally, Knavishly

Rath, a sort of itch with Infants

Rachdaw, Rachdale a town in Lancashire

Ratcher, a Rock. Rocky

Rattlt, scolded from rattling

Rakth Fire, is to cover the Fire to keep it in

Reawk,, to idle in neighbours houses

Reawp, a hoarse cold

Reant, rained

Rearest, finest, best

Reaving, mad; also talking in ones sleep

Reawnt, did whisper.

Reawst, rust

Reeak, } to squall, to make

Reeam, } a shrieking

Reeam, Cream

Reeam, Mug, the cream-mug

Reean,

Reean, a Gutter.
 Reeast } the outside of Ba-
 Reest } con.
 Reech, } smoke. A. S.
 Reek, }
 Reek, a shriek
 Reesupper, a second Supper
 Reet, right.
 Reecht, smoaked. A. S.
 Render, to stew, to separate
 the skinny from the fat
 Part of suet &c.
 Restut, rested.
 Rether, rather.
 Rey, } raw.
 Rea, }
 Reytch, reach. also rich
 Rick, to gingle; also to
 scold; also a Stack of corn
 &c. A. S.
 Ricking, jingling; also scold-
 ing.
 Rid, to part two fighting.
 Ridd'n, did ride, or bring rid.
 Riding, is the hanging upon
 Persons for Liquor.
 Riddle, a coarse Sieve. Br.
 Rife, common, forarming.
 A. S.
 Riff-Raft, Lumbr. A. S.
 Rift, to be sh. A. S.
 Riggot, a Channel or Gut-
 ter; also a Half-Gelded
 Horse, &c.
 Rim, the Border or outside
 of a Wheel, or Pot. A. S.
 Rindle, a Gutter.
 Rive, to split. A. S.
 Riven, is split. A. S.

Romp, to leap, or run a-
 bout.
 Ronk, rank, streng.
 Rooort, roared.
 Rook, a Heap.
 Rooze, to praise. A. S.
 Roost, commended, praised
 also a rest for Poultry.
 A. S.
 Rops, the Intralls, Bowels,
 Rottle, to rattle in the throat
 Rott'u, a Rott; also pu-
 trify'd. A. S.
 Roytch, rich.
 Rufo, rueful.
 Rue Bargain, a repenting
 Bargain.
 Runge, a long Tub with
 two Hands.
 Runt, a Dwarf. Teu.
 Rushberring, q. Rustbear-
 ing, a Country Wake.
 Ruchoto' Jack's, vid Tum-
 mus a Williams.
 Rut, the Path of Wheels.
 Rynty, stand off.
 Ryz'n-Hedge, a Fence of
 Stakes and twisted boughs.
 S
 Sacklese, innocent. A. S.
 Saig, a Saw. A. S.
 Saigh, did see.
 Sam, to gather together, to
 put in order.
 Sappling, a young Oak;
 also Oak Wood.
 Sark, a Shirt. A. S.
 Sartinly, certainly.
 Sattlt, quiet, from settl'd
 Savor'n,

- favort'n, *did savour.*
 sawgh,, *a kind of Willow.*
 sawfly, *softly, slowly.*
 sawnter, *to walk idly about.*
 sawt, *Salt.*
 scallion, *an Herbin Taste,*
like Onion.
 scampo, *to run fast, to be*
in a Hurry. Du.
 scampurt, *run fast,* Du.
 scant, } *very scarce, rare*
 scanty, } A. S.
 scarr, *a steep, bare, and*
rocky Place in the side of
Hills. A. S.
 scawd, *to scald.*
 scawd-head, *a scurfy or*
scabby head.
 scawp, *the Head.* Du.
 scap, *escape.*
 Scap-Gallows, *a Term of*
Reproach, as much as to
say he deserves the Gal-
lows.
 Schrieve, *to run wet Mat-*
ter, to corrupting.
 Scoance, *a Lantern; also*
the Head. Bel.
 A Scope, *a Bason with a*
Handle to lade Water.
 Bel.
 To Scotch a Wheel, *is to*
lay a stay under it.
 Scramble } *a striving to*
 Scrabble, } *catch things on*
 Scrattle } *their Hunds*
 } *& Knees on*
 } *the floor.* A. S.
 Scrannil, *a meagre, or lean*
 Person,
 Scratting, } *a pulling with*
 Scratching } *the Nails.* Du.
 Scrawn, *to climb awk-*
wardly.
 Scroof, *a dry sort of Scales,*
 A. S.
 Scrub, *to scratch or rub,*
 A. S.
 Scrumple, *to ruffle.* A. S.
 Scrunt, *an ever worn Wig,*
Beefom, &c.
 Scutcht, *whipp'd; also to*
do a thing slightly, or
quickly.
 Seawke, *Suck; also to suck.*
 Seawl, *wet stuff, &c. to*
eat with Bread. A. S.
 Seawndly, *soundly, hear-*
tily.
 Seawr, *sour; also ill-na-*
tur'd.
 Secont, *second.*
 Seech, *seek,*
 Seech'd, *do seek.*
 Seed saw..
 Seel or } *a sieve.*
 Seeigh }
 Seel'n, *seldom.*
 Seely, *weak in Body; also*
trifling, also empty headed
 See't, *saw it; also see it,*
also a sight.
 Seete, } *sat, did sit.*
 Seet'n }
 Seete owey,, *set off, or*
out.
 Seg, *a Gelded Bull.* A. S.
 Sefe, *safe.*
 Seigh,

Seign, seven.
 Seln self.
 Selvege, the edge of Linen Cloth.
 Sen, say.
 Senneh, } say you.
 Sen ye, }
 Sennit a Week.
 Setter, an issue for Cows &c.
 Sey say.
 Sheeth, a diminutive of God's flesh an interjection
 Shad, over did excell'd; also divided A. S.
 Shan, shall.
 Shaffle, to shuffle, to trifle.
 Shaftman, the length of a fist with the thumb standing up. A. S.
 Sharn, Dung. Teu.
 Shart, short.
 Shawm, shame.
 Shed, spill'd.
 Sheod, to divide; also to over do.
 Sheam't, ashamed.
 Sheawt, shout.
 Sheawtit, shouted.
 Sheed, to spill.
 Shiar, or shire, quite, entirely.
 Schilders, } shoulders.
 Shooders }
 Shift, a Contrivance, a device; also a smock.
 Shipp'n, a Cowhouse. A. S.
 Shire, wholly, entirely.
 Shoavt, or } thrust or push'd.
 Sheawt, }

Shog, to jog; to go uneasily. Teu.
 Shoo, a shovel.
 Shoods, Oat hulls.
 Shoon, shoes.
 Shop-board, a Counter from shop board.
 Shough, a shoe.
 Shu, a term to frighten Poultry.
 Shunig, a frightening fowls.
 Shy, backwards unwilling Br.
 Sib, related to, akin. A. S.
 Side, very long.
 Siftit, examined.
 Sike, a Gutter.
 Simpert, minced words affectedly. A. S.
 Sin, since.
 Singlet, an undy'd woollen Waistcoat.
 Sinkdurt, Channel-mud.
 Sitch, such.
 Size, six; also preport ien also a Glue to strengthen Woollen Yarn.
 Skam, did skim or take off; also to throw a thing low.
 Skeawt, to make haste; also to scour. Teu.
 Skellit, a small Pan with a handle Fr.
 Skellut, coook'd.
 Sken, to squint. A. S.
 Skew-whift, a wry.

- Scime**, to draw up the nose
scornfully.
skire, loose open, thin.
skirmidge, a little battle.
skrike o'day, Day-break.
skrikeing, to squall or cry
out.
skuse, an excuse.
slab, the first board of sawn
Timber,
slabby, dirty. Du.
slaigh, } the black-thorn
slawgh, } berry, A.S.
slap, a blow.
slapt, Whipt beaten.
slash, a Cut; also to cut.
slat, dirtied or wet, also
did set on Dogs.
slaver, the spittle.
slay, the hand-board of
Looms
slawm, a slumber.
slawtch, any thing that
hangs-down; also an ill-
lock'd person.
slawtcht-hat, i. e. un-
cock'd
slack, a small Fir-coal.
slackt, quenched.
slad; a carriage without
wheels. Du.
slaat, to set on dogs.
slack, smooth A. S.
slaat, snow and rain mix'd
A. S.
slaeveless-arnt, a going to
no purpose.
slace, a thin bit of Wood to
stir Meat in Pots, &c.
- A. S.
slid, did slide, or slip; also
an Interjection. A. S.
sligh'n, smooth. Du.
slifter, a Crewis.
slim, sly, cunning. Ten.
sliven, an idle Person slo-
venly. Du.
slisar, to grasp.
slode, the path of Cart-
Wheels.
slap, bending or bowing.
sloppety, a dirty woman.
slotch, a greedy clown.
slough, the cast skin of an
Adder; the slime of snails,
also a deep dirty Place.
A. S.
sloutch, to take up Water,
&c.
slur, to slide.
slutch, mud.
slivin, a dirty idle Man.
slmack, a Blow; also the
crack of a Whip.
slmeawtch, a kiss.
slmelt'nt, smell'd
slmit, } a black spot. A.S.
slmut, }
slmooring, smothering A.S.
slmoot, smooth. A. S.
slnaffle, to speak through
the nose, Du.
slnap, quickly; also to bite
at; also to cheat, or over-
reach. Du.
slneap, to check. Da.
slneck, the Latch of a door.
 Bel.

Sneeze,

- sneeze, *snuffs* A. S. *soo*, a *sow* A, S,
 sneeze-horn, a *snuff-box* *soary*, sorry
 made of the tip of a Horn *sope*, a *sup*, a little,
 sniddle, long *grass*, or *so't*, so it,
 stubble *low*, the *head*.
 snidge,, to hang on a person *slowgh*, to *sigh*
 snift, a *Moment*; also to *slowght*, *sighed*
 snuffle at the Nose. A. S. *sowd*, *sold*
 snifter, to *snuff at the Nose* *sowt*, *sought*
 A. S. *spade-graft*, about a *foot*
 sniffling Fellow, a *snuff-* *deep*
 ling sneaking person. A. S. *sparrow-bills*, *short nails*
 snig, an *Eel*. A. S. *us'd by Shoemakers*
 snips, to go *snips* is to go *spanvin'd*, a *strained horse*
 halves, or *parts with a* *Fr.*
 person. *speaks* } the *rays or staves*
 snite the *Nese*, to blow the *spokes*, } of a *Wheel*, A. S.,
 Nose. Br: *speck*, *did spake*
 snod, smooth, sleek. A. S. *speer*, a *shelter in a House*,
 snoode, a *Fillet* to tie up *made between the door and*
 Women's Hair. *fire*, to keep, the *wind off*,
 snook, to smell. Br,
 snoor, } to make a *Noise* in *spelk*, a *thin bit of wood*,
 snore, } *sleep*. A, S,
 snot, *mucus of the Brain*. *sperr'd*, *enquired*; also to
 Du. *be sperr'd*, is to be *publish'd*
 snug, *tite*, handsome. Du. *in the church* A. S.
 snye. to *swarm*; also to *speyk at him*, *speak to him*
 pull up the Nose *scorn*.
 fully. A. S.
 soany o *fims*, q. *Alexan-* *splinter*, a *small Piece of*
 der of simon's. *Wood*. Bel.
 sod, a *clod*, or *Turf*. Du. *spokes*, the *staves of a wheel*.
 Br.
 soke, to lie in *Water* to *sof-* *spokeat*, the *spittle*.
 ten. A. S. *spok'n*, *spoken*.
 soltch, a *heavy fall*. *spou new*, *bran new never*
 wore.
 snoblint, q. *hand-blind*, *spooart*, *sport*.
 short sighted, *spoons*, *bobbins for weavers*
 soaps, *soasts*. A. S. *shuillas*.

- spots, places; also stains. stingy, sneaking, A, S.
 spoytso, spiteful. stint, to set bounds to A, S.
 scymous, } saucy stirk, a heifer of a year old
 squeamous } A, S.
 stadles, Marks made by stoar } value, also treasure
 the small pox. A, S. store }
 stangs, long, strong staves, stond } stand,
 A. S. ston', }
 stank, did stink, Du. stonning, standing
 stanniel, a Hawk. stoo, a stool
 stark, very stiff. A. S. } astump in the roads
 stark-giddy, very angry } to keep Carts off
 mad. } also Pieces of
 stark'en, to stiffen as mutton } Wood or stone by
 fat in the frost. A, S. } which Gates are
 staw, to be 'resty, will not } hang'd,
 go. A, S.
 stawuch, stanch, firm; stown, stolen
 also to satisfy. Fr. stracklings, rash; foolish
 stawnshons, upright staves } persons
 in a Window Fr. stract, off their senses
 stawp, to go clumsily strawnge, strange, un-
 known
 stawtert, reeled. streek, did strike
 stcart, staled strey, straw
 stcawk, a handle strike, two pecks, A, S.
 stcawp, to stoop down strickle, an Instrument to
 stcawp on reawp, all, e- } mete corn; also another
 very part } to whet sythes, A, S.
 stcawt, q. stout; also strinkle, q. sprinkle
 proud A, S.
 stceigh a Ladder, also a stile sternes, the sides of a ladder
 steep, Rennet stroakt, stroaked
 steepo, a steeple stroke, of corn two pecks,
 steyl, a handle strong, strong.
 stickle, to stand stiffly to a stumpt, vid, scunt,
 thing, I eu, strushon, waste
 stickle-but, stickt stowlt, q. strolled
 sijek, pierced, gored stub, an old stump
 stidly, an arrow, A, S. stuff, to cram; also a gene-

- ral name for many things,*
 Du,
 stunnish, to *stun*, also to
spain the sinews.
 star, stir
 suds, a lather, A, S,
 sulky, subtle, ill-natur'd
 summat, somewhat
 sumheaw, some way
 sunk'd, sunk,
 sur, sir
 sure fix
 swat, to swoon
 swad, a Pease or bean husk
 swaith } a single row of
 swathe } grass cut by a
 } Mower. Du.
 swathe-bawkt, grassmiff'd
 in cutting between the
 swathes
 swamp, a Boggy place Teu.
 swarffy, tawny, blackish,
 A, S,
 swarm'n, do swarm; also
 a great number
 swat, sweat, also did sweat
 swatch, a piece for a sam-
 ple,
 twattle, to waste things by
 degrees, to drink
 sweamish, a bad stomach,
 saucy
 sweltit, hot with sweating
 q, melted, A, S,
 sweal, to burn, to blaze,
 A, S,
 swilker, to dash over, to
 shake liquor in a Vessel,
 A, S,
 swill, to wash slightly,
 A, S.
 swinging stick, a stick for
 beating or opening Wool,
 A, S,
 swingle-tree, a piece of
 Wood to keep the Gaers of
 a horse open.
 swither, } to blaze, to burn
 swithur } very fiercely,
 swoon, to faint A, S,
 swop, exchange
 sye, to put Milk, &c.
 thro' a sieve; also to rain
 very fast,
 T
 T'A', take
 T'a, to n
 Tak't, take it,
 Taleméd's Father, the
 Author of Tellamed, or
 the Indian Philosopher,
 Tarrit. tarried
 Tat, that
 Tawk'n, they talk,
 Tawkn't did talk
 Tawm, to swoon, to vomit
 Te, } thy; also the; also
 Teh, } they
 Tead'n, } they had
 Theyd'n }
 Tealie,, a Taylor
 Tean, taken
 Tearn, they were
 T'eat, to eat
 Teastril, a cunning Rogue
 Teathy, peevish, cross,
 A, S,
 Teaw, to pull; also to work
 hard

T

hard; also to ruffle a
Person; also thou A. S.
 Teawing, bawling, ruff-
ing, working hard, A. S.
 Teawn, a Town
 Teawst, } *thou shall,*
 Theawst }
 Teawrt, *thou act,*
 Teawse, *to pull or ruffle,*
 Teawzer, q. Towzer
 Ted, *to spread Grass for*
Hay. A. S.
 Tee, *thee; also a Hair*
Repe to spackle Cows in
Milking.
 Teear, *they were; also to*
rent
 Teem, *to pour out. A. S.*
 Teeny, *fretful, vid. Tea-*
thy; also very little. A. S.
 Tele, a Tail, or Tale
 Tell, *to know*
 Tem'd, *pour'd out, A. S.*
 Tems, a Sieve. A. S.
 Ten, *then,*
 Tent, *to guard.*
 Tey, *take; also thy,*
 Tey't, *take it.*
 Teytch, *teach.*
 Tharcake, q. Hearth-
cake, from being bak'd on
the Hearth. 'Tis made
of Out-meal unleavened
mixed with Butter &
Treacle.
 The. *thee; also thy; also*
they.
 Theaw, *thou,*
 Theaw't, *thou act.*

T

Thear'n, *they were.*
 Theaw'll *thou will.*
 Theawm, } *Thumb.*
 Thame, }
 Theaws'n, } *Thousand.*
 Theawson, }
 Theawst, *thou shall.*
 Theeigh, a thigh.
 Theese, *these,*
 They'n. *they will.*
 Thible, *vid. Slice*
 Thick podditch, *thick*
water Gruet.
 Thin, *than.*
 Thing'n, *Things will*
 Think, a Thing.
 Thifs'n, *after this manner,*
 Thooan } *wettish.*
 Thoan, }
 Those'n, *those will.*
 Thowt. *thought.*
 Thodden Bread, &c. *is*
said to be thodd'u when it
is stiff and close like the li-
ver of Hogs.
 Thooal, *to afford. A. S.*
 Thrang, *throng. A. S.*
 Thrap-wife, *vid. Thrunke*
A. S.
 Thraw, } *to argue hot, and*
 Threap } *loud. A. S.*
 Thrift, a Pain in the joints,
of young Persons. I'en
 Thrimmo, *to finger a Thing*
too long, as a Miser his
Money; also Yarn ill spun.
 Throddy, } *fat, broad,*
 Throdde } *bulky,*

Throtteen

Throtteen, *thirteen*.
Throttlt, *strangled*.
Thrang } *very busy*.
Thrunk }
Thrunk os. *thrap-wile*
when hoo hong'd'erfell
ith Distcleawt, this is
spoken of persons triflingly
busy: A. S.
Thrut, *the throw of a stone*.
Ge. also the throw in
wrestling.
Thrutches, *thrusts*.
Thrutcht, *did thrust; also*
an thrust, or squeez'd.
Thrutchings, *the last press'd*
Whey in making of cheese.
Thump, *a blow*.
Thumping, *a striking*;
also a thing very large or
notorious.
Thunk; *a Lace of Whit-*
leather. A. S.
Thurn, *a thorn*.
Thwack } *a great blow, al-*
so a large piece
Thwang } *of Bread or*
Cheese. A. S.
Thwole } *to afford, to al-*
Thooal } *low. A. S.*
Thooanish, *a little wet*.
Thwire, *to cut with a knife*.
Thwittle, *a wooden-bastied*
Knife.
Tick, *a Vermin on Cows*.
Ge.
Tift, *to be in good Tift is to*
be in good Order.
Tike, *perhaps from Tick*

which see, any out of the
way Person, is call'd a
tike.
Tilly, *till I*.
Zimmerfome, *a. timorous*.
fearful.
Tin, *till; also to shut a*
Door.
Tinge, *a small red Insect*.
Tinn'd, *is shut*.
Tit, *a horse or mare*.
Titter, *to laugh. teu.*
Titter, *or latter, sooner, or*
later. A. S.
Tite, *neat, spruce; also, at*
well, as soon.
Tizeday, *Tuesday*.
To, *too; also, thou*.
Toart, *toward*.
Tone, *the one*.
Toart, *a T---d. A. S.*
Tooad, *a Toad*.
Tooat, *a Tust of Hair,*
Grass, &c.
Toofe, *those*.
To't, *to it*.
Too-to, *us'd when any thing*
excels.
Topple, *stagger, also to*
fall.
Tory-rory, *vid. Hay-go-*
mad.
Tother, *the other*.
Towd, *told*.
Tyne, *shut*.
Tynt, *is shut*.
Toyart, *wearied*.
Track, *a Path, as sheep*
tracks, &c. Fr.

Tramp,

T

Tramp, a Journey, to tramp
 is to travel.
 Trash, a ripe fruit; also an
 over-worn shoe. teu.
 Treat, did treat.
 Traunce, a tedious Jour-
 ney.
 Treackle - Butter - Cake,
 bread spread o'er with
 Treacle.
 Trest, a strong large stool,
 Fr.
 Trice, a Moment, quickly
 Trig, to run softly,
 Trindle, the trundle of a
 Wheel-barrow: A. S.
 Trouble'o, trouble you.
 Troubl't, troubled:
 Tum, to Tum Wool, is to
 card it slightly.
 Tum, a By-name for Tho-
 mas.
 Tummus o' Williams, o'
 Margit, o' Roaph's, q.
 Thomas of William's of
 Margaret, of Ralph's.
 These proper Names are
 us'd in some Parts of Lan-
 cashire, to distinguish per-
 sons, where there are many
 of the same name in the
 same Neighbourhood.
 Tunor, Tuner a dog's name
 Tung, Tongue.
 Tup, a Ram.
 Tupunny, two-penny.
 Turnits, turnips.
 Turmoil, to vex; also to
 work very hard.

T

Tussle, to struggle, to wrest-
 le.
 Tutch, a comical Trick.
 Tuttle, an awkward person
 in shape, humour, &c.
 Twattle, to S---le; also;
 to go about with tales.
 Bel.
 Twinge, to nip, to squeeze
 Bel.
 Twindles, twins. A. S.
 Twinter, a year old heifer.
 Twirl, to whirl. A. S.
 Whirlpoo, a Whirl-pool,
 A. S.
 Twitch, to pinch, to nip.
 A. S.
 Twitch-ballock. the great
 black Beetle. A. S.
 Twitter, is to laugh secretly
 within a Twitter is within
 a little; twitter't yarn is
 unevenly spun teu.
 'Twou'd, it wou'd.
 'Twur, it was; also, it were.
 Tyke, vid. Tike.
 Tyne, to shut. A. S.
 Tyney, very little,

U

Uddzlud
 Uddzo,

diminutive
 oaths from
 Gods blood
 and Gods-
 wounds no
 interje-
 ctions not
 commonly
 understood

Um, them.

Unbethowt,

U

Unbethowt, *reflected, remembred,*

Unlaight, or } *unlaugh'd*
Unleawght, }

Unkert, } *Steange; also*
Uncoth, } *News. A. S.*

Uphowd, *maintain, uphold*
to warrant a thing,

Uphowdteh, *maintain it*
thee,

Uphowdo', *maintain it to*
you,

Urchon, *a Hedge-hog, A. S.*

Us't. *used,*

V

V Arlet, *a vile person, Fr*
Varment, *Vermun,*

Varry, *very.*

Veeol, *Veal,*

View-tree, *the Yew-tree,*

W

W AKKER *easy to be*
awaked, Du,

Wack'nt, *awaked, Du*

Waddle, *to stagger, or go*
like Ducks, Du.

Waesme, *woe is me*

Waggle, *to go like Ducks,*
Bel,

Wamble, *vid Waddle, A. S.*

Wag, *to move to and fro;*
also an arch person, A. S.

Walk-mill, *a Fulling Mill*
Bel,

Walladey, *q. wail the day!*
an Interjection of sorrow

Wantit, } *wanted*

Wantut }

Want'n, *want,*

W

Wap, *a Peep; Wap't by,*
is went swiftly by,

War and war, *worse and*
worse

Wark, *Wok; also ached*
A, S.

Wark-brattle, *loving to*
Work, A, S.

Warkt, *ached, A, S.*

Ward, } *World,*
Warld }

Warry, *to Curse, A, S.*

Warrit, *did Curse*

Warrit'n, *Warrington,*

Warft. *worst*

Wracht, *ached, A, S.*

Wattles, *the lowest Parts of*
a Cock's Comb, teu,

Waughish, *faintish, sickly,*

Weuter. *to stagger A, S.*

Wawk'n, *walk.*

Wawt, *overturn A, S.*

Wax, *grow A, S.*

Waybroad, *the herb plain-*
tain, A, S.

Weal, *to chuse,*

Wear, *to lay out Money;*
also, a Dam. Br.

Wea's-me, *q. woe is me*
an Interjection of sorrow,

Weaughing, *Barking;*

Weaw, *the cry of a cat*

Weeks of the Mouth, *the*
sides of it,

Weeky, *moist watyish*

Weel, *well*

Ween, *we have; also we*
will

Weet, *wet; also with it. AS*

Weete,

W

Weete, to wet, A, S,
 Weh, with
 Well'd, boil'd, or scalded
 Milk; also to forge Iron,
 Welly, or } q. well-igh,
 Well-ney } very near
 Welkin, the sky A, S,
 Welt, a doubling in the
 Garment; also an Hem,
 A, S,
 Wem, the Belly, A, S,
 Went'n. went
 Wetur, Water,
 Wetur-tawms } sick Fits,
 } water
 } qualms
 Wey, way
 Weynt, weaned
 Whackert, quaked, trem-
 Whaff, } a blast of Wind,
 Whaft, } A, S,
 Whake to tremble
 Wharle-knot, a hard knot
 Wharloch, a Wizzard,
 Whau, why; also well; an
 Interjection,
 Whawm, to take a whawm
 is to warm ones self,
 Wheant } q. quaint stronge,
 Wheint } also comical,
 Whean, } q. Quean a whore
 Wheign } a slut, Du
 Wheas'n, the Gullet. A, S,
 Wheeze, to make a Noise in
 Breathing, A, S,
 Wheem, near; also bendy,
 A, S,
 Whewtit, } Whistled
 Wheawtit }

W

Wherr, very Sour,
 Wherkn't, suffocated with
 Water, smook, &c
 Wherrit, a Blx on the ea;
 also did Laugh
 Wherrying Laughing
 Whelpt, whelped, A, S,
 Whick, alive
 Whiff, Whaffo, or whiff
 whaff, trifling words or
 Deeds
 Whimper, offering to Cry.
 Ten
 Whinney to Neigh Br,
 Whirl-boon, the round
 Bone of the knee, the Pa-
 tella,
 Whirlyboons, the knees
 Whisht, Hush, silence,
 Whisk-telt, light of carriage
 Whoreish
 Whisky, Whorish
 Whinnit, neighed, Br.
 Whithern, whither will
 Whiz, to hiss as a flying
 Bullet, A, S,
 Whoam, Home
 Whoav't, covered A S
 Whooad, who would; also
 who had
 Whoats, Oats
 Whoo-up, shouting when
 all's over
 Whoo-who, -whoo-who,
 whoo! an Interjection of
 great surprize
 Whot, what,
 What's what it:

Whott'n,

W

Whott'n, *what will they;*
also, what will you
 Whottle, *what will*
 Whotyel, q. *Hot Atol, an*
Iron to bore holes
 Why-kawve, *a female calf*
 Wick, *a Week*
 Wilccat, q. *Wild Cat, the*
Pole cat
 Wilcome, *welcome*
 Wimmy, *with me*
 Win, *will*
 Winnaw, *will not*
 Winrow, *Hay put together*
in rows before housing it.
 Winte, *the Wind*
 Wilket, *a Basket,*
 Wistey, *a large spacious*
place
 Witheawt, *without*
 Wither, *very strong, lusty,*
 Wither } *with her; also*
 } *with your*
 Wizz'n, *to pine away to*
dwindle,
 Wof, *woful*
 Wonst, *once; also on purpose*
 Woo, *Wool*
 Wooans, *Lives or dwells.*
 Wooant, *did live A, S.*
 Woode, *mad A S*
 Wort, *a word; also neu*
Liquor, A, S,
 Worrich, *to work*
 Wou'd, *I wish.*
 Wou'didd'n } *I wish you*
 Woudyedd'n } *wou'd*
 Wough, *a Wall. A. S.*

K

Y

Wrang } *wrong.*
 Wrang }
 Wroste, *to wrestle also to*
grow ripe.
 Wroftling, *Wrestling, Du*
 Wrynnot, *a surname.*
He shad Wrynnot, and
Wrynnot shad the deuil
 Wrythen, *twisted; also, ill-*
natur'd A, S.
 Wryth'nly *peevishy A S*
 Wondert *wondered*
 Wuns *lives: also, an inter-*
jection from wounds A S
 Wunt *did live A S*
 War, *was*
 Wurneh } *were you*
 Worney }
 Wurr *worse*
 Wurr'n *was, were*
 Wurrit' } *was it*
 Wort, }
 Wurther *was there*
 Wythin Kibbo, *a strong*
willow stick
 Wyzles *stalks of potatoes*
turn'ps &c

Y

YALB *a herb*
 Yanner *to desire ea-*
gerly
 Yarey, *early soon in the*
Morning
 Yean *you will; also a sheep*
is said to yean when she
bin's forth A S
 Yeanderto *before now*
 Yeasing *the eaves of an house*
 Yestinos

Yestmus	} a handful	trick, cheat, or deceive him
Yestpintle		Yort a Fold or Yard
Yealy easy		Yuletide Christmas time
Yeate a Gate		AS
Yearnstful very earnest		Yugams Christmas Games
Years Ears		AS
Yeawl q howl like a dog		Yugeads Christmas play-
Yed a by-name for Edward		things AS
Yem, a byname for Edmund		Yusterday Yesterday
Yoarth Earth AS		Yusterneet yesternight
Yepfintle two hands full		Yunk } Young
Yer your		Yung }
Yigh yes, yea		Yunger younger ; also
Yo you		youngest
Yoan you will you have		Z
Yoar you are		Z Uns a petty Oath from
Yood'n you was		Gods-wounds; an in-
Yorshar Yorkshire to put		terjection
Yorkshire of a man is to		



THE

T H E
B L A C K - B I R D :
A
P O E M.

The DEDICATION.

To the most High, and Mighty,

Stern - visag'd P L U T O,

PRINCE of STYGIAN DARKNESS, *chief* ENGINEER of NOCTURNAL THUNDER, and GENERALISSIMO of all the departed GHOSTS in the infernal Regions, &c. &c. &c.

SULPHUREOUS and dread PRINCE !

I Am very sensible 'tis the highest Presumption in me imaginable to address the following Poem to your grisly Majesty, but I humbly conceive I have not done it without strong inducements ; for where could the *Whistling Ouzel* have found an Asylum, to screen her from the British Minos (her austere and implacable Enemy) but in your swarthy Dominions ? tho' at the same time she flies to you for protection, She's possess'd with an ominous Fear, that when her Adversary makes his Exit

The DEDICATION.

out of these terrestrial Regions, you'll immediately degrade *Æacus*, advance him to the Bench, and assign to his profound and equitable Care all the European Provinces; or at least constitute him itinerant Judge in your shady Jurisdictions.

But to leave this to your profounded Wisdom, I must presume to tell you, most awful Monarch! that 'tis my humble Opinion, that every carping Momus, and snarling Critic, will acquiesce with me in my second motive for electing you my Advocate since 'tis the D---l of a Poem, on a black subject, written by a Collier, in an obscure Style. and therefore none so proper for its patron Paramont, as your gloomy Majesty.

Another Reason is, because I don't remember that any of the ancient, or modern Higlars in Rhime ever dedicated any of their Productions to your dusky Godship: tho' they have not failed to celebrate your tremendous Name, extol your supreme Power, and (if I may so speak) have given us the *Cosmography of your ample Dominions*.

While you are thus slighted, there are not wanting those who are busy making puny Gods, and Goddesses, of meer terrestrial Lump; and the Press has given us a modern Proof of a Thresher, who has thrown down his unweildy Flail, and taken up the pliant nimble Pen, to make one, who has lately pass'd thro' your footy Territories, as Powerful, and more indulgent to us, than the Goddess CYBLE was to the Ancients.

Since the clumsy Flail has presum'd to address a Terrene Queen, accept, great Prince of Darknes! of the first fruits of the swift-pac'd Shuttle; which was a scion that blossom'd, and whose Fruit came to Maturity this keen benumbing storm, when Looms were more terrible to cringing thin-belly'd Weavers, than ever the Pillory was to those obsequious and loyal subjects of yours, *Prun & Bassick*.

And

The DEDICATION.

And now methinks I have almost beaten that modish, and much-frequented Path of Dedication enough; tho' I neither have, nor can condescend to that nauseous and servile Flattery which is so redundant in addresses of this kind: and I hope you'll not reject the patronage, if I could have found a more powerful protector, than your great Self, you had never heard of the *Whistling-Ouzel*: Neither would I have you think, that I have play'd the timid Indian, and offer'd the *Black-Bird* to your Gastliness as a propitiation for some enormous Crime, committed against your Majesty; no, 'twas not this, but your ability to defend, that prompted me, and entirely banished that modesty, which otherwise would never have permitted me to have sent the *Black-Bird*, on her well-ballanc'd fable pinions, to your footyness for protection: the which I hope you'll grant her; and that you'll permit her to flutter at your feet, and perch, and nestle about your awful Throne: If your dreadful Majesty will do this, Sir *Minos* may do that which he would not suffer her to do, *go Whistle, I am,*

tremendous Sir,

now,

and ever will be,

TIMOTHY BOBBIN.

From the Chimney-corner,

Jan. 15th, 1739.

T. H. E.
BLACK-BIRD;

A P O E M.

The I N V O C A T I O N.

*Thou who with Ale or wise Liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vicars,
And force them, tho' it was in spite
Of Nature, and their Stars, to write;
Assist me but this once, I implore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.*

Hud.

WHEN bright Apollo's flaming Car had run
The Southern Course, and in our Climes
begun

To perfect Blossoms, and the budding Flow'rs
To paint the Fields, and form the shady Bow'rs,
The distant Prospects all around were seen,
To wear a curious Eye-delighting Green;
And School-boys stood, while Sloth put on the Reins
And with cramm'd Satchels sauntered in the Lanes;
The younger Sort wou'd stroll about to get
The Daisy, Primrose, and the Violet;

While





While Tom and Will, with eager Eyes wou'd view
Each Bust, and Tree, from whence a Lion flew,
And every Hedge & every Bush, to find
The downy Structure of the feather'd kind.

Such were the Days when Minors wou'd be dress'd
To look more awful on a Day of Rest;

His sapient Head he deckt in Perrowig
Of three-tails dangling, to look *Quorum* big;
His Beaver cock'd, plain-dealing-wise, he pull'd
So low, his Forehead in it seem'd involv'd,
But this was done, his Visage more to grace,

And cou'd a third Part from his pouting Face;
Being Cloak'd and Booted, they who knew him not

Thought HODGKINS o'er gloomy Seas had got:

And as that Knight, so he'd a 'Squire to wait,

Whene'er he fall'd forth thro' creaking Gate.

This for his Outward-man; but I must strain

For to dissect his wonder-working Brain;

Unless I can get *Gibber's* fawning Muse,

To bathe my Skull in crowning Laurel-juice;

But since I've ventur'd the Out-side to scan,

I'd slightly touch upon his Inward-man.

(But know, my angry Muse reflects not on

This tin-ling Cymbal for it's jarring Tone;

But for affecting those Celestial Airs.

By which the Organ charms the list'ning Ears.)

If Speech be the true Index of the Mind,

And doth denote with what the Head is lin'd,

We may conclude, that since his Speech is chipp'd,

His moving Garret is but half equipp'd:

But lest a Pun won't please the *would-be-wise*,

His Wit wants Ballast, and his Judgment Eyes;

For Nature made him without Care, or Art,

And left unfinish'd much the better Part;

Or else in forming, tir'd with too much Pain,

She nodded o'er him, and so spoil'd his Brain.

If any wonder why as Judge he's plac'd,

Or how the Bench comes with his Worship grac'd

That Thought's submerg'd in this, to think that we

Are

Are away 'Tby Fools, much greater Knaves than he
We grant, he seems a genuine Chip of those
Convention-Wits, who lead us by the Nose;

'Tis true, we go like *Burn* to the Stake,
Who knows his Task, & fain his Bonds wou'd break.
But forced on, he shakes his shaggy Fur,
And looks with Fury on each bridl'd Cur;

* *Grafman*, the Bearward, doth promulgate Law,
And threatens Wounds from deep *Pannonian-Jaw*;
Asserting ne'er a Collar'd-Whelp doth play

The Game that's fair, but runs a Thievish Way;

And thinks with Justice, in this dire contest,
Each Cur shou'd run with fawning-tail the first,
Or, if you please, smooth-chins shou'd rule the roast
And Hairy-Ruff'ns kick'd from ev'ry Post.

Which scheme, before all others, I prefer,
If my old Grannum may be Treasurer,
For I'm her only Fav'rite, and must taste with her.

But lest some Critic thinks my *Ouzel*'s flown,
And from a *Black-Bird*, 'tis a *Bearbait* grown,
I'll to his Worship once again repair,

That's going now to snuff the Country Air,
After a Turn or two, within the Room,

A Hem breaks forth----and then he calls his Groom
Here *Jack*! Where's *Jack*? I'm here his Man replies;

Bring out my Horse, and straightway *John* complies.

He being gone, the Knight must see the Glass,

To fix some upright Airs in oblong Face;

His hand adorn'd with ruff'd shirt he drew,

Unto his head, and set his Wig askew;

Then gently stok'd his manly Beard, and then,

Adjusted three-tail'd peruke once again;

The Bob before he'd often toss behind,

As pleas'd his curious self-admiring Mind;

He lower'd his Eye-brows, made a furrow'd Brow,

Pull'd in his Chin, more majesty to show:

Pleas'd with the sight, and fift aside the man
 Bow'd low, and this soliloquy began :
 " P'll say't thou'rt Graceful ; -- very graceful - and
 Thy very look will reverence command !
 Thy dress is handsome, ---- very genteel : ---- still
 Not the least Foppish if i've any skill :
 Besides, 'tis known this head can penetrate
 Into dark things, and solve each hard debate,
 Or, as the proverb says can see as far
 Into a Milstone" -- here the Gate did jar ;
 For John had done according to command
 And waiting stood, with nag, and cap in hand,
 The steed was sleek, and bore a lofty crest,
 And worth a troop of HUDIBRAS's Beast ;
 Nor ever was DON QUIXOTE's dapple fit,
 For speed, and beauty, to be nam'd with it ;
 So this, you'll say, was fit to bear a pack
 Of precious ware, as they, upon his back ?
 And all agree his worship's teeming full
 Of just such wit, as they bore in the skull ;
 This bonny Nag fir MINOS did bestride,
 And thro' the town with solemn pace did ride ;
 About ten furlongs they had pass'd, before
 The knight, and 'squire, of silence broke the door
 And then it was the Justice came t'himself,
 From contemplating on his wit, and pelf :
 With lisping accent, and emphatic voice
 (While Pate, and bum, on thigh kept equal poise.)
 He put these queries to his cunning 'squire,
 And then sly John to knight rode something nigher.
 Jack, thou must tell me true what now I ask,
 Since 'tis no wicked, or ungodly task :
 Sir, there's no doubt, (says John) then tell me pray
 What says the world that now I bear such sway ?
 Why, sir ! they speak exceeding well of you,
 As wise, and good ; to king and country true.
 Thou answer'st well, and glad I am to know,
 The world such thoughts so justly do bestow.

Here

Here Jack, with wry mouth, turns his eyes askew,
 As he came on: but hark thee, Jack;---tell true;
 When I appear, don't wicked rascals quake?
 Yes, that they do; and like an aspin shake.
 What do they think, when I'm upon the bench?
 You knock down sin, and burning lust do quench.
 Whose Judgment is't a knotry matter clears?
 Sir, yours alone sinks twice as deep as theirs:
 Jack bites his lip, that while the knight goes on,
 Thy words are good,---I'll mend thy wages, John.
 I thank you, Sir;----I'm much oblig'd to you:
 Now th'Ouzlewhistles, wheet-wit wheet-wit whee'u
 And so went on like a shrill flute, to play
 That gleesom tune, the twenty-ninth of May.
 Hold, Jack, stand still, I hear a whistling noise.
 Within that house: 'tis sure some atheist's voice:
 Tho' catholics, I've heard my father say,
 Wou'd whistle, dance, and sing, o'th' Sabbath-day,
 But who can this be? says John, I cannot tell,
 But man, or maid, it whistles very well.
 Some Papist! Jack;----In that I'gree to you;
 Then comes the prelude, wheet-wit wheet-wit
 whee'u.

Both list'ned, while the tune was whistling o'er,
 The Knight, more vex'd then e'er he was before,
 Turn'd short his horse, and in a furious Mood,
 Said, I'll commit him,---he's the serpent's brood,
 He sees me stand, and yet he wistles on
 This Sabbath-day; was such a thing e'er known?
 'Tis Papist-like to whistle against me,
 Or, what's the same, against his Majesty:
 No doubt he knows I represent the king,
 And that we both are but the self-same thing
 Sir, says the squire, this thing I know t'be true,
 Now comes the flourish, wheet-wit wheet-wit
 And so proceeds with the old tune again; [whee'u
 The knight cries out, O monst'rous and prophane!
 Was ever antichristian impudence

So base, to give both God and man offence!
 'Tis most seditious! — Jack, light off thy horse,
 And bring the rascal, else use all thy force:
 For I this Moment will commit him safe,
 Where he'll not whistle, dance, or sing, or laugh.
 Scarce sooner spoke than John was in, but made
 Such queer demands, they knew not what he said.
 But he repeats, the whistling man must go
 Before a Justice, for he'd have it so.
 The man replies, “ the whistler's good and true,
 “ And serves me well; but what's all this to you?
 “ He takes no bribes, he asks for nought but meat
 “ Fawns on no king, nor doth his country cheat;
 “ He's not encumber'd with perplexing cares,
 “ Nor meddles with mysterious state-affairs;
 “ He'll whistle on, altho' a justice stand
 “ Within the room, and flight his stern command.”
 Jack hearing this, began to smell a rat;
 Howe'er he goes, and tells the justice flat,
 The whistler wou'd not come; he fear'd no law,
 Or king, or justice valu'd of a straw.
 But when the knight heard this, he rav'd and tore,
 And sev'ral times thus by *ASTREA* swore,
 I'll make him like a beacon on a hill,
 An everlasting monument of ill,
 A sad example seditious tools,
 Of pagan knaves, and antichristian fools.
 And with these words he nimbly quit his horse,
 Raging with passion; never fury worse;
 And in he flies, with, where's this prophane wretch
 That flights the law? whom I myself must fetch;
 Where is this whistling turk? this stinking he-jew.
 And now the birds sing, wheet-wit wheet-wit whee'u
 And then the twenty-ninth of May begun;
 What (quoth the knight) was such a thing e'er known
 And, puppet-like, he whisks himself about,
 To see if he cou'd find the whistler out.
 The tune went bravely on, whilst he, amaz'd,
 Saught

Sought ev'ry corner, and about him gaz'd;
 But still this whistler was not to be seen,
 Which fill'd the justice with tempestuous spleen;
 He stamp'd with foot, and lift his eyes above,
 A tho' he call'd on thunder-ruling jove;
 And then burst out in this emphatic strain,
 Ungodly ! wicked ! heath'nish, and prophane ?
 To break the sabbath ! whistle against heav'n !
 The king and me ! 'twill never be forgiven :
 A dissaffected runc too shameless man ;
 Notorious rogue, he's of the Jesuits clan ;
 And then once more tow' rds heaven his eyes he sent
 And saw the Black-bird in a wire-cage pent,
 Most sweetly whistling the concluding strain,
 Which stunn'd the knight, as tho' with lightningslain
 He motionless as old lot's wife did stand,
 And still stretch'd out his sense-directing hand ;
 But at the last, he wheels himself about,
 His mouth he open'd, and his thoughts flew out :

Is this the whistler ? nay, I scarce believe,
 But both my Eyes, and Ears, do me deceive :
 I'll say't 'tis strange ! surpassing strange ! a Bird
 To whistle tunes ! ---- the like was never heard ;
 I thought it was not possible for art
 To teach Bird's Musick ! ---- not the easiest part :
 Sure this is some Italian Ouzel brought
 O'er seas, and was by wicked Jesuits taught :
 Why Poz,* I ne'er was so deceiv'd in all
 My life before, and with a thing so small !
 P' I say't, I took it for some Jacobite
 That whistled thus ; but who is always right ?
 A SOLE MON may play some foolish tricks,
 And British CATO † err in Politicks
 Then beck'ning Finger, makes the man draw near
 And in soft tone, thus whispers in his ear,
 Here, honest man, i'll give thee half a crown,

* A favourite Word of the Knight's for Positively.

† Wal ole.

To

To promise me this thing must not be known,
 For shou'd the wicked ever hear this thing,
 'Twould shame both me, and our most gracious king
 The fellow took the piece, and made a bow;
 But, wiseman-like, in promising was slow.
 And knight perceiving that the Bird was put
 In close confinement, and in Limbo shut:
 Old Oliverian and Phanatick zeal
 Grew cold, and did to crufted ice congeal;
 And, calm as Midnight, took his leave, but said,
 Be sure this thing be never publick made,
 Thus Minos left the Black-bird closely pent,
 And, mounting steed, on new Adventures went.



L

THE

T H E
G O O S E:
A
P O E M.

To J----B----, *Esq.*

SIR,

AS I have the Honour to be a Member of the ancient and venerable Order of the Gormogons, I am obliged by the Laws of the great *Chin-Quaw-Ki-Po*, Emperor of *China*, to read yearly some Part of the ancient Records of that country.

I was performing my annual Task, when the extraordinary Piece of Justice in the following Poem fell under my Perusal: the Original is in prose; but more Reasons

sons than one determin'd me to translate it into Verse.

Your worship is too well known in these Parts, for any one to imagine, I could long hesitate in the choice of a Patron.

The Stupidity, Peevishness, passion, and Vanity of the Chinese Justice, will undoubtedly serve as Foils to set off, and illustrate your consummate Wisdom, and prodigious Virtues.

You may believe, Sir, 'twas with this Regard I dedicated the Poem to you : every true Britain, who hears of your Justice, Candour, and Humanity, (especially to Strangers) must be charm'd with your Conduct ; for had all Britain such Justices as your Worship, we might sing, or say, with one accord, *Our Country is finely govern'd !*

But tho' I give you your just Praises, I am afraid I offend your Modesty.

I am sensible that harsh sounds cannot escape the Animadversions of critical Ears : and for that Reason have been often on the Point of changing the Title of my Poem from *the Goose*, to *the Gander*. But reflecting, that the Geese, who gave warning of the Enemy's Approach, were called *Servatores Romæ* I chose to retain my

former Title in Honour of them, and such like illustrious Patriots.

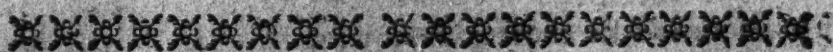
To you then, Sir, the *Goose* waddles for Protection, and begs Leave to assure you, that the present *Poet Laureat* * shall never want a Quill to celebrate your immortal Praises

May your Worship live as long here, as you are an Ornament to the high Station you are plac'd in: and when you remove out of this country, may you be preferr'd to the Chair in the other, before *Æacus*, *Minos*, or *Rhadamanthus*, which is the sincere Wish of

S I R &c.

* *Colly Cibber*

T H E



T H E
G O O S E.

WEAR^y with homely Food, and Toils of
Life,
With crying Children, and a scolding Wife,
A Weaver is resolv'd to banish sorrow,
And live to-day, let what will come to morrow : :
For who the tiresome Loom can always bear,
And not regale his Stomach with good Cheer ?

WITH this Intent he from his Looms doth start, .
And asks his Pockets, if they'll take his Part ?
And Fortune favours, for they answer---Yes :
Which makes him skip, and thank his Stars for this :
Then Sunday-Coat he o'er his Singlet* puts,
And in high Spirits to the Market struts ;
Where Geese and Ducks, and Chickens feast his Eyes :
But only one fat Goose poor Shuttle buys.

AND now he thinks the happy moment come,
To triumph, thro' the Streets, and bear the Trophy
home.

BUT who can guard against the turns of Fate?
The Wench he bought the Goose of, cries--a Cheat!
From hence ensues a noisy doubtful Strife,
Such as was never heard 'twixt man and Wife :
The gaping Croud around in Parties stand !
But, lo ! old *Granidoodle* just at Hand :
When now their Anger boils to such a Pitch,

L 3

That

* *A Woollen Waistcoat undy'd.*

That there was Wore, and Rogue, and Dog, and
Bitch :

But Words like these a Poem may debase,
And only suit the Hero of the Case.
His Worship hearing, could no longer bear,
But cries aloud----*What Noythe, what Noythe, ith there?*
Ith it for nought that I, the mighty I,
Do reprehent high Chinethe Majethy?
Or that in vain I wear, the Towbrd, and Thield?
My Name ith, wath and will be-----

BOTH trembled at his voice---but first the Man,
Made a respectful Bow, and thus began.

“MAY’T please your Worship’s Honour and your
Glory
I will exactly tell you all the story ;
This Goose I bought for Twelve-pence, and paid
down

In Good and lawful Money, Half-a Crown :
But now a saucy Slut by Change refuses,
Demands more coin, and gives me gross Abuses.”
What thay you, Woman ; ith thith fulth or true,
Thith Fellaw doth athert contherring you ?

“MAY’T please your Sov’reign Lord, the King’s
great Justice,

In whom for Goose or Money, all my Trust is ;
I wish I ne’er may see my Spouse, or House,
If ever I receiv’d of him a Soufe.”

But will you thwear thith ith the Cathe ? if the,
He thall to Bridewell for Correcetheon go.

“FOR God’s Sake hear me, Sir, the Weaver cries,
I’ll swear to every Thing which she denies :
If I han’t given her Half a Crown, than never.
Let Warp and West be firm y join’d together.

Wheat! Huther, Thirrah! be thewar, you thewear too :
If Tholomon wath here, what cou d he do ?
The Matter ith tho nithe ap on my Trett;
My Mund inclintb me to, cersine you bath :
But hold-----

*I'll toth a Piecth of Money up, thath fair.
Whitch thall decide the Person that mutht thewear:-
But mark me well, the Woman ith to chuthe,
Or Head, or Tail, like Chanth to win or losethe.*

No sooner said, than done—both Parties willing:
The Justice twirls aloft a splendid Shilling;
While she (ah! Nature, Nature!) calls for Tail,
And pity 'tis, poor soul, that she shou'd fail!
But Chance decrees—up turn great *Chin-Quaw Ki-Po*.
Whose very name my Belly sore doth gripe—oh.
His Worship view'd with joy the royal Head,
And thus in broken lipping Accents said:

*By thith Event we very plainly find
That Juthith will take Plathe, tho' thumtimeb blind:
And had not I by Providenth been here,
You two had fought it out, like Dog, and Bear.
Here, Fellow——take the Book——for Chanth decreethe.
You take the oath:——but pay me firtht my Feethe:
From Peril of the Law you'll then be losethe:
Huthibe, give him the Changth, and eke the Goothe:
And Thuttle, for the future, let me tell ye,
You must not Pamper your ungodly Belly;
Geeth, Duckth, and Caponth, are for huth thage Catothe,
Be you content with Thjannock and Pottatothi.*

His Work thus finish'd, passing thro' the Streets
He tells the wond'rous Tale to all he meets;
And hugs himself for this rare Action done,
Whilst all men stare, some laugh; still he goes on,

*Plain ith a Pihe thstaff 'tith,, that I in Pow'r,
Do King and Country Thervice ev'ry Hour;
And to my utmoht do good Orderth keep,
Both when I am awake, and when I thleep.
O two, three, four, nay, five Timth happy Na thion,
When Magithrath have touch a Penetration!
No Frangreth now for Bread thall dare to roam,
But with their Wiveth and Children sthay at Home:-
Ath for Philosopheth, I'll make them thqueek,
In Thpite of all their Latin, and their Greek.*

Newton

*Newton himself thoud here find no Protection :
 And all hith Papilth thall receive Correction :
 They're Papilth all, in diff'rent Mathks, and wa
 Thou'd watch, like Arguth, Dangerth to forethee,
 The Nathionth Right on Jubileeth depend,
 And tith our duty Roguth to apprehend.*

*Thus withe Men alwayth act, and I, thith Day,
 Have Churchth and Thstate pretherv'd, by quelling thith
 thad Froy.*



A.

C O D I C I L

To the Last Will and Testament of

JAMES CLEGG, Conjuror.

BE it known unto all Men by these Pre-
 sents, THAT I *James Clegg*, of *Broad-*
lane within *Castleton*, in the Parish of *Roch-*
dale, and County of *Lancaster*, Conjuror;
 having made my Last Will and Testa-
 ment bearing Date the 18th of *Febuary*,
 1749, do hereby codicil, confirm, and re-
 tify my said Will; and if I die a natural
 Death,

Death. *i. e.* elude the Gallows, and within two miles of *Sharw-Chapel*, then I will that my Executors *John Collier*, and *Paul Greenwood*, come to my House the Day following, and with the Advice and Assistance of *James Worral*, order my Funeral, as follows :

I. I will that they invite to my Funeral Sixty of my Friends, or best acquaintance, and also five Fiddlers ; to be there exactly at Two o'Clock.

II. That no woman be invited ; no man that wears a white Cap, or Apron, that no Tobacco or Snuff be there, to prevent my Sneezing.

III. That they provide Sixty-two spic'd Cakes, value Ten Shillings ; and Twenty Shillings Worth of the best Ale that is within too Miles ; allowing the best Ruby-Nosepresent, *Roger Taylor* and *John Booth* to be Judges.

IV. That if my next Relations think a Wooden-Jump too chargeable, then I will that my Executors cause me to be drest in my Roast-Meat-Cloths, lay me on a Bier, Stangs, or the like ; give all present a Sprig of Rosemary, Hollies, or Gorfes, and a Cake : That no Tears be shed, but be merry for two Hours.

V. Then

V. Then all shall drink a Gill-Bumper and the Fiddlers play *Britons Strike Home*, whilst they are bringing me out, and covering me. This shall be about five Minutes before the Cavalcade begins; which shall move in the high Road to *Shaw-Chapel* in the following, Order, viz. The best Fidler of the five shall lead the van, the other four following after, two and two playing *The Conjurer goes Home*, in the aforesaid Tune. Then the Bier and Attendants, none riding on Horseback, but as *Hudibras* did to the Stockes, i. e. Face to Tail, except Mr. *George Stansfield* of *Sowerby*, (which Privilege I allow him for Reasons best known to myself.) Then the Curate of *Shaw Chapel* shall bring up the Rear, dress'd in his Pontificalibus, and riding on an Ass; the which, if he duly and honestly perform, and also read the usual Office, then my Executors shall *nemcon.* pay him Twenty-one Shillings.

VI. If the Singers at *Shaw* meet me Fifty Yards from the Chapel, and sing the Anthem beginning, *O clap your Hands*, &c. pay them Five Shillings.

VII. Next, I will that I be laid near the huge Ruins of *James Woolfenden*, late Landlord.

lord of *Shaw-Chapel* ; which done, pay the Sexton Half a Crown.

VIII. Then let all go to the Alehouse I most frequented, and eat, drink, and be merry, till the Shot amounts to Thirty Shillings; the Fiddlers playing *The Conjurer's gone-Home*, with other Tunes at Discretion; to which I leave them: and then pay the Fiddlers Two Shillings and Sixpence each.

IX If my next Relations think it worth their cost and Pains to lay a stone over me, then I will, that *John Collier* of *Milnrow* cut the following Epitaph on it.

HERE Conjurer CLEGG beneath this Stone,
By his best Friends we are said
Weep, O ye Fiddlers, now he's gine,
Who lov'd the Tweetling-Trade!
Mourn all ye Brewers of good Ale,
Sellers of Books and News;
But smile ye jolly Priests, he's pale,
Who grudg'd your Pow'r, and Dues.

FURTHER, As I have some Qualities and worldly Goods not dispos'd of by my said Last Will, I do give and devise, as follows That is to say, I give unto the *Rochdale-Parish* Methodists all my Religion, and Books of Freethinking, as believing they'll be useful and very necessary Emollients.

ITEM, I give unto any one of that whimsical

fical Sect, who is sure the Devil is in him, my Slice of the Liver of *Tobit's* Fish, which my Ancestors have kept pickled up above Two Thousand Years; being certain that a small Slice fry'd, will drive *Belzebub* himself, either upwards or downwards, out of the closest made Methodist in his Majesty's Dominions.

ITEM, I give unto any three of the afore-said Methodists, who are positive that they have a Church in their Bellies, my small Set of Squirrel-Bells to hang in the Steeple; being apprehensive that a Set of the Size of *Great Tom* of *Lincoln*, would prove detrimental to a Fabrick of such an airy and tottering Foundation.

ITEM I give my Forty-five Minute Sand-Glass on which is painted Old Time sleeping) unto that Clergyman living within three Miles of my House, who is most noted for preaching long winded, tautologizing Sermons: Provided he never turn it twice at one Heat.

ITEM, I leave all my Spring-traps, Flying nets, and all my other valuable Utenfils whatsoever, belonging to that new-invented and ingenious Art of Cuckow-catching, unto my generous, honest, and open-hearted.

ed Friend, Mr. *Benjamin Bunghole*, late of *Rochdale*, being thoroughly satisfy'd of his good Inclination, and great Capacity of the proper Use of them.

ITEM, I give unto one *Timothy Bobbin*, wheresoever he may be found, a Pamphlet entitled, *A View of the Lancashire Dialect*; being fully persuaded few others capable of reading, or making any sense of it.

ITEM, I give all my Humility, Good-nature, Benevolence, and Hospitality, with all my other good Qualities whatsoever, not before dispos'd of, unto that Person in the Parish of *Rochdale* who can eat the most *Raw Onions* without crying.

LASTLY, I will that this Codicil be, and be adjudged to be, Part of my said Last Will and Testament, as fully as if the same had been there inserted.

IN WITNESS whereof I have hereunto fix'd my Hand and Seal, this 24th Day of May, in the Year 1751.

Witness

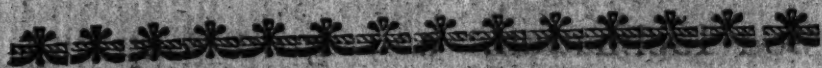
JAMES CLEGG.

Robert Lees.

Joshua Warren.

M

L E T



LETTERS

IN PROSE.

A Narrative of the Case between the *Queen*
at the Booth, and the *Author*,

To T. P. *Esg.*

Jan. 30th, 1752,
BY your Favour of the 20th cur. I perceive you have heard of the furious Rupture that is lately broke out betwixt me, and a certain Lady who is sometimes called the *Queen at the Booth*, and at others the *Yorkshire Lawyerefs*; and seem fearful that it will be detrimental to my Family and Interest, I thank you for your tender Care; but, chear up, Sir, I'm not afraid of the Law; for I have a Particular Friend that will screen me from long and costly Suits: I mean Poverty.

You

You desire me to send you a full Account of what has past between us, I shall oblige you in this, tho' it will be both intricate and prolix; and as Truth has always something of the agreeable attending it, I must own that I was the first Aggressor: for it arose from that strong Tincture of Quixotism that you know reigns so predominant in me; though if I was inclin'd to Phanaticism, I should give it another Name, and call it the Spirit of Reformation.

The first Time I saw her was at *Dean-Chapel*, in the Parish of *Huthersfield*, where she immediately took my Eye, and rais'd my Curiosity to know who, and what she was: Being (if I may so speak) the very Gallimaufry of a Woman. She was dress'd as gay, and airy as a girl of Sixteen; tho' Old Age stared full at me thro' every Wrinkle. In short, her out of the way Figure and Behaviour spoiled my Devotion, and rais'd my Choler to that Pitch that I could not be at rest, till I had given her a Reprimand.

Service being over, I stepp'd into a little Alehouse near the Chapel, and enquir'd of the Landlord who the Bedlamite was, who was so old, and so very airy? He an-

swer'd with a Sigh, She's my own Aunt, but you know I cannot help her dressing so awkwardly. Very true, says I, but will she come in here, think you? I'm not certain, he reply'd, but very likely she may. So I sat down a few Minutes, but Madam not appearing, I went back into the Chapel-yard amongst the Croud; but she had given me the slip, and so escap'd my Resentment at that Time. However, I left strict Orders with her Nephew (who promis'd me to tell her) to dress and behave more agreeable to her Age; or otherwise, if she persisted, she should hear from me in a more disagreeable Manner.

This past on about a Month, when I chanc'd to see her again at *Ripponden*: And perceiving her Ladyship was in no Humour for reforming, but rather more janty than ever; I took a Resolution (Quixote-like) to write a Letter to her under a feigned Name; and which, tho' I kept to Matter of Fact, she pleases to call a Libel; and by one means or other she is become positive that I am the Author: But this Opinion might chiefly arise from my leaving the pragmatICAL Order with her Nephew.

Be this as it will, it is certain, that the *Tuesday* following she saddled her Nag, and rode.

rode to Justice R---- for a Warrant, to bring me to an Account for that, to which I was determined to plead *Not Guilty*.

On her Arrival there, and laying her Complaint before the Justice, he demanded whether she would swear the Letter on me? N----o, but 'tis nobody else. Have you any Evidence that will swear to this Man's writing it? N--o, but he was at the *Black-Lion* in *Ripponden*, where the Letter was first found, and the very Night before I received it. In short, she could not swear positively, and consequently no Warrant was granted.

Things past on about a Fortnight, when she received Intelligence that I was going immediately to leave *Yorkshire*. So she resolv'd to pay me a Visit at Mr. *Hill's* before my departure. I happen'd to have the first Glent of her Ladyship as she came up the Court, with the Bridle of her strong *Resinante* on her Arm, and a young Woman (*Phebe Dawson*) attending her.

On rapping at the door the old Gentleman went out, and after the usual salutations, she begun----. I'm come to see Sir, if you'll suffer any of your servants to abuse me? No Mistress that I wou'd not do: pray, have I any that does do so? Why

M 3.

have

have not you a servrnt they call *Collier*?
 No, that I have not, reply'd the old Gentleman. But have you not some such a Man about your House? Yes; he's in the House; and I believe there is some little connection between my Son R. and him: but I have nothing to do with him. Very well Sir, then I've been wrong inform'd, and I will take it kindly if you'll tell him I'd fain speak with him. Yes Mistress, that I will do. On his telling me that a Lady desired to speak with me. I appear'd surpriz'd, tho' I guess'd what she was about well enough: however I went to the Door and made her a complaisant bow, which her irritat'd Stomach scorn'd to return.

As to her dress, &c, I shall refer you to the Notes, on Hoantungs Letter: only observe that a blue Riding-habit, hoop'd with Silver Lace, a Jockey's Cap, and a pretty large black-silk Patch, on each side of her mouth, made her cut a most grotesque figure.

After a full stare, at each other, she ask'd me if my Name was *Collier*? Yes, Madam, said I. What's your Pleasure with me? Why, I want to know if you'll stand to what you've done? O yes, to be sure Madam,

Madam, said I; What is't? Why about this Libel: Libel! said I; I dont know what a Libel is. I suppose you do; and I want to know if you'll stand to it, or not, for you writ it to be sure. Indeed, Madam your Speech is all Riddle to me. But as I'm very busy at present, if you'll go down to *Ripponden*; I'll follow as soon as I can, and there get an Explanation. That's what I want, she reply'd, but pray tell me what House I must go to? To Campenot's, to be sure, said I. And you'll follow me, says she? O don't doubt it, Madam. So away she goes, and her Witness along with her: But I kept my distance, as wanting both Time and inclination to follow her.

Messes. *Hill's* laugh'd at me for being honour'd with this unexpected visit from the *Queen of the Booth*, and thought I had met with more than my Match: all the Gentry round being afraid to provoke, or contradict her: and wondered that I should have any thing to do with her; as she would undoubtedly ruin me, tho' I was worth Thousands. I told them, innocence did not know what Fear was, and that I was not apprehensive of any Danger.

This

This affair happen'd on *Friday* ; and the *Sunday* following I left the *Kebroyde* pretty early for my Journey into *Lancashire*: and on going up to *Soyland* to bid adieu to my friends there, I found in the Road, behind an *Ash-tree*, Six papers, written all a like in a large print Hand, a Copy of which follows.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

ON Friday last from *Rishworth stray'd*,
 Or was by *Satan's Imps convey'd*,
A Chesnut Mare, with prick-up Ears,
Bad Eyes, Teeth lost, advanc'd in Years.
Had two light-colour'd Feet before,
Her Mouth was patch'd, and very sore
A right Whisk-tail, and Grissel Mane,
A heavy Head, and Body plain ;
A Filly tretting by her side,
And both good blood as e'er was try'd.
Who e'er can them to Pluto bring
Their owner, that grim sooty King :
Shall for their pains in this good job
Receive Ten Pounds, of

TIMMY BOB.

You cannot imagine, Sir, but that I must see the purport of these Papers, and what they were intended for : so I took care to have them put up, at *Ripponden, Ealand, Hallifax, &c.* on that Day before Noon ; and they causing much Staring, and various Surmifings in the Country ; some Pick-

Pick-thank or other convey'd a Copy of one of them to her Ladyship : Who on perusing it, readily father'd the Brat upon me ; and said to the Messenger, you have done me very great service ; for now I never doubt, but I can catch the Fox in his craftiness, and then I'll make him clear all Accounts, and pay you handsomly for you Trouble.

What follows is chiefly from information, and I was told for fact that that Evening she kill'd the fatted Calf, as it were and feasted some of her Privy Council ; rejoicing that she had so fine a Prospect of gratifying her Spleen, and attaining the summit of her wishes ; and the next morning she mounted her Gelding, and, with the young Filly. set off for the Justice.

On her arrival she found his Worship had Company : however being well acquainted with her, he came into the Room where she was, (which had a Table standing in the Middle) and several Gentlemen followed him. She then drew out the Copy of the Advertisement, and threw it on the Table : on which is Worship said well Madam what's to do now ? Why, Sir, said she, you wou'd not grant me a Warrant before for this Rascal, and now I have

have suffered a fresh abuse from him ; a that Paper will prove, if you'll please to read it.

He takes the paper up (the Gentlemen all staring at the queer Dress and Behaviour of her Ladyship) and reads :

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*On Friday last from Rishworth stray'd,
Or was by Satan's Imps convey'd,
A Chestnut Mare,-----*

Why Madam have you lost a Mare? N--o n--o please to read on--: It means me Sir,

*A Chestnut Mare, with prick-up Ears,
Bad Eyes, Teeth lost, advance'd in years.
Had two light-coloured feet before,*

This cannot have any Reference to you,--sure you have not four feet !

I ask your Pardon for that, Sir, and beg you'll go on, for you'll find it means me and no body else. Here the Gentlemen broke out into a Laugh, which being over the Justice went on.

*Had two light-colour'd Feet before,
Her Mouth was patch'd, and very sore.*

Here she hastily interrupting him, said That's true ; and is a very good Proof that

that he means me ; for at that very Time I had a Letter-worm on each Side my Mouth, covered with black Silk, and he names the day too, Sir ; which was *Friday* : What stronger Evidence can be either given or desired ? Here the Justice join'd the Gentlemen in another merry Fit ; and then his Worship ask'd her, And who writ, and posted these Advertisements up, do you say ?

Why this Rascal---this *Collier* ; to be sure---

To be sure will not do, Madam ;----- But did you, or any other Person, see him write, or put them up ? Or will you swear this is his Hand ?

N-- o, n---o,---that is not his Hand ; for I have Evidence here, that they were either printed, or writ like Print : and I can also prove that he writes that Hand better than any in the Country ; and that's another Proof that he writ, and put them up, or ordered others to do it ; which is all one you know, Sir, in Law.

But will you make Oath that he writ, or put them up !

I durst swear he did ; but, alas ! I did not see him.

Well, Madam, I perceive this Man will
 slip

flip us again ; for without a positive Oath I cannot grant a Warrant.

Here her Ladyship (with a heavy Sigh) said, If Justice-Law will not do, I must see Council (which I am told she actually did.) But I'm so very uneasy that I cannot sleep, and I think this grand Villain will be the End of me.

When that happens, said one of the Gentlemen, if you'll come hither again, we'll try him for his Life for committing Murder ; and to make him pay the piper with a witness.

Ah ! Sir, but this is no jesting Matter, ----for all's gone when I am gone, and that I fear will not be long----for I hear this same Ruiner of my good name has actually got that same Letter printed which I brought to you---and if so, it is so scandalous, that taking all together, it will break my Heart ; and you know, Sir, the dark Side of a good Character is not quite spotless.

Very true, said his Worship, but I can see no remedy for you in this Case without good Proof,

That's what I fear I must never have, said the old lady, who turn'd her Back-side without any Compliment, lest the Rhymes

Rhymes on the Table, and budg'd off;
the whole being a pretty Scene of Diver-
sion for those she left behind.

Thus, Sir, I have endeavour'd to satisf-
fy your Curiosity, hoping you'll excuse
the Length of the Narrative; and now I
have only to tell you that the Letter she
mention'd to the Justice, is actually print-
ed, (a Copy of which I here enclose you)
and which I felt for a Friend. Her lady-
ship has sent for several, and always by
persons she thinks most capable of pump-
ing me: I always oblige her by sending
them, but still keep innocent, and quite
ignorant of its Production, otherwise
you might say-----Good Lord have Mercy
upon

SIR,

Your most oblig'd humble Servant,

N

T. B.



HOANTUNG's LETTER (a)

TO THE

Empress of RUSSIA.

Translated from the Chinese (with explanatory Notes) by LYCHANG the Mandarin.

The ARGUMENT.

*To scourge a publick Pest, the Wife of old
Thought meritorious, tho' a Bawd or Scold:
I own this Mungrel Owl-and-Crow is not
Half worth my Powder or one Grain of Shot
Yet as no Person e'er could probe her Heart,
No Admonitions make her conscience start,
Let this true Mirror shew her putrid Mind,
And how her Frame's to every sin inclin'd;
If she reforms, 'tis well,-----if not, i'm right;
To plague the plaguy, is refin'd delight!*

We

(a) The Original was left about Michaelmas 1751, at a Publick-House in Ripponden, by a tall swarthy Person, in a long furtout, Turban, and Whiskers: a broad Scimeter hanging on a Button, and his whole air and countenance so fierce, that none durst say, from whence comes thou? so he walk'd off undiscover'd.

lawful spouse, came to be banished (e) ? What Fury could induce you to trouble your neighbouring Kingdoms and states, (f) with one continued Scene of War, Rapine, and disorder ?

We say, reflect on these things ; and consider with what indulgence we have suffered you to rule with an high hand, ever since you seized the imperial throne (g) ; which Usurpation we have wink'd at with impunity for the space of three Hundred Moons ; not doubting but Time the offspring of eternity, and father of wisdom, would have mitigated the severity of your reign : that the *Czar* would have been recalled, and restored to the sovereignty : That all your subjects, from the boyar to the plebtan, might have reposed under

(e) Her present Husband, whom she banish'd by meer dint of Dagger, for one morning after a hot Dispute about that Mushroome sect the methodists, he found that Weapon on a chair by her bedside ; and after several expostulations (she not being able to satisfy him as to the use of it) he very prudently fled.

(f) Some distant, as well as neighbouring townships, which she continually vexes with litigious suits, about Filiations, Settlements, &c.

(g) The Government of the Township ; she being a kind of perpetual constable, Overseer of the Poor, Highways, &c.

der their citron and pomegranate-trees ; eaten their Autumnal Fruits, and enjoyed the rights and privileges, with which the God *F O H E*, and his Handmaid *Nature*, hath endowed them. But seeing that time works not the expected Effects, but that you still drive the car of government with an outstretched arm ; we are (as it were) constrain'd to send this our awful and imperial injunction ; requiring and commanding, and we do hereby enjoin and command you, without the least Hesitation, to recall the *Czar* from Banishment, and restore him to the seat of empire ; to the Boyars and Waywoods, (h) their respective powers, and Jurisdictions ; and all your other subjects and vassals, to their liberties and privileges : That you consider the unconstrained freedoms and well-known pleasures of your youth, (i) nay even since time fix'd his plough-share in your forehead ; and be not too curious with your piercing Optics, and officious hands, in prying into the sprightly pastimes, and

N 3, rustic

(h) The Officers of the township aforesaid.

(i) Here is a large field for reflection ! but I hope the reader will excuse it, if the Curtain be drawn over this part of her Character, which may be unfolded on some other occasion, if after seeing herself in this Glass she prove incorrigible.

rustic Amours, of the softer sex within your dominions (k).

Further, We will that when you approach the Mosques of the Gods, particularly that of *Worotin* (l); that your posture be decent, that you observe the religious ceremonies, and in all respects demean yourself as a true worshipper of the God *F O H E*, and his prophet *Confucius*: that your deportment be grave as becomes the Evening of life: That your dress (especially the Attire of your Head & Neck) (m) be

(k) This alludes to her well-known Practice of groping the Bubbies, Bellies, &c. of young Girls within her Territories, when 'tis whisper'd *A MAIDENHEAD IS LOST*. After close Examination, if she finds the unfortunate pregnant, she forces her to discover her Paramour; on whom her Highness seizes (under the sanction of a Warrant) with as much Fierceness as the Eagle her Prey.

(l) The Chapel of Ripponden; where when she comes to shew her Hunting dress, Baubles, and Bedlamantish Attire, she stands waining in the isle scorning to come in a Pew, because she was not suffered to have her Lang-Settle, or old Form in its place, when, on rebuilding the Chapel, it was seated after a uniform and beautiful Manner: And even attempted to force an Audience of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Gloucester, to give this as a sufficient Reason why the Chapel ought not to be consecrated.

(m) In this she affects the most Girlish Airs: Tho' her

Be modest, and free from those youthful ⁶Airs you seem to delight in, and are always the unerring Index of a contaminated Mind; That you appear no more in publick with your locket, ear-rings, and other juvenile trinkets: as you and all the world know them to be the wages of carnal and youthful Pleasures, and can never make you more agreeable than a spruce Baboon.

Lastly, It is our royal will and pleasure, That you make a full and general restitution; allow your vassals and slaves a lldue and accustomed Measures (n); encourage Honesty, and not study to pervert truth and Justice (o); heal all intestine divisions
extirpate

her Mouse-colour'd griffel hair seems to bend, or lie in Ringlets, but keeps its most ancient posture, which is that of a——Sow's Tail.

(n) This our learned Mandarin confesses to be very obscure, and may have several Constructions; but inclines to believe, it hints at a certain antique Pot, or Cup, with a Piece two Inches deep out of its Top; having been long, and too well known to poor Taylors, and other labouring Persons.

(o) Being ever ready & studying to torment her Husband (as well as others) she this Year sent her Fmiffary to the Labour of her own Niece, to persuade her to father her Bastard Child on him; following immediately herself, and finding her persuasions ineffectual, she herself first used smooth and
flattering

extirpate perjury; banish false witnesses (p); eradicate strife; cultivate peace; and let the dead sleep in their Graves (q). Thus we take our Leave; expecting all due Obedience to this our royal and sacred Mandate, at the direful peril of our tremendous indignation-----: For such our Will and pleasure..

GIVEN at our seraglio, in our imperial city of *Twang Chew*, this 14th day of the 999th Moon of our happy Exaltation.

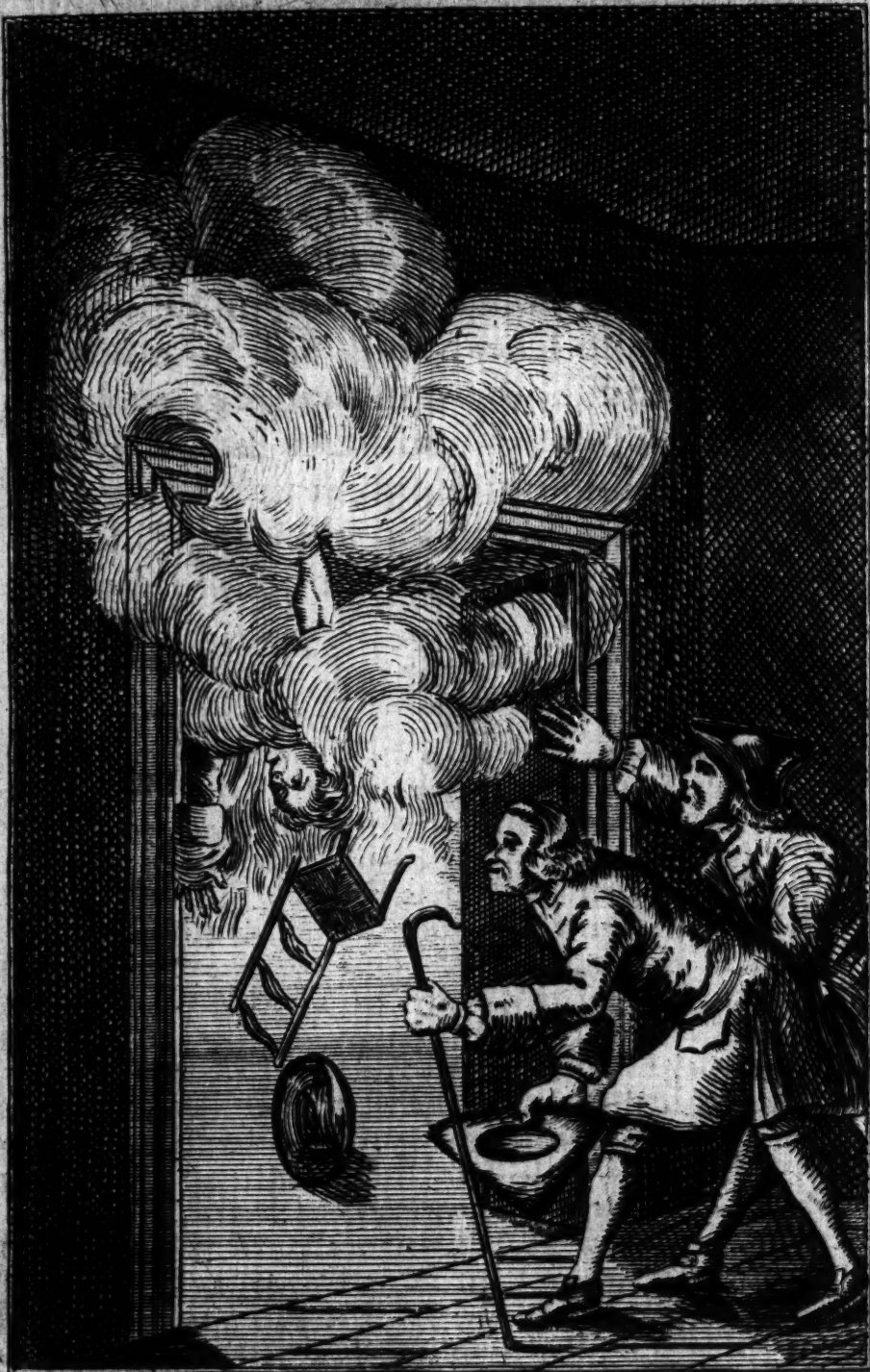
Sign'd, HOANTUNG.

flattering terms, then beich'd out deep imprecations to gain the point; but finding the Girl resolv'd to father it right, she sent for the Constable to force, or intimidate her to do it; but Mother Midnight being a Women of Sense and Spirit, told him, he was out of his Elements, and if he entered within her Jurisdictions, she would try whether his Scull or the Tangs were harder Metal; so he wisely desisted.

(p) As an old Lioness is attended by her Jackal, so her shrivell'd Grimness has always in her Train one Phebe Dawson or some other, who can swear the Truth, the whole truth, and-----more.

(q) She charged her Husband with being false to her Bed before Marriage; and would needs have a young Woman taken out of her Grave, who had been buried upwards of three Months; pretending a Suspicion she was with Child by him; and actually got the Coroner and Jury to the Place for this Purpose: But in this Article she was prudently over-ruled. Her





Tim. Bob. iv. et del.

Her E P I T A P H.

*Reader stop here - - - behold what death can do,
 He's torn the Gird-gaws from Queen Bess's Brow;
 And made one Stone her Majesty suffice,
 Who living did from many Pairs arise.*



PRICKSHAW-WITCH blown up:

O R,

The CONJURER Out-conjur'd.

To T. P. Esq.

S I R,

IT was a little before the last *Easter* that a Mixture of Malice and Envy between a Brace of Booksellers, produc'd two Auctions at the same Time in *Rochdale*; where one of the Evenings, I, with other bookish Fellows of my Acquaintance, resolv'd to stay for a little Refreshment after the Shew was over.

It happen'd that among others, there drew in his Chair, an ancient man with
 one

one Eye, a slouch'd Hat, and very meagre Countenance. Some of the Company (as usual) on coming out of the Auction Room, complained of the Coldness of the Weather, Single-peeper answer'd, *Cow'd it is, an' ittle naw awter theese six Days.* I ask'd him how he could tell that? *Ho, weel enough* (said he) *becose ot Moon's oth' Cusp oth' thrid Heawse to Neet at Ten o' Clock,* Humph, said I, you understand Astrology, I perceive *Eigh,* (reply'd Blinkard) *I've studit it e'er sin ir fifteen yer owd.* Why then you can calculate Nativities, tell Fortunes, and find lost or stolen Goods? *Eigh, Eigh,* (said he) *ive practic'd thoofe Things oboon forty Yor, on winnow turn my Back o nobody.*

I seeing his Self-sufficiency, and that he was a kind of a Mungrel between Fool and knave, star'd at him with open mouth, as in great Suprize and Admiration. Ah Lord! (said I) I've often heard of such Folk, but never saw any before; Why, then you're a sort of a Conjuror? Here he smil'd, and answer'd, *Eigh, I'm oft cow'd so; and sometimes Prickshaw-Witch.*

Prickshaw-Witch! Good Lord bless us! said I, trembling.—I've a little Girl of about six Months old, whose Fortune I would gladly know, but for the Sin of applying

to such Persons about it. *Sin ! now, now, its no Sin at aw ; its naw like Logic, or th' Black-Art, but as harmless as any Art its Ward. Very well. (quoth I) if it be so, what must I give you to calculate my Girl's Nativity ? Ho---I con doot at any Price, between one Shilling and Twenty. Nay, if that be that Case, I'll have the best, tho' it cost me five Pounds.*

Thus the bargain was made, and I was to meet him the *Tuesday* following, and the Party that did not appear, was to forfeit a Dozen of ale. Then, after a short Fit of studying and staring on the Ground, he requested that what I would have known concerning my Daughter, might be given him in Writing ; and, in particular, the exact Time of her Birth ; and I being a little on the Slack-rope, resolv'd to humour him, and immediately trump'd up the following Rhymes.

OCTOBER 15th Tenth my Girl was born,
 Ten Minuets after Four 1st Morn ;
 Brown Hair, and Eyes of fair Complexion,
 And all her Limbs of good Connexion.
 I want to know her Term of Life ?
 If Competency, without Strife ?
 Her Husband, whether good or bad ?
 Her first Child, whether Lass or Lad ?
 These things are wanted to be known,
 And you'll be paid whene'er they're shown.

I gave

I gave him the Paper, and, after perusing it, he said, *I can mey Rhymes, bo' now thus fast.* So after a while the Shot was paid and we parted.

When the Day of our Meeting was come I had forgot my Engagement, and consequently neglected to meet the Conjuror. So the *Friday* following he came to my House (when I happen'd to be in *Yorkshire*) and without knocking, or speaking one Word, bursts open the Door, runs to my Wife, takes the Child out of her Arms, and at the Window examines its Eyes, Hair &c. the better to peep into Futurity. So that my Wife, who knew nothing of the Matter, took him for a Madman. Then he ask'd her for a Pen, Ink, and Paper, and left me some worse than *Namby-Pamby* Rhymes of the little Child, and a strict order to meet him the *Tuesday* following, otherwise it would be to my cost, i. e. he would all-to-be-conjure me. This so rais'd my Spirits, that it put me on contriving a Way to be reveng'd on him, and fir'd me with a Resolution to meet him, whoever paid the piper.

Accordingly, I went to *Rochdale* a Day before the Time appointed, to find a proper Room, and a partner or two to assist
me

me in the Plot, which I had laid to counter-
termine this modern *Faustus*.

Having light of a Ground-Room, and a couple of Comrades to my Mind, I bought a Pound of Gunpowder, and try'd how much would blow up a Chair, the better to guess what Quantity would lift a Conjuror. Then we took up a Piece of a Board from the Chamber-floor, and under the Hole placed a Shelf, where a large Quantity of well-mix'd T--d and P---fs might stand, to be pour'd on his Head, just when the Gunpowder took fire, to prevent his burning: and spent the Evening merrily enough, in hopes of paying old *Merlin* well for his Study and Pains the Day following.

The Time being come, my Worship was the first that appear'd at the place of Rendezvous. I found the Landlord had discover'd the whole Plot to his Wife, and that she would not allow of the stinking Compound, (because the Tragi-Comedy was to be acted in her Bed-Room) but as much Water as we pleased. So I was forced to be content with a double Quantity of Water, which was plac'd on the Shelf over the Conjuror's Chair, and the Powder under it; with a train run-
O
ning

ning from thence to the Fire End, where I plac'd a man as if drunk and asleep, with a stick in his hand, ready to put Fire to the Train ; and the Landlord above, as ready to empty the Pale on his Head when he saw the Gunpowder take Fire ; the Word of Command being, *O the wonderful Art of Astrology !*

All things being ready, I sat about an Hour very impatiently, and began to suspect the Conjurer had smelt a Rat ; when, to my great Satisfaction, old *Faustus* appear'd. I rose up with Joy in my Face, asked his Pardon for not meeting him as before appointed, and led him into the Room.

As I had order'd all the Chairs out of the Room but two, I, *sans ceremonie*, sat down in one, and the other of Consequence fell to the Conjurer's Share, with a Table betwixt us. Then I enquired if he had fulfilled my Desire about my Daughters Nativity ? He answer'd in the Affirmative, and immediately produc'd a Paper-Book of sixteen Pages, writ, closely containing the Passages of my Girl's future Life, a Table of the twelve Houses, and a Speculum tolerably drawn. I took hold of it with as much seeming Veneration as if
it

it had been a *Sibyllian* Oracle, and begun to peruse it ; sometimes stopping as tho' I was overwhelm'd with Thought, and deep Admiration; and sometimes groaning in the Spirit, like a full-blown Quaker, which I saw tickled the Conjuror's Vanity, and made him expect to be doubly paid for his profound Ingenuity.

After I had perus'd about one half of it, I rose up, and, with the Book in my Hand, walk'd soberly towards the door (having a particular Antipathy to Gunpowder) and cry'd out, *O the wonderful,* &c. at which the sleepy Man tickled the Train, and run out, which immediately fir'd the Grand Magazine ; this was met in the Nick of Time by the Water which I heard, but neither could see that, or the Conjuror ; all the Rooms in the House being full of Smoak in a moment.

When old *Spyrophel* came out of the compound Cloud of Fire, Smoak, and Water, he found me in the passage with my wig and hat on the floor, as if frightened out of my Wits, and in a violent passion ; I pretended to strike him with my Haslestick, but hit the Wall ; gave him a curse or two for putting the conjuration-tricks upon me, and then made off with the old

Knave's Notes, and left him the shot to pay. We all met in an appointed room, where I'll leave you to guess, Sir, at our Mirth, that the Plot had met with the desired Success.

After a while I enquir'd of the Landlady what was become of the Fortune-teller? She answer'd, He walk'd half a dozen Times across the Floor, brushing his Coat and then ask'd for me? She answer'd, that I went off in a great passion, but had not seen me since: *Well, (said he) bo if he knew aw, he'd be meety woode ot teyn obur'd me o this'n:* and then was for marching off. Hold, hold, says the Landlady, as you have frightened all my Guests away, I'm resolv'd you shall pay the Shot. *Od, but that's hard too too; bo I neer deawt Mr. Collier---'ll pay th Shot.* I'll neither trust Collier, Tinker, nor Cbler; pay me for my Ale. So he was obliged to satisfy her, and after a few hums and haughs he budg'd his Way.

Since that Time I neither saw nor heard from him, before the last *Friday*, when I received the following Letter:

SIR.

S I R,

THIS comes to acquaint you, that if you do not pay me for the calculating your Daughter's Nativity, I will make Use of the Law to get it, and then you may expect to pay dear for your pastime; for I do not find that ever you intend to pay me, for you have had Time sufficient to pay me already the small sum of Five shillings.

Note, If you neglect to pay me. I will send the Catchpoles in a few Days: all from

Your abused Servant,

Smalshaw, die

GEO. CLEGG.

Nov. 15, 1752.

The Day following the Receipt of the above, a Whim came into my Head to answer it in Rhyme, directed,

To Mr. George Clegg, Conjurer-General, would be, of the County Palantine of Lancaster, at his nocturnal Study at Smalshaw

FROM you, *George Clegg, or Prickshaw-Witch,*
Or *Dokter Faustus*, chuse you which:
It matters not:-----but I've a Note
By one of you three lately wrote,

O 3

Which

Which intimates, that 'tis a Crime
With Conjurers to pass the Time.

Besides, it makes this queer Demand,
That I must pay into your hand
A crown of English Money straight,
Or Catchpoles soon must on me wait.

But hold, Friend *George*, not quite so fast,
You'll go as far with lesser haste :
I promis'd Payment, that is certain,
If you would tell my daughter's Fortune ;
But that 'tis done, I flat deny,
Since one half gives the rest the lye.
Nor was it Sterling-Coin I meant,
That being far from my intent,
But such as you received have,
And should he paid to ev'ry Knave,
Who roguishly would thus dispense
With reason, and all common sense,
And whilst their own they do not know---
Pretend another's Fate to shew ;
Which was the case, or I'm deceiv'd,
When you 'twixt Fire and Water liv'd.

Again, consider, it's not hard,
After my Wig and cloaths were marr'd
With Fire and Smoak, then as you conjur'd,
That I must pay for being injur'd.

Nay, rather, you deserve a drub,
For raising up Old *Belzebub*,
Who every one did almost choak
With stinking Brimstone, fire, and Smoak ;
Which threw us into such a fright,
Two p---s'd, and three or four did sh---e.

But now, good *Faustus*, tell me true,
How comes five shillings thus your due ?
Was it for coming to my dwelling,
To cheat me with your Fortune-telling ?
As you've done many honest spouses,
By selling them your starry-houses,

Your

Your Oppositions, Quartiles, Trines,
 Your fiery and Aquatic Signs ;
 Your Speculums, and Nodes i'th' skies,
 Cusps, Aspects, and ten thousand Lies.
 And don't you in your conscience think,
 Instead of fingering my chinck,
 That you deserve. in high degree,
 To mount on *Rochdale's* Pillory ?
 Which is the only Place that cools
 That Heat of astrologic fools ;
 And turns sometimes a cheat like you,
 Into a Liege-Man, good and true ;
 But now, because I've shewn you mercy,
 You fall upon me arsy-verfy ?

No, no, good *Faustus*, 'twill not do,
 My Teeth as soon as Coin for you :
 And hope that this, my flat denial,
 Will quickly bring it to a trial ;
 When I don't doubt to make you pay
 For all your Rogu'ries in this way :
 A Cat with nine-tails, wooden stocks,
 And Pillories, are for such folks ;
 And sure there are some Laws i'th Nation
 In Force against your conjuration :
 Or, what deserves more ample scourging,
 Your cheating folk, with Lies and forging.
 So if you squeak but in the Gizzard,
 You're try'd by th' Name of *Prickshaw-Wizard*.

From your affronted Master,

PILGARLIC the Great.

This, Sir, is the Truth of the Story,
 to the Date hereof ; and should he play
 the Madman to that Degree as to make a
 Quarter

Quarter-Sessions Job of it, I hope you will take it in a favourable light, and stand my Friend : but I rather think he intends the common law, as I hear of a certainty that he has been at an Attorney of my Acquaintance, who had Sense enough to laugh at his simplicity, & honesty enough to decline being employed against me in this Case. What the Issue will be I know not; but if the Bedlamite be as determined to sue as I am to defend, there will be Smoaking between the conjurer and

S I R, *Your most, &c.*

T. B.



To Mr. JOHN SEPHTON,

Brewer-General, in LIVERPOOL.

SIR,

Milnrow, Jan. 11th, 1760.

AS most of the Roast-Beef, Goose, and Minc'd-Pies, Tarts and Custards are devour'd in my Neighbourhood? I have now Time to reflect on, and perform the promise I made you, of sending you some *Lancashire Dialect*, and a few of *Hoan-tung's*.

tung's Letters to the Empress of *Russia*
 All of which (could I have my Wish) should
 not be thrown by for two or three Years
 on some useless Shelf, a Corner, or Hole
 in a Garret, hid from the Sight of Mortals
 by Curtains of Cobwebs, but turn'd into
 Cash in a few Months, to be ready against
 the next Time I come to *Liverpool*. In short,
 vouchsafe to think on these two lines,

*Some write for Pleasure, some for Spite,
 But want of Money makes me write.*

Which, tho' they are but Heathen Rhymes
 are as true as the Gospel. But now I
 think on it, I ought to ask Pardon for
 this useless Hint to one whose Good-nature
 has been so conspicuous in this Way; for in
 the few Days I was with you in *Liverpool*
 I sold Fifty-two Bandyhewits, for which
 I thank you, Mr. *Eyes*, and a few more
 of my Friends,

When I reflect on, and compare the
 Humours I observ'd in your populous
 Town, with a few others I have lately
 been in; I cannot but think, that all cities
 and Towns are subject to youth and old
 Age; have their Constitutions, Dispositi-
 ons, beauties, failings, whims, and Fancies,
 like us two-legg'd Mortals; for Instance:

The

The City of *York* seems to think as well of itself as a true-born Welchman; or, if you please, the House of *Austria*; (who each of them can deduce their Orgins from the Time of *Numa Pompilius*) and at present walks like a plain drest Nobleman of a royal House, and very extensive Revenues: who lives splendidly, and in Affluence, without desiring to increase, or so imprudent as to diminish his paternal estate

Leeds is a cunning, but wealthy, thriving Farmer. - Its Merchants hunt worldly Wealth, as eagerly as Dogs pursue the Hare; they have, in general, the Pride and Haughtiness of *Spanish Dons*, mix'd with the Meanness of *Dutch Spirits*; the strong Desire they have of yellow Dirt, transforms them into Galley-Slaves, and their Servants are doubly so; the first being fastened with Golden, but the latter with Iron Chains.

Halifax is a Mengrel, begot by a *Leeds* Merchant, and a *Lancashire* Woman, and nurs'd by a *Dutch Frow*. They are eager in pursuing Gain, but not so assiduous as to forget Pleasure; and every Day at noon think it no scandal to lay aside business to eat Beef and Pudding.

Rochdale

Rochdale is like a growing *Haberdasher* or *Master Hatter*, black and greasy with getting a little *Pelf*: Whole inhabitants (like *Leeds* and *Halifax*) are great lovers of *Wooll* and *Butter*: not immediately to eat, but to fatten them in prospect. They don't study to oppress their Dependents, as knowing it to be impossible; for their Servants sometimes work hard, drink hard, and (being resolv'd to be independent) play when they please.

Manchester is like a--a-- I don't know what :----hold ;----why, 'tis like a lucky *London Merchant*, who by the assiduous Care and Pains of himself, and his servants round him, has made his fortune, purchas'd a large Estate in the country, keeps his Coach and six, enjoys more Affluence, Ease and Pleasure, than ever his Fore-fathers dream'd of; which is demonstrated by his healthful constitution, his prominent belly, his rosy cheeks, and blooming countenance; and has ambition enough to aim at being the Monarch (and perhaps deservedly) of the whole County. But as your Town and *Manchester* appear to me to be as like one another as two *King-George-Halfpennies*, or a *Wa--lpole* and a *Pu--ltney*; and as one
Cap

Cap will fit both their Heads, I'll refer its further Character till I come to your favourite Town, *Liverpool*.

Warrington within these thirty years is grown a busy tradesman; who by a lucky hit or two, in tow and Copper, has got new Life and Vigour, and with an equal Quantity of Hope and Resolution, dreams of being a great Man.

Chester seems to resemble an ancient Lord, of an old, but mongrel Descent; got between a Naked Briton and an encroaching Saffon, (or Saxon); has so much of the antique Blood in his Veins, that he's resolv'd his Servants shall still be one third *Welch*, and two thirds *English*. He's proud of, and boasts his Pedigree from the old *Aberigines*. Lives in great Magnificence; scorns to make any Alterations, or Additions, in his Great-Great-Grandfather's leather breeches, his trusty Armour, or his old Mansion-House; but is quite content with the old fashions, and his large an ancient patrimony.

As for *Liverpool*, I'm at a loss for an Hieroglyphic, or a Comparison for it: Hold,----let me consider----ho, tis like a healthful Bee Hive. in a hot summer's Day. where all the Community (except a few

a few humming Drones) mind each their proper Business. --- No --- this will not do ; --- for Bees fly from Bitter Ale, and the Fumes of Tobacco. Then 'tis like a broad-ars'd Mynheer, who by bartering, buying, and selling, is resolv'd to get Money in this World, tho' he goes plump to the Bottom of the Sea, or even to the devil for it when he dies. No, --- this last Part does not tally neither. --- Well, then, 'tis like a Gamester, who is resolv'd to be a Knight, or a Knitter of Caps : This is the best Draught of the three, but a little unlike the Original still. And now, I own, I am quite gravell'd, and am forced to be a little serious ; for *Liverpool*, and its Twin-Brother, *Manchester*, are certainly agreeable, merry, and brisk Towns. The people, in general, appear to be actuated by sensible, generous, and good-natured Spirits : yet for all this, I could as well live in Mount *Strombulo* when in a Fit of the Ague, or in a Passion, as in such flow-moving Clouds of Tobacco Smoke, as are puffed out in the public Rooms in *Liverpool* and *Manchester*.

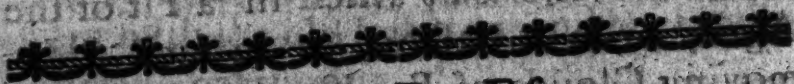
Two Days ago I put on my old black Coat, which I lately wore with you eight or ten Days, but I soon whipp'd it off again,

for it is more strongly fumigated, and stinks worse, than an over-smoak'd red Herring; and I believe I must either send it to the Fulling Mill (as our Country Folks do p--fs'd and sh--n Blankets) or pickle it a few Months in Mint and Lavender Water, before it will be in any tolerable Season. But tho' it is so disagreeable to me, yet Smoke to a true *Liverpolian* seems a fifth Element, and that he could no more live out of it, than a Frog out of Dutch-Water in a warm April.

By the Time you have got thus far, 'tis very probable you'll think two Things; first, That this Epistle is too prolix; and that I write like no body else. I plead Guilty to both Indictments; and to prevent you thinking me incorrigible, I conclude, with assuring you,

I am, &c.

T. B.



To T. P. Esq;

With HOWELL'S LETTERS.

SIR,

I HERE send you *Howell's Letters*, which I intended to have lent the last Week; but being in the Middle of their Perusal, and

and otherwise busy, I could not get through them before to-day.

You'll find in this Author some useful Anecdotes, a great number of obsolete Words, and many Mistakes in the Orthography, which I think may fairly be divided between the Author and the Printer.

Were there no Date to any of his Letters, or any other Hint touching the times in which he liv'd; his Stile, his Whims, and Notions, would tell you he liv'd in that most wise and learned Reign of our Scotch-Solomon, that famous and pulltant Witch-monger.

Howell's Philosophy seems to be in its Infancy; his Flattery at full Growth. His Faith was *Herculean*, like most of his Contemporaries. He thought those old boys, the primitive Fathers, Saints. Their Writings he took (as the Lay-Pagans did Oracles) for infallible: Tho' at the same Time he knew they contradicted, anathematiz'd, and sent one another to the Devil, almost as commonly as we country Folks do Penance for getting Ballads. He never disputed the Cure of Wounds by Sympathy, or Weapon Salve, though the Patient and Salve were a hundred Miles distant.

Witches and Dæmons, he thought, were as common as Old Women and Crows (especially in Scotland). He made no Baulks of believing the Stories and Prophecies of the Ten Sibyls; though a Genius of small Penetration might see they were the Offspring of over zealous Christians, written on purpose to knock down Heathenism, and prop. Christianity, that stood in no need of such ridiculous Crutches. Nay, the Throat of his Welch Faith was wide enough to swallow the eleven thousand Virgins.

ALL these, and many more such Boyish Trumpery, were the Dreams of our primitive Fathers, and the Monks, their Heirs and Successors; and vanish'd, in a great Measure, with that most high, and mightily conceited, James the First. But let me quote this *Welshman Howell* for once; for he often tells his Friends, to whom he writes, "That talking of these Things to you, is like *Phormio's* talking of the Art of War to *Alexander*."

There is nothing you want, that I know of but Health; this I wish you sincerely, being,

SIR, your most &c.

J. C.

are many Legions of these outward Spirits, some of which go about, and roar like Lions: Yet tho' there are such incredible Numbers, and yell so loud, you cannot imagine how I stood staring with the Chalk in my Hand, being quite non-plu'd when I began to hunt for an Idea, as having never seen the least Glimpse of any one of them. But reflecting that old *Lucifer* might possibly be a Child of some Man's Fancy, in Times of yore, I did not long hesitate, but thought I had as good Authority as any other mortal to make a Devil of my own! So I fell to it, and drew out my Design, which pleas'd me tolerably well.

But, alas! when I came to the colouring Part, I was entirely gravelled, not knowing what Colour to make his Gallopper. Here I had Thoughts of annihilating my whole Design, and giving up all Thoughts of proceeding: But suddenly recollecting that I had heard old Folks talk of the Devil upon Dun, I gave a Jump, as thinking I had clear'd the most knotty Point; But, alas! two Circumstances soon quash'd this sudden Joy.----- One was, Whether this Dun must be a Horse, a Mare, or a Gelding? And the other,

other, Whether it must be a fat, or a lean Nag? But not remembering any Author that had ever wrote on these abstruse points I resolv'd to guess at them; and accordingly have not only made him a Dun, but a sprightly, able Dun Horse: Because 'tis agreed on all Hands that he goes with surprizing Expedition; especially when employ'd by Court-Ladies in their Gallantries, their Husbands in Amours, or Ministers of State in all Treaties, which tend to Faith-breaking, leaving their Allies in a Quagmire, or robbing, ruining, or seizing their Neighbours Territories: and so much for the Horse.

As for the devil his Jockey, of whom I hinted before, that I could not tell whether to make him ride in red or black, I have taken a Method to obviate all Objections, and made him ride in both. In short, he has the Horns of a Scotch Bullock on his Head; a dragon's Tail; a Negro's Hands and Face; a Lady's scarlet Capuchin on his Head and Shoulders; a Rake's Ruffles; a Parson's Coat; a Beau's Breeches; a Taylor's Gamashes; a Jockey's Whip; and a Lawyer's Saddle: So if this Horse, and this Jockey, will not please your fantastical Friend, you may
tell

(1761)

tell him when you write to him, that
I'll never pretend to paint a Spirit again,
whilst I remain, (as I hope I ever shall)

SIR, Your most, &c.

TIM. BOBBIN.

To Mr. ROBERT WHITAKER.

SIR, Rochdale, Nov. 1755.

PERCEIVING that a Dutch Spirit of
Gain, and the modern Court-Notion
that Places were made for Men, and not
Men for Places, has flipp'd down from the
great Metropolis into this Parish; and
believing that I have as much reason to
be rich without deserving it, and to get
Money without working for it, as any
other in the neighbourhood: Revolving
these Things in my Mind, and consider-
ing the Utility of them, I have determin'd
to offer myself as a third Candidate for
the Place of Organist at our Church; and
as you live at the Court-End of the Parish,
where your Interest and Acquaintance
are petty extensive, I desire you'll acquaint

your

your, and my Friends, without loss of Time, with this my intention. In the mean Time, I'll improve myself in the Art of Music; for you know I have a Pair of rusty old Virginals in a Corner of the School, which have about eight Strings left out of forty-five, on which I'll begin to learn those godly Tunes of *Hackney, Colehill,* and the *Babes in the Wood,* &c. with all possible Assiduity.

This Place, in my Opinion, was certainly made for me, and nobody else; tho' I must own Nature never intended me for a Musician, yet that is little to the Purpose; for you know our *Æsopian* Sexton has his Deputy, and why may not I? besides, Sundays and other Holidays will never interfere with *A, B, C*; or, if you please, with my haberdashing of Vowels and Consonants! and Five Pounds a Quarter would not hurt me.

As soon as you have felt the Pulse of our Friends, either separately, or in a full Meeting, let me know the Result; If the Conclusion be that I should stand, I'll immediately write a few Advertisements in the print Hand, importing:

That as I am undoubtedly the worst Player of the three (for which Reason I stand

stand the best Chance) I desire all Justices of the Peace, Gentlemen, Tradesmen, Weavers, Hatters, Taylors, Coblers, Tinkers, and Colliers, to give me their Votes and Interest, in procuring me the snug Convenience of Twenty Pounds a Year : That I will not only keep and indemnify the Parish from all Charges of repairing the Organ, but free it from all Hoarseness, disagreeable Whizzings, Colds, Phthysics, and Consumptions whatsoever. And as our late Organists have pretended to be Organ-builders, and as it is strongly surmised, that whenever their wooden skill failed them in making any Pipe, that then pure Necessity forced them to filch, or cull out of its Belly, such as they wanted ; by which Means it has often been troubled with the Hiatus, or Windy-Cholic, and twice nearly gutted :

“ Now *Be it known unto all Men*, by this Advertisement, That I can bring indubitable Evidence, that I am no Organ-builder ; notwithstanding I will oblige myself not only to preserve its present State of Body, but add yearly and every Year (during the Receipt of the Salary) seven Pipes (*Chester make*) till its Constitution be as sound as a Hunting-Horn, and

and its Guts as full as any fat Landlady's in the Parish. And as to the Bellows, I have just now contrived a Way to make them puff and blow of themselves, as easily and naturally as a phthifical Pair of Lungs in going up the Church-Steps in a frosty Morning." So much for my Advertisment.

These Proposals of mine, I presume, you'll think very advantageous to our Parish, and I hope others will think so too; for which Reason I do not in the least doubt but they will be most eagerly embraced, especially by our little Monarchs, who rule all with a high Hand, nay even with a Stroke down the Face, a Nod, or a Look; and always are thrifty, in Proportion to the Smallness of their Families, and Largeness of their Bags, and Estates. However, I propose no more than shall be duly and honestly performed, by

SIR, Your most, &c.

TIM. BOBBIN.

LETTERS

In RHYME

To RICHARD TOWNLEY, Esq.

SIR,

'T WAS *Thursday* last, when I, *John Goosequill*
Went for some Odds-and-Ends to *Rochdale*
With Charge to buy some Beef and Mutton,
But these, alas! were quite forgotten:
For lighting on some Friends, I sat
An Hour (my Wife says two) too late.
However, Chance threw in my Way
Some *Durham-Cockles*, fresh as *May*,
Which well I knew would please Wife's Palate
Better than any Lamb and Sallet.

Quite free from Care, I spent the Hours,
Till Time bawl'd out, To Horse; To Horley;
'T was then the Wallet press'd my Shoulder,
And on I march'd, no Hussar bolder.

When I got Home (I hate to tell it)
I fell to emptying of my Wallet
Of Candles, Soap, and such like Stuff,
Of which Wed-Folks have ne'er enough:
But left the Cockles still at Bottom,
(Bought to keep Quietness when I got Home);
Then pour'd some Water out of Jug,
Mix'd with some Salt, into a Mug,
And turn'd the End of Wallet up,
For Fish (like other Folks) would sup.

'Tis

'Tis true, their crackling, empty sound,
 Chim'd ill with Cockles full and round :
 But, far from smelling any Rat,
 I took up this, and look'd at that,
 But all were empty-----then I curst
Bill Porky, as of knaves the worst,
 For selling Nuts but ne'er a Kernel,
 And wish'd him with the D-----I infernal.

Now searching on quite to the Bottom,
 I found some Stones;----though I, ah, rot 'em!
 Poor *Billy Porky's* honest r
 Than th' best of my Companions are :
 Unless the Fish could, all at once,
 Slip from their shells, and turn to Stones.

A while I stood considering
 The plaguy Oddness of the thing ;
 Grop'd at my Eyes, lest it should prove
 A Dream----but felt my eye-lids move
 I studied how I might come off,
 Without *Moll's* frowning, or her laugh ;
 Thought I, my Rib will think I joke her,
 And brought home Shells just to provoke her ;
 Or frowning tell me some mad tale,
 Of minding nothing but good Ale.
 Then, sighing, rais'd my Maudlin-Head,
 Reel'd up the Stairs----and went to Bed.

No sooner up, but there's a Query,
 Put by my loving Wife : Hight, *Mary*,
 What Meat I'd bought ?----Why--nothing else,
 But Pebble-Stones----and Cockle-Shells.



To Mr. C O W P E R.

Wine-Merchant, in LIVERPOOL.

SIR,

Dec. 24th, 1761.

A Dizzy Head, and Thoughts o'th' ramble,
 Makes me to write without Preamble,
 And bold as any Trooper ;
 To let my Friend at Distance know,
 The Plague and Trouble I go through,
 Because of Mr. Cowper.
 For my Crook'd-Rib, each now and then,
 Doth frowning ask me, Pray, Sir, when
 May I expect my Mountain ?
 I shrug my Shoulders----why----e'er long,
 "Twill be at *Rocbdale*, good and strong,
 And clear as any Fountain.
 But as the Clock strikes at the Heels
 Of the last Hour----so *Timmy* feels
 His Ears stunn'd with this Question ;
 When will my Wine and Brandy come ?
 I clear my Wealand,-----answer-----mum-----
 Tho' I've your Word to rest on.
 Perhaps your Pictures you expect,
 Before I feel the warm effect.
 Of your Care-killing Liquor !
 But hark you, Sir, the Days are Dark,
 And cold : *On then I hete aw Wark*,
 As ill as any Vicar.
 But in a Month, or two, at least,
 Except the Sunwheel back to th' East,
 You may except your Beauties ;
 But in the mean time must I fast ?
 Or guzzle Ale, not to my Taste ?
 Nay, hang me on some Yew-Trees.

I from

I from my Cot, this *Christmas-Eve*,
 Write with a troubled Mind, --- believe,
 And Wife in doleful Dumps;
 For who can merry be, that's wife,
 While what he wants in *Lerpolies*,
 And vex'd with Jeers and *Trumps*?
 Pray send a Line, that I may say,
 To my *Crook'd-Rib*, on such a Day,
 Your Gossips' Nose shall job in
 A Tankard made of Mountain-Wine;
 Sweet Water, Nutmeg, Sugar fine,
 And set at Rest

TIM BOBBIN.



The CUCKOW and OWL :

A FABLE.

A CUCKOW many Years had rang'd
 Amongst the feather'd Kind,
 To see if he a Mate could meet.
 Would fix his roving Mind.
 He tried all ; he loves but few,
 For some too high did soar ;
 Some were too little, some too big,
 And some too ragg'd and poor.
 At last he would a courting go,
 To broad-fac'd Mistress Owl,
 Believing her the prettiest Bird
 Of all the winged Fowl.
 Transported with this odd conceit,
 Away the Cuckow flew,
 And in a very am'rous Strain,
 He thus begins to woo.
 Dear Madam Owl, my heart has been,
 Long Captive to your Charms,

Q 2

Nor

Nor can it have a Moments Rest,
 Till your soft Down it warms.
 This said, the Cuckow would have bill'd,
 The Owl she turn'd her Face;
 As knowing Coyness whets an Edge,
 And gives a better Grace.
 Sir Cuckow would not be deny'd,
 But struggl'd for a kiss;
 Which having gain'd, the Cuckow cry'd,
 What melting Joy is this!
 Thus thirteen Moons the Cuckow woo'd
 Her Ladyship, the Owl,
 Who thought her Sweetheart lov'd her more
 Than Miller loves his Toll;
 Because he talk'd of Hymen's Noose,
 And needs would have her go
 To have it ty'd about their Necks,
 By Help of Parson Crow,
 But as it chanc'd, the Owl was deep
 With Rev'rend Crow in Love;
 And hoping still to make him her's,
 The thing did not approve.
 But lest she should not gain the Crow,
 She would not flat deny
 The roving Cuckows queer Request,
 Lest she alone should lie.
 The Cuckow smelt the cunning Jilt,
 Too wise to be a Fool;
 And carries on the Farce a while,
 To countermine the Owl.
 For long he'd lov'd, and was esteem'd
 By the solitary Jay;
 To whom he flying, weds, and leaves
 The Owl to Time a Prey.
 For she not pleasing Parson crow,
 Wish'd she'd the Cuckow then;
 But 'twas too late, the Time was gone,
 And would not come again.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE OWL AND THE CUCKOW.

Her ruddy Face, so gay before,
 Is turn'd a tarnish white;
 Her sprightly Mind, and brilliant Thoughts,
 Are like the cloudy Night.
 So now she haunts the lonely Woods,
 And hoots in Barns by Night;
 Complaining of her fine spun Wit
 And hates to see the Light.

The M O R A L

*THE Virgin thus in all the bloom of Life,
 Is lov'd, and courted for a happy Wife;
 But she denies---expecting nobler Game,
 Till Forty comes, and she's no more the same;
 For Time is gone;---then wishes vainly rise
 She curses *Av'rice*, and a *Maid* she dies.*



The GARDINER and the ASS ::

A F A B L E.

P A R T I

AN *Ass* with Poverty long strove,
 And pastur'd in the Lanes,
 Till, Hunger bit, he thus to *Jove*,
 In rueful tone complains:
 Ah! hadst thou made me any beast,
 That laden by doth pass,
 Then had my Paunch been fill'd (at least)

Q 3.

*There is something like a *Moral* at the End of this Tale; but as *Timothy* cou'd not, wou'd not, or durst not, deduce it naturally, from the general Scope of the Fable, as it ought to be; he has left it (like a Skain of ruffled Silk) for *Hyperpolitical Critics* to unravel.

With Straw---if not with Grass !
Jove hears his Complaint, and soon doth utter
 A Fox, with this Advice,
 Cheer up, and look more brisk my Friend,
 Hunger should make thee wise :
 Behold how gay the Fool and Knave,
 Do stiffly strut along :
 The Rat is sleek, I fat and brave,
 With Murder, Theft, and Wrong.
 Look thro' that Fence, where spinage sweet,
 And Coleworts green do grow,
 The Lettice, and the juicy Beet ;
 Then who'd be hungry now ?
 The Ass pricks up his slouching Ears,
 And into the Garden peeps :
 He longs the more, the more he stares,
 Then thro' the Hedge he creeps.
Balaam promiscuously doth brouze
 On Herbs, and choicest Flow'rs,
 Till *Tam* the Gard'ner, doth him rouse,
 And all his sweetness sours.
 For lo ! a heavy Club cries thwang
 Upon the Ass's Side ;
 He starts at this unwelcome Bang,
 And o'er the Beds doth stride.
 The fine Glais Bells and Pots are broke,
 Carnations fully blown,
 Alike are rum'd at a stroke,
 And wholly overthrown !
 The Gardiner distracted, sees
 The Havock which he makes,
 He flatters much, ---desires a Peace :
 And thus the Ass bespakes.
 So, honest *Balaam* ; so, my Lad ;
 Stand still.---I pr'ythee stand ;
 The club is lost which late I had,
 As witness now my Hand.
 Thus, cawning, he with cautious Strides,
 Lays

Lays hold on *Balaam's* Ears,
 Anst out of *Paradise* him guides,
 To pay for all Repairs.
 For 'tis resolv'd old *Hob* must pay
 And *Balaam* stoop to th' Yoke,
 By fetching Pots and Glass next Day,
 Instead of those he broke.

II.

THE Morning scarcely peeps, when *Tom*
 Between the Crates is got,
 And busy thrashing *Balaam's* Bum,
 For blunders past, God wot!
 The Ass bewails his dismal case,
 And groans for freedom lost;
 And longs his Rider to displace,
 From his triumphing Post,
 When, lo! he sees behind a Ditch,
 Two thorny Bushes, where
 He straight runs thro', as if bewitch'd,
 And quits his Rider clear.
 The Crates and *Tom* are left behind,
 He sprauking in the Mud,
 His Face is scratch'd, his Peepers blind
 With mixed Mire and Blood.
 Thus Crates and Saddle which, of late,
Tom dauntless did bestride,
 Mount in their turn-----thus mighty Fate
 Doth humble human Pride!
 He scrap'd his Clothes, he wash'd his Face,
 And then for *Balaam* stares,
 And saw him nibbling at the Grass,
 Discharg'd of worldly cares.
Tom swore by *Jove*, reveng'd I'll be
 On thee, by Hook or Crook;
 So with some pains and Flatt ry,
 Again he *Balaam* took.
 The Ass is saddled once again,
 And *Tom* again him mounts;

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to ride with careful Rein,
 And make him clear Accounts.
 He then bang'd on about a Mile,
 Where he'd a Bridge to pass,
 And Balaam's ready with a Wife,
 As any other Ass:
 For he was dry, or did pretend;
 At least, for to be so;
 Tom thinking he'd no other End,
 So lets the Bridle go.
 The Ass puts down his shaggy Pate,
 Then tosses up his Rump,
 And tumbles Tom from off his Seat,
 Who lights i'th Water-----plump.
 Balaam now thought he'd freedom gain'd,
 But as he march'd away,
 He found his head was still restrain'd,
 Tho' Tom i'th' Water lay.
 For he'd the Bridle in his Hand,
 By which the Ass did draw
 Him bravely sous'd unto the Land,
 Ill chagrin'd in his Maw.
 Tom had no sooner found his Feet,
 But banged at the Ass,
 As if on purpose to be beat,
 As Iron is, or Brass,
 But now his Cudgel waxeth short,
 And cooler grows his Ire;
 Yet mounting Steed is not his Sport,
 Or trotting his Desire.
 For hanging Bridle on his Arm,
 He walks before the Ass,
 As fearing that some greater Harm
 Might quickly come to pass.
 So time, who sees the End of things,
 Doth half his journey see,
 Where Tom his Pots and Glasses rings,
 Poor Balaam's Load to be.

NOW

III.

NOW *Tom* his brittle Ware doth pack
 In Straw well mix'd, with care,
 And lays them on the *Ass's* Back,
 Which made him grunt and stare.
 Howe'er, with Patience *Balaam* went,
 Until he came unto
 The Place where Will, or Accident.
 So late his Master threw.
 Nature, or Man's Contrivance, made
 A high and lower Way;
 The one for such as love to wade,
 One o'er a Wood-Bridge lay.
 The *Ass* by Chance, or Choice, had got
 Upon the higher road,
 When *Tom* began to dread the Lot
 Of his precarious Load,
 No farther durst he drive the *Ass*,
 Nor could he bring him back;
 And *Tom* in such Dilemma was,
 As put his mind o'th' Rack.
 Fear and Vexation fiercely mov'd
 Like Light'ning thro' his breast,
 Until his Fury Master prov'd,
 And then he smote his breast.
 The blow on *Balaam's* Nose did light,
 Which drove his Head askew;
 A Foot behind slips off for Spight,
 And all the rest o'erthrew.
 Now, topsy-turvy, Bell and Pot
 Do jingling tumble down.
 And *Balaam* lies with four Feet up,
 Quite dead !-----or in a Swoon !
 The Gard'ner, with uplifted Hands,
 Extends his Mouth and Eyes,
 And like a Marble Stature stands,
 In terrible Surprise.

A neigh-

A neighbouring Tinker by doth come,
And shakes him by the Nose;

Tom answers with a Haw and Hum,
As People in a doze.

Then Index Finger he doth stretch,
And points at all his Woe;

For look, said he, that clumsy Wretch
Is tumbled down below.

Well, tho' tis so, the Tinker says,
An Ass is but an Ass:

Tom quick replies, That's not the Case,
He's broke my Pots and Glass!

The Tinker owns the Story bad,
But says-----Thy standing here

Will never mend it-----come, my Lad,
Let's view thy broken Geer.

Tom and the Tinker now agree,
And soon unloose the Ass;

Then roll him off the Crates, but he
Seem'd deadly stiff, alas!

Then both of them began to throw
Away the broken Ware;

But those they found in *statu quo*,
Are pack'd again with care.

This done, the Tinker takes one Crate
And Saddle on his Back.

Tom lifts the other on his Pate,
And homeward both do pack.

As on the Road they jogging went,
Tom told the Story o'er;

The Tinker did his Case lament:
But still he roundly swore,

Tom was Fool in grain, to think
Of coping with an Ass;

Since more we stir, the more we stink,
In every dirty Case.

The Ass now left-----Contention sore
Arose between these two;

Tom

Tom thought him dead---the Tinker swore

“No more than I, or you.”

All Authors since do vary here,

In this mysterious Case.

Some write “he broke his neck”, some swear

“He out-liv’d this disgrace.”

Be this as’t will, we’ll leave him here,

’Twixt doubtful Life and Death;

Expecting Time will make it clear,

If he still Live and Breath.

The M O R A L.

SO have I seen a Ministry bestride,

A Common-Wealth; in all the Pomp of Pride;

Who for the Public-good ne’er laid a Scheme,

But dear Self-interest was their only aim;

And Nestl’d in the Umbrage of a Crown,

Rode Jehu-like, nor dream’d of tumbling down.

Brib’d S--n--rs, sold Vices, to make us Pay,

Three fifths to those, who squander’d all away:

But now such Taxes ne’er before were known,

Yet Knaves cry up the Times, when Freedoms flown.

O glorious Times! when Candles, and the Sun,

Must yield them Thousands, or all’s dark at Noon!

The Red-streak Apple Golden-juice must yield,

Like bits of Paper, or the sterile Field:

We feel the Yoke, and fatal ruin set,

Yet dare not struggle for lost L---y.

But tho’ at present all Things seemably pass,

Take care ye Jockies, lest ye Ride an ASS.



The three conceited BEAUTIES.

A F A B L E.

1st. **T**HREE Country Bumpkins chanc’d to meet,

Whose Phizzes look’d like Vizards:

The first, the second, thus doth greet;

Thy

Thy Face is like some Wizard's spell, if good or bad,
 The ugliest of the ugliest sort,
 Thou art, or I'm mistaken;
 Sure nature made thee all for sport,
 Or fight has me forsaken;
 2d. But thou'rt all Beauty in thy looks,
 And ev'ry Feature's pleasing!
 This I wou'd swear on Twenty Books,
 But for my sin encreasing.
 For sure thy Nose, thy Mouth, thy Eye,
 Wou'd suit no other mortal;
 Pluto and Jove will throw thee by,
 On entering grim Deaths Portal.
 3d. The third, and ugliest of the Three,
 Said, Lord! how your conceited!
 I cannot stand a Mute, and see,
 Two neighb'ring Friends, thus cheated.
 I wonder why such Mortals shou'd,
 About their Beauty fall out:
 Were I as ugly, I ne'er wou'd
 From my poor Cottage crawl-out.
 For with an Axe, and Owl-er-tree,
 I'd make two Men as handsome:
 Or live a Slave in Tripoly
 And never Sue for ransom.

The M O R A L.

THIS is an Emblem of all human Kind;
 We every one to our own Faults are blind:
 Nay, tho' they're blazing, them we cannot see:
 They're Beauties all, or pass from Censure free.

***** Lancashire Hob, and the Quack Doctor.

A T A L E. 1762.

A THRIFTY Carl was tir'd of lonely Cor,
 Because the Tooth-Ach he so often got:
 Six Teeth were all he had to chew his Food;
 All gave him Pain, but none could do him good.
 Hob hearing Rochdale Town did then contain
 A famous Quack, that drew Teeth without Pain

To him he flies, and, in a Voice as loud
As Stentor's, thus bespoke him thro' the Crowd

Ho-- -onist Men what munneh gi' ye to drea

A Tush or pleagues me awomust Neet on Dea?

Six-pence the Quack replies.---Hob spoke again,

On conneh do't me, thinkneb, beawomuch Pein

Ho, well enough.---Quoth Hob, Suppose I twop,

Yoan do for Neenpunce? That I will not do.

Heaw monny then for Twelvecpunce winneb poo?

All that thou hast.---Quoth Hob, *They're fast* endo.

The Doctor took this for a Country Joke,

'Till he saw Hob hard pressing thro' the Folk,

And mount the Stage.---Quack now some Mirth

And sily for a Pair of Pincers sends; [intends

Thinking he'd met one of those puny Fools

Would run away from such inhumane Tools.

Hob takes the Pincers *Vava Weel*, said he,

If they'n fit yo, i'm shure they win fit me.

Hob now aloft is seated in a chair,

With open Mouth, in which the Quack did stare;

Who laughing said, You have but six, I find,

And they're so loose, they'll wag with ev'ry Wind.

Better for ye, ye know; do ye yer job.

Yes, yes, and quickly too, my honest Hob;

Hold up your Head---Oh---here is one you see;

Come, hold again---here's two---Would you have

I think of Mon's a For; we bargain plen,

Poo theese aw equit, or sat thaste in ogen. [three?

If that be th' Case, hold up again, my Friend,

Come, open wide, and soon the work we'll end.

Hob now extends his his spacious Jaws so wide,

There's Room for Pincers, and good Light ben'te,

Cries Quack, here's three here's four Hob bawls out Oh,

Hold, hold, says Quack, there's something more to do;

Come, gape again; here's five--here's six--and th' last,

And now I'm sure thy Tooth-Ach Pains are past.

That's reet quoth Hob, *gi' me meh Teeth, on then*

I lipoy as freely as some Roycher Men.

has, the Quack, what yet more said, and yet more

104

105

The

The Quack complies, and Hob, his Twelve pence
Then, in dismounting, to the Mob thus said, [paid
They're arron Poots of Six pence pain for one,
While for a Shilling I ha six jobs done.

But still they're bigger, faas that live a pain,
When good seawind Teeth may chance to come again.

The Doctor stares --- and hastily replies
They come again ! not till the dead shall rise

One single Tooth no more thy Jaws shall boast,
I hold a Crown thou ev'ry Tooth hast lost.

Tis done quoth Hob : --- and stakes a Charles's crown

The Quack as nimbly throws Five Shillings down.

Hob takes up all and in a Neighbour's hand

Secures the Total : then makes his Demand.

Measter, yo know eaww Bot is, that I've lost
My Teeth ; and that I have not none to boast.

The Quack replies 'tis true ; and what by that ?

Why, see I've six neww o' eh meh owd Scall-bat.

Ne sur, if youn gaaw winmy Whom, I'll shew

To e'ry Tooth, at e meh meaww did grow.

The Quack ill-vex'd he such a Bite shou'd meet

Turn'd on his heel, while Hob said, Sur, good morn.

The PLURALIST and Old SOLDIER.

A Soldier maim'd, and in the Beggar's List,

Did thus address a well-fed Pluralist.

SOL. **A**T Guadalupe my leg and Thigh I lost,

No Pension have I, tho' us right I boast;

Your reverence please some charity bestow,

Heav'n will pay double --- when you're there

you know.

PLU. Heaven pay me double ! vagrant --- know that I

Ne'er give to Strollers, they're so apt to ly

Your Parish, and some work would you become

So haste away --- or constable's your doom.

SOL. May't please your rev'rence, hear my case, and

then,

You'

You'll say i'm poorer than the most of men;
 When *Malbro* fix'd *Liffe*, I fix'd drew Breath,
 And there my Father met untimely death;
 My Mother follow'd, of a Broken Heart;
 So I've no Friend, or Parish, for my Part.
 But I say, begone, with that loud knocking,
 And Timber-Toe began to smell the stocks;
 Away he stumps--but in a rood, or two, [thro'.
 He clear'd his wealand, and his thoughts broke
 Son. This 'tis to beg of those who sometime preach
 Calm charity, and ev'ry virtue teach;
 But their Disguise, to common sense, is thin,
 A Pocket button'd;--Hypocrite within.
 Send me, kind heav'n, the well-tann'd captain,
 Who gives me Twelve-pence, and a curse, with
 Grace,
 But let me not, in house, or lane, or street,
 These treble-pension'd-Parsons ever meet;
 And when I die, may I Rill number'd be
 With the rough Soldier, to Eternity.



JOHN of GAUNE'S LEASES imitated.

April, 1759.

By this *Deed* of *Be* of *Be*, doth grant
 To *John* *Clegg*, the Dyer, three things, he doth
 The Dye-House, as he many years hath it held; want
 With Leave for two tenters to stand, the grave-field;
 Which tenters do fence near the north and east sides;
 One likewise the Field into two now divides;
 The Brow, or the lower Part of the said Field,
 Together with all above mention'd, I yield
 Unto the said Dyer, for his Life and mine,
 Or whether lives longer: But then I compe
 Him duly to pay me and mine, ev'ry year,
 Three Pounds of good Money, and all Taxes bear;
 One Half be at *Whit* *unide* strictly shall pay,
 The other as duly each *Martinmas* Day.

R 2

To

To shew that the Dyer this Lease did not steal,
Behold, here I fix both my Hand, and my Seal.
Sign'd and Seal'd, this Day, before
Two sober Mortals, and no more.

A N O T H E R

IR-----d T-----y, of B-----d, the Younger,
Do Grant to *John Collier*, for whether lives longer,
The *Wheat-Field*, and th' *Bylings*, the Rent Four Pounds
Which payment neglected, are both mine again: [ten
That my Heirs may take Notice, *Know all*, that
this came
From my hearty good will, so I here write my name,
Sign'd this Day, sans Fraud, or Guiles,
Before JAMES HASLAM,

Dec. 16. 1758. *and* J. FILDES.

The Ecclesiastical and Lay-Miser's S P E C U L U M.

A Ryming Sermon, on the Decease of Dr.
F O R S T E R, the Pluralist,

From *James. Chap. v. Ver. 1, 2, 3.*

Go ye, ye Rich Men, weep and howl, ye know

Your Garments Moth-eat: Riches canker'd grow:

The Rust shall eat your Flesh, like Fires that glow.

HEAR this, ye Gripes--ye blind insatiate Crew,
Whose Hoards abound--whose Heirs & Friends
And your own Fate in *Forster's* glass here vi w[is] are few

What's now become of all his griping Schemes,
Of hoarding Wealth, which foster'd sicken dreams?
The Flash is vanish'd like our Northern Gleams! (a)

The sweetest Consolations Riches yield (b)

Fly

(a) Prov. xxiii. 5. (b) Luke xii. 20.

Fly quick, and whither, like a Flower o'th' Field (c)
You trust a broken Reed---a crazy Shield ! (d)

Woe to you Misers---you that live at Ease,
Who swallow up the Poor, your Wealth to increase,
Your Mis'ries come; but tell me when they'll cease (e)

Can racking Tenants, and your treasure'd Wealth
Give calm Content, or purchase balmy Health?
Or bribe grim Death from creeping on by Stealth?

No,---here you're feeble!---tho' this gloomy
Thought,

Torments the Mind, that time will not be bought,
Tho' Bags, and Chests, with mighty Gold are fraught.

Consider, now, if fordid Pelf will gain
A seat in Bliss, or ease one dying Pain?
If not, from squeezing of the Poor refrain.

Expand your narrow minds---your Bags untie;
Nor tremble when you give a Great, for why?
Your God will slip you, when you come to die. (f)

Relieve the Wants, and cherish the sad Heart
Of your poor Neighbours, who endure the Smart
Of meagre Want, that pierces like a Dart. (g)

But *Forster's* gone, whose Life we thought was
wrong,

And tho' the Devil at the Court be throng,
He'll fetch---who starts?---another e'er't be long.

From a Scotch Gentleman at *Glas-*
gow, to his Friend in *Manchester*.

SIR,
Mind your kindness, care, and pains
To shaw yer City, Streets, and Lanes:
Yer stately Faubrics, on yer Doors
Mighty, bet neet lie ours:
Then to yer Kirk conducted me

Re 3

The

(c) Luke vi. 25. (d) James i. i, ii. (e) James
v. 14 (f) Prov. xxiii. 5. (g) Eccles. xi. i, 2.

The waa o' Worship there to see,
 Wher auld Bog-whistles soonded high,
 And Quiristers did joyn the cry :
 But dills the soond to grate the ear
 Of a North-British Presbyter.

THE A. N. S. W. E. R.

STR, I HAU you hawfe-brother Scoat de ken
 My peins to shaw awr toon, whot then
 Ye steeright aur Pawbricks, Streets an roors
 As ner to stately quiet as yours :
 Yet knaw, an auld Auk-chest may hoold
 Mare Wealth, than Screw-tore gelt with Goold :
 And in aur streets mare Baubers pass to
 Yen another, than a Glasgow.
 But yet I've something to say mare man,
 Ye de not deek awrawld-kirk Organ ;
 Bet thinks a gude Bog-peep soonds sweeter
 Thon ther at Rawme play'd in St. Peter :
 Bet wher's the marvel of aw this ?
 Rampets flay Pigs, and Ools, and Geete.

An Original LETTER,

FROM A

Welch Conflable to a Country Inn-keeper.

To Edward Davis.

I WAS have it Warrant from too Shustices, Paer,
 which make Oster upon me, to make Oster upon
 you, to make your Peer, at Mrs. Worral of Ret-tion
 FAUR, upon the 17th day of Shuly nels, to give
 cose why you was not take it te Licensse for sell
 Ale like unto oter Peoples—Ay—ant to give
 it a very goot cose too ; why te Shustice which poth
 all too, is very goot mans, will not give it his war-
 rant upon you to levy upon your Goots and Kattles
 —So te Wors of the Warrant is.

Ay

Ay——ant inteet, I to tell unto you, it is a very
 pig shame why you was not take it like all-te Po-
 polls in te *Comtozeth*. For what purpose our goot
 Prenin make it so goot Law, ant you was not mint
 hur? Hit was as goot for the Prenin, cot pless hur,
 make it no Law, as make Law, was no poty keep hur.

Ay—and you make te too pig fool upon our
too Shuffice ant tat is very true intee— for they
poth all too was sent to you too times, ant make
spoke to you very fronteoll put yeu was very pig
agry, ant passuant, ant say, cot tam our goot Pre-
n-n ! Shuffices ! Parlamea ! constapls an all ! —
Put now I will tell unto you, pi cot—the Shuffi-
ces poth all took very much agar at you : ay ant
intee it will pe petter for you to come without
making a pig troost : ay, ant a pig costis upon your-
self ant will hurt your Fameel.— I do devise you
to take my conger, or it will be worfe for you: for
you to know I was upon my swear to my Smyth :
And pi cot hur will to hurt.

Tis is a very gut notice from me to you : and I
was summon hur upon te twenty too tays of *Shunt*
1758

John Jones of Gofkisa Cunstap—for the
Wrexham Regi—una Sheer—Timpy
—ant John Skefton is my Prother Cunstap,
and was upon the same Thinks with me—
in p:th—pith I was say ant to Farewell to you

A Lancashire LETTER,

From the Original,

Directed to Mr. John Sculford, in Church-lane, Rochdale.

Desember 10

1723.

FRAND *John Sofeld* I have send you a Barle of
Osters by *John Tester* and I desire you to send
me word on you Lick them so I boock the Baste I
could

could in oll *London*; and the man said he wold hop-
 ould them to kep a forner. But I wold hafe you
 to youes than alcou as you can ConfeneLy and
 I desire you to sand me worde whear you wel hafe
 a hole Barel or hafe one the nackes *Gorence* But if
 ther be ane outher sorte that you thank you can like
 Better nor than that I hafe sand you, I desire you
 to lat me no, and I will do Best I can for you in any
 respeek, the ousters cost 3 shelen and I had nit to
 you forenou Bout I hafe had no time to do nothing
 atall for whe hafe had a sad mesforton at ouer house
 for whe hafe had ouer house Brocke and whe hafe
 about 40 or 50 pounde worth of plate stole out of side
 Bourde, and afers Bude sad that farlens most Be
 gelte of et, and I was nefe in so much troubel a-
 bout nothing in all my Life: But my masters and
 I want to *Jehuten* while thef Cateher in the *cild*
Bale & he toulds hou the got in house, my mestres lade
 she was glad that har farlens was clare and there
 was another hous Brouk thes Last nite in our first
 Bout got 20 shelen in hapene in a grolers shope
 and the wack satham and the ranawase and I bought
 a congel crouke for *Henry Bamfard* and et came
 downs in a bockes to mis. *Yete* and I borderd them
 to Lefard to you, and I raised 2 shilen to detet, and
 and et cost hafe a crouse, and I desire you to them
 that tha ma grecke the 6 pence amonche them in
 the shope Mr. *Susfeld* I desire you to gife my farles
 to hese body that hackes hafter me. sonomore bot
 your most homble sarfant

Robert Shore,

Another from the Original.

Holkom Fry 26 1732

RObert Albiconto you must order that Pes that
 I Lereer you to this Pateran and you must
 Geo to yiter her, and tak 1 pes of *Alicofonder Klee-*
kup. It Is Rert op to cheulepes In Goates fies a
 blood

fienwon

finewon that you most Get et A do boll billu and don
your in Dever for me as I Lii o gret wee of for I
want them In my shop. Pot Som. Sop to them and
I will pee you.

A Yorkshire LETTER

To an ATTORNEY, for his Advice.

SUR

G Anging dreely odt' Loyn anent t' Brigg weet
cont odt' ton Hond, an o Poke o' Massledin
on him, an a bran Spau New Skeele it ruther, ori'd
gust gean yan on Eleimpence for : two griessly. Ill-
faw'r'd Key o' Jonny Lunds lawp ofra amangst Whinns,
Or I thou theyd baith a gaen full' burr ower me :
sa I puncht Dour to gar him gan odt' toan side, an
he hoim Skaddle ga fife a Lawp ok if war sore. Hay'd
wad a swithurt ma intut Dyke. Sa I war fain to lig-
t' Skeele or Grund an olick hawd odt' Poke, an
while I war doin tat, yan odt' Kye whimled ower
it, trade ont, on dang it to tatters. Query dur,
Woont Jonny Lund be like to make Satisfackshon ?



E P I T A P H S.

On Jo. GREEN, late Sexton at Rochdale.

HERE lies Jo. Green, who arcli has been,
And drove a gainful trade
With powerful Death, 'till, out of Breath,
He threw away his Spade.
When Death beheld his comrade yield,
He, like a cunning Knave,
Came, soft as Wind, poor Jo. behind,
And push'd him int' his Grave.
Reader, one tear, if thou hast ont in store,
Since Jo. Green's tongue and Chin can wag no more.

On Mr. JOHN HAMER, Mathematician, late
of Rochdale.

HO, Passenger ! see who lies here ;
Perhaps 'tis worth thy knowing ;

'Tis Hamer, the Philosopher,
Whose Bellows have done blowing ;

An arch and jovial Wight he was,
And skill'd in Newton's Notions ;

He could demonstrate by his Glass,
The twinkl'g 'th' heavenly Motions ;

Copernicus's System he
Prov'd true, by Quart and candle ;

And Harvest-Moons, familiarly,
Like full Punch-Bowls did handle.

Ah me ! what Pity 'tis he's gone !

Say, Mortals, how it could be,

That he was cramm'd beneath this stone ;

Where Fops and Misers should be.

On Dr. FOSTER, late Vicar of Rochdale.

FULL three Feet deep beneath this stone

Lies our late Vicar Foster,

Who clipp'd his sheep to th' very Bone,

But said no Pater Noster.

By ev'ry squeezing Way 'tis said,

Eight Hundred he rais'd yearly ;

Yet not a six-pence of this paid

To th' Curate---this looks queerly.

His tenants all now praise the Lord

With Hands lift up, and clapping.

And thank grim death, with one accord,

That he has taken him napping.

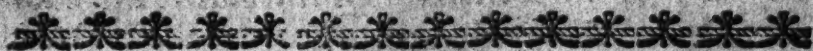
To Lambeth's Lord new let us pray,

No *Phonist* he'll send us ;

But should he do't, what must we say

Why-----Lord above defend us !

The



The AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

A *Yard beneath this heavy Stone,*
Lies Jack-of-all-Trades, good at none,
A Weaver first, and then School-Master;
A Scrivener next: then Postaster.
A Painter, Graver, and a Fluter,
And Fame doth whisper, a C----r:
An Author, Carver, and Hedge-Clark:
E Whoo-whoo-whoo, whot whofoo wark!
He's laft um aw, to lie ith dark!

F I N I S



THE
BATTLE
OF THE
Flying Dragon
AND THE
Man of Heaton.



THE
BATTLE

OF THE

Flying Dragon

AND THE

BATTLE OF HICLON.

OF THE



AND THE



Printed for the Author, by J. B. Nichols, 1840.

THE
BATTLE
OF THE
Flying Dragon
AND THE
Man of Heaton.

Speculatum admissi rision teneatis ?

Hor. Ars. Poet. ver. 5



Printed for the Author *Tim Bobbin*, and Mr.
Hastingsden, Bookseller in *Manchester*.

B A T T L E

W. M. M. M.

R E A D E R

AND THE

I have not time to say to you
my friends, only, I hope by the
following lines I can reach you with
for, but I shall find it very
would be content to be a plain
man, both in dress and pocket.

W. M. M. M.

T H E

A 3

Published by W. M. M. M.

TO THE
READER.

I have very little to say to thee, O
my Friend; only, I hope by the
following short Poem thou wilt
see, that I wish Englishmen
would be content to be English-
men, both in Dress and Politicks.

FAREWELL.

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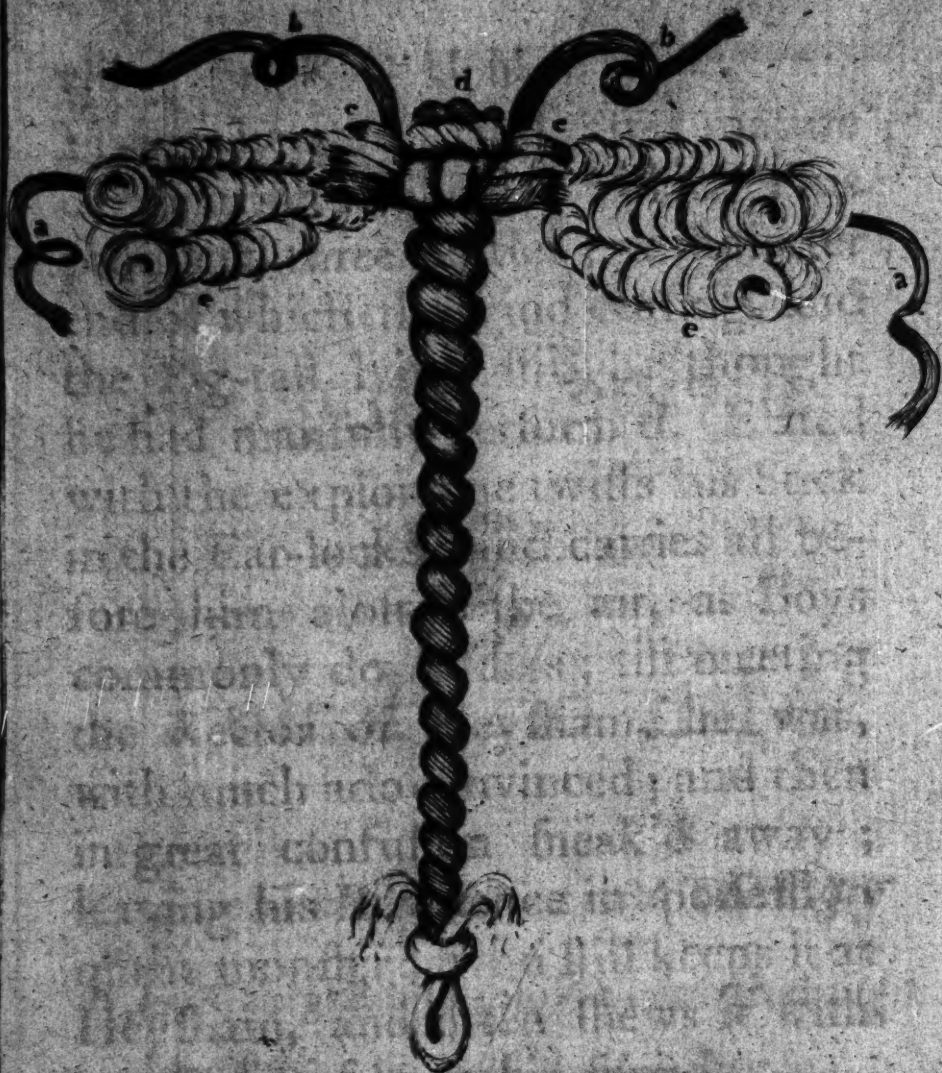
A R G U M E N T.

A Lancashire Beau being at London fell in love with the large Pig-tails and Ear-locks, and consequently brought the French Toys with him to Lancaster; business calling him to Sunderland, on that coast, and the day being uncommonly boisterous, he mounts his Courser, dress'd in the Pig tail, Ear-locks, &c. a la mode de Fra. The Toy roll'd on his shoulders till the blasts blew away both that, and the Ear-locks, they being fastned to the Tail with black Ribbons.

A Country man coming that way and seeing them blown about in the lane, takes the French medley for a
Flying

Flying-Dragon, and after mature deliberation resolved to kill it. This produced three Battles ; at the latter end of which (the wind ceasing, and the Pig-tail lying still) he thought he had manfully perform'd. Elated with the exploit, he twists his Stick in the Ear-locks, and carries all before him aloft in the air, as Boys commonly do Adders ; till meeting the Rector of Heysham, he was, with much ado convinced ; and then in great confusion sneak'd away ; leaving his Reverence in possession of the monster ; who still keeps it at Heysham, and often shews it with much diversion to his friends.





a a Represents a silken string that goes from the Locks round the fore part of the Head under the Hat.

b b The ends of the Ribband platted with the hair of the tail, and fastens it to the hair of the Head.

c c A thread that goes to y^e back of the Head to fix the Locks

d The end of the Tail which is ty'd to the hair of the Head by the Ribband **b b**. **e e** The Ear-locks.

Tim. Bob. in. do. et f.



THE

Flying Dragon

AND THE

Man of Heaton.

WHAT Man alive tho' e'er so wise,
With Spaniel's Nose, and Eagle's Eys,
Can tell this hour, what th' next will bring
^{us}
Or whether joy, or sorrow bring us;
That no dispute there needs of this,

Where The

The Man of Heaton witness is ;

A man he was, and very stout,

But whether quite so wise, some doubt,

And as my muse dare not decide,

The following facts must be our guide.

So leaving him in doubtful mood,

Let's hint at one more understood.

Our other Hero, for we've two,

Hight Mijnheer Skyppo Vanderloo,

Was late arriv'd from that fam'd City,

Half French, half English-air, what pity?

Where Courtiers, Pensioners, and place-

men,

By frequent In's, and Outs, disgrace men:

Where doughty Squires to Knights are

vamp'd;

Where

Where half-thick Lords to Earls are
stamp'd,

Where all the arts of Jockey-ship
Are us'd, as at the Turf and Whip;
Where one throws out his dearest brother
And Statesmen Jostle one another;
Who lay their megrim brains together
To make our feet find their own Leather;

Our Eyes must see, fans fun or Candle,
And in the day mope--dingle dangle;
Where Bribery's the chiefest Trade,
And Laws against our Interest made;
Where Britain's fate is--hum---decided,
And all'mongst W---s, and R---s divided!
But stay? shou'd I their actions paint

Our

Our heads wou'd ach; our hearts wou'd
faint;

So leaving them, and their grand squab-
ble,

My Muse of better things shall babble

This man I say was just come down,
From that French-pig-tail foppish Town,
As gay as Daw, in borrowed Plumes,
And all the airs of Fop assumes.

His Ramille secundum artem,
Was tofs'd up--, blefs me--, ah--ad fa-t-m!
His Earlocks too--! near Eyebrows plac'd
His Countenance genteelly grac'd,
A Pig-tail dangling to his A---e,
(O Truth, tis thou that shames my Verse)

Be'ing



Be'ing tagg'd with curious shining hair,

In various colours did appear;

With Powder dusted; smooth'd by Tonsure

He look'd as grand as Monkey Monfure!

His Nag high-mettl'd shin'd like Raven,

Both Sire and Dam, of blood in Craven:

He mounted, hem'd---fill'd Cheeks with

wind;

Spur'd Nag--(who answer'd from behind)

Away he flew---Now boisterous Boreas,

Vex'd to see Man so vainly glorious,

Resolv'd this Champion's pride to humble'

And make his furious Courser stumble,

But finding soon this Scheme to fail,

He aimed his force at the Pig-tail,

B

And

And whisk'd it round both back and
 shoulder,
 Still he rode on--and still look'd bolder!
 Boreas chagrin'd and gall'd with pain,
 At Ear-locks blew, with might and
 main,
 Not dreaming of their b'ing ally'd,
 And to the Tail so closely ty'd.
 All Skyppe's head attire so gay,
 The blast had nearly blown away,
 When Fortune raising ruff'd hand,
 Kept Wig, and Beaver on their stand;
 But Pig-tail with the Ear-locks new,
 Away with Boreas waving flew,
 Our Hero spruce ne'er miss'd the Toy,
 But rode for Sunderland with Joy;
 Thinking

Thinking to shew the fashion new;
Which fight wou'd make one laugh---or
spew;

PART



P A R T II.

BUT who comes next---! The Man of
Heaton;

Whose very name old time hath eaten;
For Authors in this point do vary;
Some call him *Roaf*, some *Will*, some *Harry*,
But I incline for private reason
To call him *Oamfrey*, at this season;
And sometimes *Noamp*, perhaps may fit,
As suits my Rhime, or helps my wit.
But on he comes---; and Fame rehearſes
His Noſe, two feet, before his A--ſe is;

A truſty

A trusty Knob-stick fill'd his hand:

And thought no power cou'd him with-
stand.

When lo---! his lifted Eyes assail

A long, black, thing; with Wings and tail!

The Wings quick moving with the wind;

The Tail in curls, turn'd up behind:

So Oamfrey stops his fauntering course,

And unto musing had resource.

Then stamp'd his Knob-stick on the
ground,

And crying in amaze profound,

I'll neme o'Jesus, say--whot' art;

That two black tungs sto meawth con-
dart?

Whooas twisted Body's like the Hurn:

B-3

O' that

O' that fem'd becoft the Unicorn !

I fay, whot art ? Ith' neme o God--!

My stick shall--howd--I've heard a rod

Of Willow, will demolish soon.

The direct Snake below the Moon.

With that stout *Noamp* his Thwittle
drew,

And on the edge three times he blew ;

Then from the Hedge, he in a crack,

Brings a tough Willow with him back ;

But whilst the leaves he from it strips,

Acrofs the Lane, the Dragon skips !

Quoth he--I see theaw'rt marching off,

Beh howd o bit--; this Willow tough

Shall, if strength fail not, stop thy flight ;

So





So strikes the Pig-tail with his might,
 And cry's out bold! then quick returns;
 Then gives a stroke--then backward runs;
 The monstrous Animal up flew, *quidoo!*
 And *Qamfrey* starting, quick withdrew:
 His Eyes oth' stare; his face grew pale;
 With open mouth he view'd the Tail,
 Which briskly wanton'd in the wind;
 Then swore--his of the Dragon-kind!

On deep reflection he grew tardy,
 And thought it fin to be fool-hardy.
 If I can save me, sell, quoth he,
 What's Flying-Dragon's unto me?
 There can no wisdom be I thought,
 In fighting things we should not fight.

For should it chonce fly e meh fece
 I'm deeo'd os Tripe--witheawt God's Grece
 So Oamfrey he the Wand threw down;
 Took up his Stick, and march'd for Town.

P A R T . I

P A R T III.

TWO Roods he had not gone before,
 Ablast of wind the Monster bore,
 Within two Yards of Oamfrey's Stick,
 Which vex'd our Hero to the quick.
 Quo Noamp, be this I plenely see
 It mun be oather thee, or me :
 And fin 'tis so, I'll never run,
 Boh kill, or dee before ch done.

Then in a Passion from his hand,
 He threw his Stick and fetch'd the Wand;

And

And poor Pig-tail with Courage fresh,
 And all his might began to thresh ;
 But still the Dragon kept the Field,
 Cock'd up his Tail, and scorn'd to yield.

This furious Combat by report,
 Did last till *Oamfrey's* Stick grew short,
 And a cessation, as Fame reckons,
 Continued, till he got fresh Weapons.
 But *Oamfrey* having luck to find,
 A Weapon to his murdering mind,
 Says softly thus unto himself,
 Theaw feights for Honour, not for Pelf;
 And if theaw gets this direfoo beawt,
 Thy Feme will bleze, on ne'er gooa out.

Then

Then hemming twice---spits on his
 Hand,
 And snatches up the Magic Wand,
 Resolv'd to do a feat to brag on,
 So strikes with all his might, the Dragon:
 And thus the Battle was renew'd,
 And both sides to their Tackle flood.

Again fierce *Oamfrey's* Stick did dwindle
 Into the length of common Spindle ;
 But thinking now the Battle gain'd,
 Because he with no Blood was stain'd ;
 Resolv'd to fetch another switch,
 To kill outright this Dragon-Witch.

Now while this third great Duel lasted,
 Fierce *Oamfrey's* strength was almost wasted

The

The Dragon too, now wanting breath,
 Had symtoms of approaching dreach;
 And ev'ry Member seem'd to fail;
 He hardly stirring Wing or Tail;
 For Boreas likewise tir'd at length
 Had quite exhausted all his strength,
 And all was hush----so Fortune gave
 The Field, and Battle to the brave!
 And Pig-tail lies as still as Stone,
 As tho' to live, it ne'er had known
 And thus the Dragon here was slain,
 Whillt Oamfrey lives, to Fight again.



P A R T IV.

OU R Hero's Courage none can
doubt ;

Nor love of Fame was he without,

For when this glorious Feat was done,

And such a Victory fairly won,

Ambitious *Oamfrey* in a crack,

Put Kersey Coat, on sweating back ;

And then with cautious stare he view'd

C

The

The Dragon ; which he'd hack'd and
hew'd ;

But still it prov'd above his ken,
And as it might do, to wiser men.

Here *Oamfrey* musters up his senses,
And pride threw down all meek pre-
tences ;
So he resolv'd he'd boldly bear
In triumph, all the spoils of War.
With this intent his ample Foot,
Held down the Pig-tail, whilst he put
His stick within the frizzl'd Hair,
And thus before him did it bear.





Ten Furlongs he'd triumphing past,
But met no mortal man or beast:

When lo! he met with Heart full glee-
some,

The Rev'rend Rector, full of Hey-
sham.

The Parson star'd, whilst Oamfrey held

The Dragon, which he'd lately kill'd:

And after clearing up his Wealand,

He query'd thus, to know the reason.

Why Oamfrey, man! what have you
got

Upon your stick? That I know not.

C 2

Where

Where did you find the Tawdry
Thing?

Tawdry---! quo, *Noamp*---! why, 't has
a Sing.

A. Sting Man---! nay, no more than
you :

Byth' Mafs good Parson, that's naw
true :

Look at its Tungs---; its Sting's ith

Tele,

Or else I'm sure my senses fail.

True---; quoth his Rev-rence, that may
be ;

And in that point we both agree :

But if my Eyes, like thine, don't fail

It

It is, tho' large, a French pig-tail.

A Pigtele Pars'n! That's good fun:

No moor thin Bacco-pipe's a Gun:

Why, 'twas alive ten Minutes since,

An that I'll swear, be King or
Prince;

Nay, more thin that, it flew abeawt,

An that no Swine-tele, or his Sneawt

Could ever doo, sin Noah's flood:

An this I will maintene for goed.

The Rector laugh'd, and Noamp look'd

four,

For to convince he wanted pow'r:

Nor cou'd Noamp to his thoughts give
vent,

As anger cork'd up argument.

His Rev'rence then began again
To reason thus ? Why, look ye Man ;
This is Black Silk ; and this is Hair :
Feel---and believe---you need not stare.
Not stare ? Why Pars'n did naw
you

Affirm just neaw, o thing naw true :
Did naw ye sey it wur a Pig-tele,
Which 'tis no moor thin 'tis a Snig-
tele :

Why

Why Man! but lo they call the
Thing;

You see't has neither Head nor Sting;

These Ribbands are to tye it on,

As you shall see; I'll do anon.

His Rev'ence then his Wig took off,

And Noamp began to hem and cough;

His doubts he found to disappear,

And that he'd got wrong Sow by th'

Ear:

For as the Parson was adjusting,

Things grew the more, and more dis-
gusting,

But when he put o'er all his Wig;

The

" The D--l m' yer Tele o' Pig--!"

" What sence is there e Tele so black,

" That's need roth' Heed, an' nows
o'th Back:

" If they'd ha' Things weh meter jump,

" The Tele shou'd awlus ston o'th
Rump;

" That Fok moot know oytch foolish
Brat

" For Munkey greyt, or Meawntin Cat

" Boh Gawbies neaw gin Kerf'n nemes,

" To things, naw hardly fit for flames."

So Oamfrey grumblin' budg'd away,

But neither bad good Night, or Day.

The

The Rector laugh'd, and laugh'd again
 At Oamfrey's notions thro' the Scene,
 And took the Pig-tail with him home,
 For sport to friends in Time to come,
 And keeps it to this very Day.
 At Heylham, as my Authors say.

E N D

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